

Australian

PENTHOUSE

NEW ZEALAND \$3.50

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1982 \$2.95*

**NUDISM & SEX
IN AUSTRALIA:
THE NAKED
TRUTH**

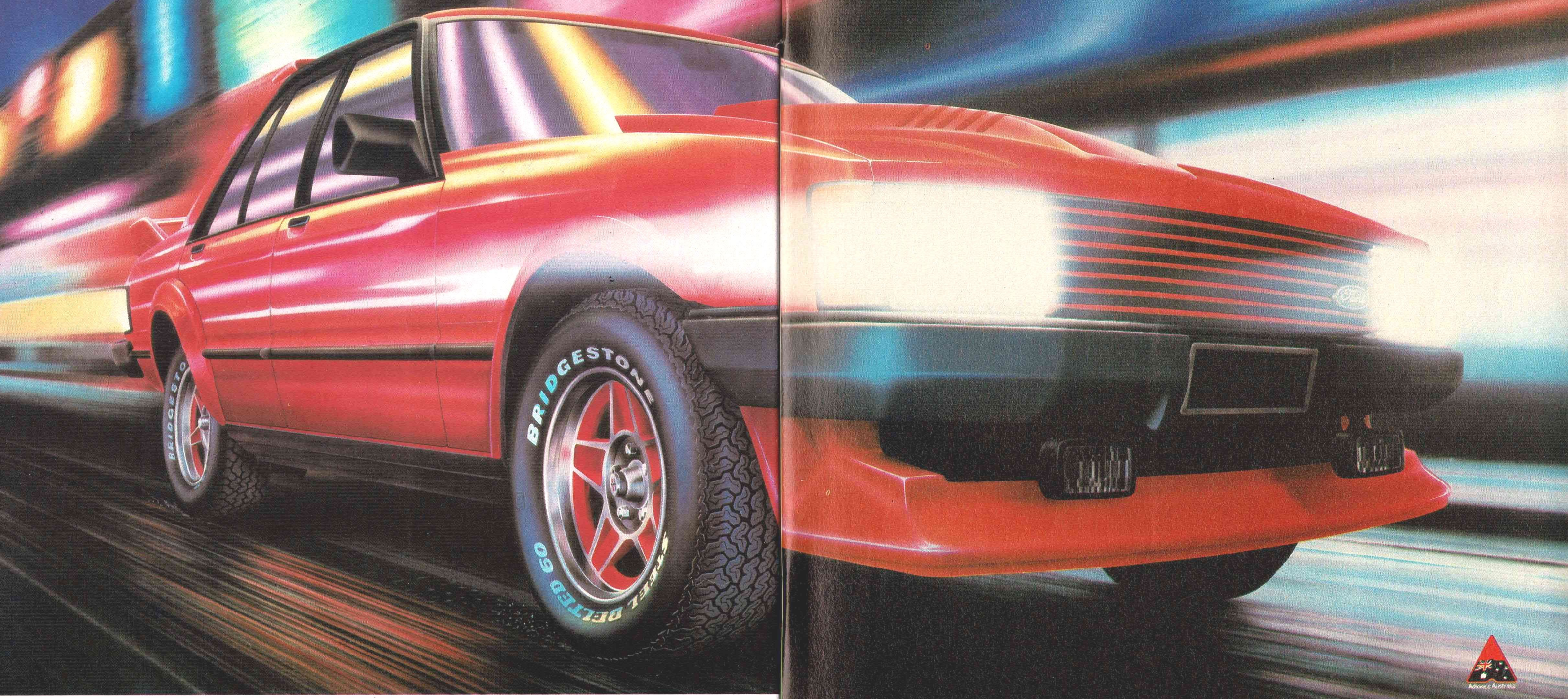
**TOMMY SMITH
INTERVIEW**

**TRUCKS:
LICENSED
TO KILL?**

**SIGNS OF
THE TIMES**

**MOTORBIKE
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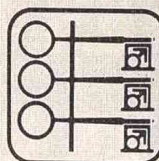
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Australian PENTHOUSE



The International Magazine for Australian Men/Vol 4 No 2/December 1982

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Nudism in Australia



Suzanne Masters



The Diary



Piazza Supreme

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The kind of sunglasses you wear during the day will determine how safely you drive at night.

What you are about to learn may be hard to believe. Just two hours driving in normal sunlight conditions is likely to seriously impair the accuracy of your night vision for several hours after sunset.

Five or six daylight hours behind the wheel may reduce your night vision by as much as 50%.

The answer is, of course, to wear sunglasses while driving during the day.

Now, a word of caution.

Sunglasses do not mean the \$15 special you picked up at the Chemist last summer. Nor does it refer to those ritzy designer frames that cost a hundred bucks.

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around 30% of available light, in other words, you need Ray-Bans.

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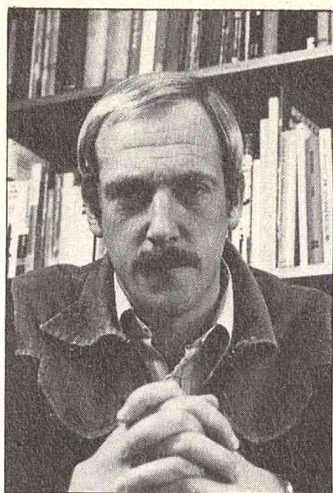
They look rather special but more importantly, they let you see superbly.

No glove compartment should be without a pair of Ray-Bans.

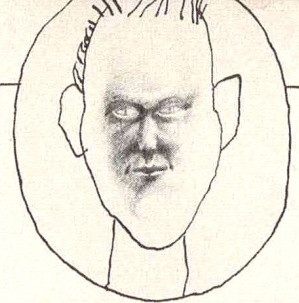


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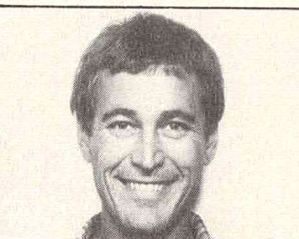
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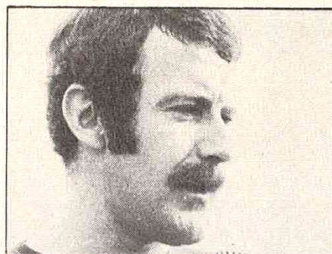
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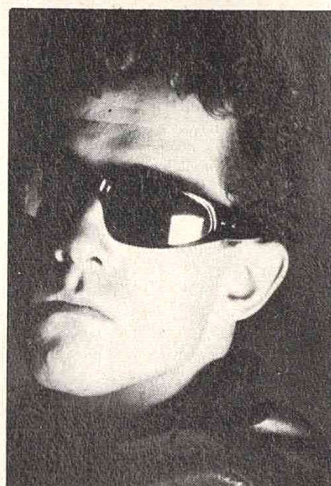
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NOEL CHRISTENSEN



MARK SALWOWSKI



BRENDAN MCCARTHY

HOUSECALL

Most Australian motorists who do their share of time travelling the country's highways have their own tales of run-ins with semi-trailers — stories of reckless speeding, intimidation and sometimes fatal smashes. In fact, statistics show that truck drivers are less frequently involved in accidents than the average driver. But because of its size, a collision with a semi-trailer is far more likely to have tragic consequences. The truckies' high disaster rate is just one aspect of an industry in crisis. This month, John Burton surveys some of the problems facing the owner/driver and finds that he is being squeezed by everyone from finance firms, the big haulage companies and a variety of government bodies. His story concludes that the trucking industry is accelerating into a downhill run which will have an impact on every Australian motorist. Licensed To Kill? — illustrated by Mark Salwowski — is compulsory reading for everyone who spends time behind a steering wheel. Turn to page 34.

Australian nudists — estimated to number some 100,000 — usually dissociate themselves from the sexual aspects of their predilection, presenting an image of almost Puritanical naturalism and emphasising the asexual benefits of their activities, like the all-over tan, the health, the vigor and the companionship. Those who doubt the nudists' purist pronouncements claim that beneath the veneer of morality is a hotbed of voyeurism, swinging and sexual ferment. This month, for the first time, *Penthouse* bares the facts about the nudist movement in Australia, with an authoritative investigation by Melbourne academic Dr Magnus Clarke. The extracts from Clarke's forthcoming book *Nudism In Australia: A Study In Attitude Change*, starting on page 67, offer a sympathetic but revealing insight into what has always been seen by outsiders as an eccentric and mysterious movement.

The wild bulls of the Cape York Peninsula are dangerous, unpredictable beasts, just as willing to turn on a man and charge him as they are likely to run for their lives after catching a whiff of human scent. These tough and wily creatures are worth a lot of money at the meatworks. The only hitch is that first you have to bring them down, and therein lies a story. Danny Mortison risked life and limb when he spent a few days with a team of Queenslanders who make a living chasing wild cattle on their big Suzuki trail bikes. The outfit spends months at a time in the isolation of the bush, doing a job which would make a Spanish bull-fighter blanch — and they don't get any applause. Turn to The Bull Run on page 83 for a hair-raising ride.

When Bob Ellis, renowned writer for the stage and screen, turned 40 this year, he took a long hard look in the mirror. His reflections, in On Turning 40, accompanied by celebrated cartoonist Patrick Cook's illustration, are both a lament for lost youth and a celebration of fine memories. With sardonic flair, Ellis switches from humor to pathos in a memorable piece of writing

which brings the term "mid-life crisis" to life. On Turning 40 is on page 88.

Writer and photographer Richard Tipping had to sort through more than 3500 shots, taken during many years of travelling around Australia, to get his final selection of 150 photos for his book *Signs of Australia*. Tipping's taste for the unusual and the absurd are revealed in a preview of his book, *Signs of Oz Life*, beginning on page 52.

This month's fiction is a period piece by Peter Jones. The Diary is the story of an Eighteenth Century French noblewoman whose naivety about the pleasures of the flesh is quickly expunged by a portrait painter who makes strokes with more than his brush. Artist Brendan McCarthy created the illustration on page 100.

In a lighter vein, Doug Lisson presents some satirical correspondence concerning a man and his tree. The Tree, starting on page 64 and illustrated by Matthew Martin, takes a dig at those "more sensitive than thou" individuals who have long since transcended the cause of humanism and now shed tears for the plight of traumatised fruit and vegetables.

The *Penthouse* interview this month is a timely conversation with trainer T.J. Smith, whose ability to pick a winner from a pack of yearlings has netted more than \$25 million in prizemoney for his clients. Grant Vandenberg spoke with Smith at his Point Piper home, and photographer John Wady rose at an abnormally early hour to shoot Smith as he checked his charges' morning trackwork at Randwick.

The war years were a watershed period for crime in Australia. While the armed services were fighting the Japanese, underworld opportunists were making millions, bleeding the black market which boomed during the early 1940s. In Part Seven of the *Penthouse History of Crime In Australia*, Chasing The Yankee Dollar, Denis Whitburn describes the various ways the Australian underworld fleeced US servicemen who came ashore in Sydney for rest, recreation . . . and rip-offs.

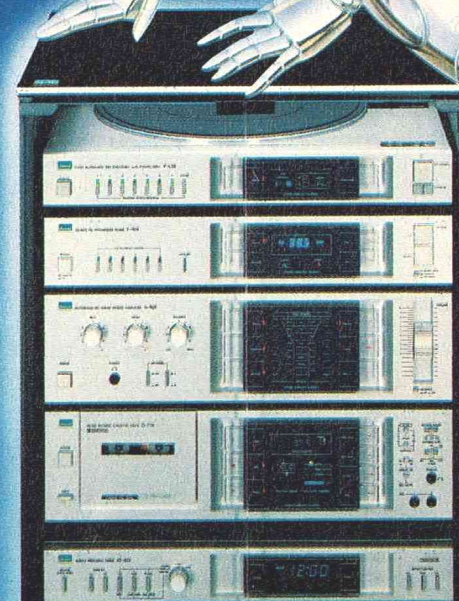
Motoring editor Peter McKay has been getting a feel for the future on four wheels in the Isuzu Piazza, an unlikely blend of Italian, Japanese and General Motors input which has resulted in what McKay calls "an exquisite piece of automotive sculpture". You can check his review of the Piazza on page 138 . . . and on the two-wheeled scene, motorcycle correspondent Noel Christensen waxes lyrical on page 142 about the latest Castrol Six Hour event, where spectators waved goodbye to the superbikes — the Honda and Suzuki 1100s, which won't be back on the track due to the banning of bikes above 1000cc in international competition. Graham Monro's action photos accompany The Last Blast.

December's Pet of the Month is the statuesque Miss Suzanne Masters, surely one of the most stunning young ladies to grace *Penthouse's* centre pages. Bob Watson was the lucky man with the task of photographing Suzanne's classical features. Lee Ann Lee, photographed by Bob Guccione, and show-off Sheena Sorensen, shot by Leslie Turtle, complete this month's titillating trio of Pets. 

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Third Floor, 157 Walker St, North Sydney, NSW 2060. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Bugged

Okay, I'm finally bugged enough to write to *Penthouse*. There are two things that you do in the magazine that, after years of repetition, are getting to be definite irritants. They are:

1. For years the vast majority of "heroes" in the NSW "Forum" letters have been boasting of penises in the nine to eleven-inch range (and now, since the change-over, the 23 to 28 cm line). Their sexual encounters are routinely launched by a combination of booze and grass. They all seem to suffer from a strange form of priapism, characterised by a perpetual erection, coupled with frequent, copious ejaculations of unusually sweet semen. I, for one, would like you to give at least some space to the true adventures of more average folk, and less to the wishful musings of a distinct minority of alcohol and drug-dependent satyrs.

2. Please, please once and for all get rid of the low-light, soft focus spreads! If the lady is that beautiful, I want to view her clearly, not like I was peeping through an army-surplus mosquito net.

Don't misunderstand me. I find nothing morally offensive in the material I am complaining about. Rather, it is the repetition, the editorial laboring of a theme until it has been sapped of its strength to excite and seduce the reader, that I decry. — David P. Jennings, Neutral Bay, NSW

You're damned right about "Forum", but these over-endowed, perpetually stoned and drunk lechers will persist in sending us lurid descriptions of their adventures. We would welcome a few lines from any drab, teetotaling, drug-abstaining readers who are hung like fieldmice. On the photographic side, it is our policy to allow our photographers to interpret the female form in any manner that does the subject justice. Several photographic styles are usually represented in each Penthouse issue. — Ed

Natty choice

I had just finished admiring the nubile Miss Marilyn Natty when I read in a local newspaper that she is a hostess with a leading Australian airline. I don't know how the airline will take the news but, for my part, I've changed my holiday bookings to fly the Natty way in the hope that we may meet somewhere on Cloud Nine. — Trevor Dallen, Busby, NSW



Darlings, even though I'm a little tutti-frutti I feel an irrepressible urge to commend you on your September Pet of the Month, Marilyn Natty. Casting my eyes over her delightful form I was caused to emit an involuntary sigh of wonder, for nature has endowed this young lady with everything that is beautiful to the eye. — W.S. McIver, Boroka, Papua New Guinea

Looking up an old friend

Why doesn't *Penthouse* institute a column entitled "Australian Face-sitter of the Year Award?" I see the format as a slice of editorial space where your discerning readers are invited to submit their nominations of the Oz lady they would most like to have sitting on their faces. If you should take this idea to heart, may I have the honor of submitting the first nominations in the delightful forms of Lynda Stoner, Wendy Hughes, Karen Pini, Olivia Newton-John, Geraldine Doogue and Chrissie Amphlett. How about it, fellas? — Name and address withheld

We'll look into it. — Ed

Too savage

I have just finished reading the "Savage Sport" article in August *Penthouse*. Despite the fact that the article was

reasonably factual and well-researched, the title "Savage Sport", the headline "Greyhound racing brings out the mongrel in a man", and the pictures solely devoted to showing a greyhound chasing and capturing a live rabbit, can only be described as shabby sensationalism, which I found a disturbingly low stoop for a publication which has reached such heights of excellence.

Fortunately, the writer has quoted a trainer justifying the fact that he occasionally lets his greyhounds chase live rabbits in the open (as nature intended), which is important with certain greyhounds, but remains a relatively insignificant aspect of the greyhound racing industry. It is also a thing which good trainers, in most cases, are careful not to overdo, as it can lead to greyhounds losing interest in chasing the "tin hare" for which they are bred and trained, preferring to save the maximum effort for the "live course" for which there are no prizes. I know this because I've been involved as an owner for a few years.

However, the writer has chosen to introduce his article in this way, and he then spends a great deal of time talking about corruption in the industry. All fair comment, but rather overdone when one considers the prevalence of this element in virtually every aspect of today's society where money is concerned.

It is true that greyhound racing is suffering a depression at the moment and I feel that lack of public acceptance is the basic reason for it. The problem isn't helped by the almost total lack of publicity through the media. But an article such as your "Savage Sport", which concentrates only on the lowlights of the sport, is of absolutely no use to anyone, apart from wasting six pages of an otherwise excellent magazine. — Gary Cox, Chadstone, Vic

We beg to differ. A writer sets out to produce an accurate statement about what's going on in greyhound racing, and you want him to avoid reference to the "lowlights" he uncovers because it won't be of any "use" to anyone? Surely you must understand that the purpose of the story was not to promote greyhound racing, so as to be of "use" to people like yourself; the purpose is to tell the story like it is, as is the case in any example of good journalism. If you want someone to white-wash the sport in print, then hire a public relations firm. — Ed

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Ticklish dilemma

I am 38, my wife is 29, we have two children and have been married eight years. When we married my wife was a virgin, in spite of my attempts to get to bed with her during our courting days. I had had quite a lot of previous experience.

She tells me that she has never masturbated, though when younger she used occasionally to wake with bloody fingers, as though her body in sleep demanded what her conscious mind refused to allow. I suppose she only noticed this through the chance of it occurring during her period.

Our lovemaking is regrettably infrequent and is usually impeded by the fact that my wife is exceptionally ticklish in virtually all parts of the body. The only part of her body I can touch (apart from kissing her mouth) is the upper part of her back. If I manage to arouse her sufficiently, I can progress to other parts of the body, and eventually we have sex. However, if by mistake I touch her side while moving my hand from her back to her breasts, the resulting adverse reaction usually ends hopes of sex that night. To give you an indication of the degree of ticklishness she has, she finds it difficult to tolerate having a pair of skis waxed while they are still attached to her boots. In other words her feet are ticklish through both skis and boots!

I find it difficult to make her climax, and do not often achieve this through penile penetration. Also I am usually so frustrated and randy through only getting it about once a fortnight that I often come too quickly once I get inside her.

So our difficulty is not orgasm, but getting her randy enough to accept all the things I do to make her come. Many a night I will attempt to start lovemaking only to be refused (too tired — don't feel like it etc) and she turns over and goes to sleep. I turn over and masturbate in misery. The problem seems to be a chicken and egg situation. She is usually not aroused without touching and caressing, and this is not possible until she is aroused. I say usually because there are some things that arouse her without my having any hand in it (no pun intended). Sometimes reading *Forum* will arouse her. *Emmanuelle*, the French novel, had a remarkable effect, even though she said she thought it exaggerated nonsense, and *Surrogate Wife* opened whole new vistas.

Having read and been thoroughly

stimulated by that book, I thought certain passages might make my wife randy. One evening I gave her the book to read. When I saw her getting near those parts of the book, I suggested that we have a bath. She bathes first, unless we have a bath together.

Unfortunately, once she has read a piece of erotic writing, she never touches it again, which is a pity, considering the electrifying effect some passages have.

I have tried to talk to her about the whole problem, but this usually makes her angry, and I feel a failure. She has never raised the question. I have asked her what she wants and what stimulates her, but she either cannot or will not tell me. It is in us both to be capable of a satisfactory sex life if only I can get her aroused. On one occasion, I suggested using a vibrator to arouse her, but this was rejected. Very rarely she instigates lovemaking, and on these occasions she invariably comes. I assume that she must have been fantasising on those occasions.

I wonder if anyone can suggest a way through our "arousal barrier", which I think stems basically from my wife's ticklishness. I love my wife and children, and would hate the thought of breaking up our home. But the thought of spending the rest of my life rationed to once a fortnight and unsatisfactory at that, is grim. Especially so when I know we are capable of super satisfying sex if only I can arouse my wife sufficiently. — A.G., Victoria

Ticklishness is an ambivalent response. A person being tickled shows pleasure and excitement but there is also a desire to withdraw. Some women and, I think, more adolescents can obtain orgasms from being tickled in non-genital areas. I have seen at least one case where the woman obtained orgasms via her feet.

Thus there are sexual elements in tickling and the ambivalent response of ticklish people is very similar to the unconsciously ambivalent attitudes that we all have, in varying degree, towards sexual pleasure. Ticklishness, at least in some forms, is probably a sexually protective response to provocative physical stimulation.

In other words the individual probably wants to respond sexually but psychic barriers prevent it. The symptoms of ticklishness emerge instead and lead, as you have found, to withdrawal. It is an immature and sexually defensive response

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DECEMBER

but nevertheless pleasurable. Again, the pleasure can be of the intense and near-painful kind such as can be experienced when the glans clitoris or glans penis is over-stimulated. It is this element which leads to the withdrawal.

Adult men can usually only be aroused sexually by physical stimulation applied to the area covered by the underpants. Women (and younger people) can be aroused by stimulation to almost any area of the body and this probably explains why your wife is ticklish almost everywhere.

She seems to be on some sort of borderline between a ticklish response and a sexual response; sometimes she responds one way and sometimes the other. The factor which determines which way she reacts is obviously not your technique but her mind.

From the information you provide about her she is clearly inhibited but is capable of a full, adult, mature sexual response. Deep down she is still guilty about her interest in and need for sex. Therefore most of the time she is either apparently disinterested or avoids sex through ticklishness.

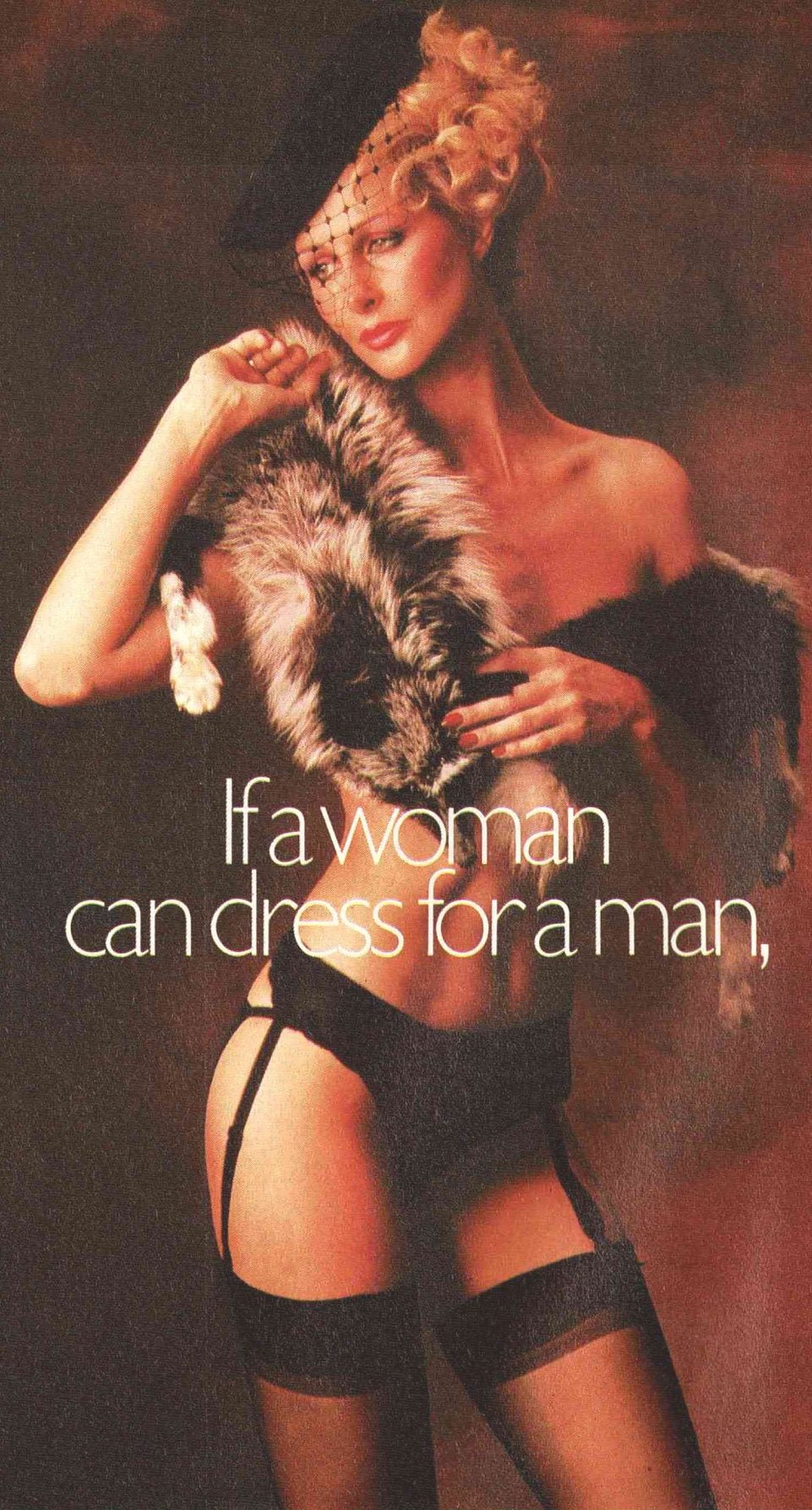
In function, ticklishness is similar to the giggling found in early adolescent girls when they manage to attract the attention of boys they are chasing. It puts the boys off.

One of the characteristics of the inhibited is that their sexual drives surface only intermittently. When they do emerge they are often very intense because of suppression to which they have been subjected. Most of the time, however, the libido has not built up sufficient strength to break through. It looks as if your wife's inhibitions can hold the line for two weeks and then the libido is too strong to be further contained.

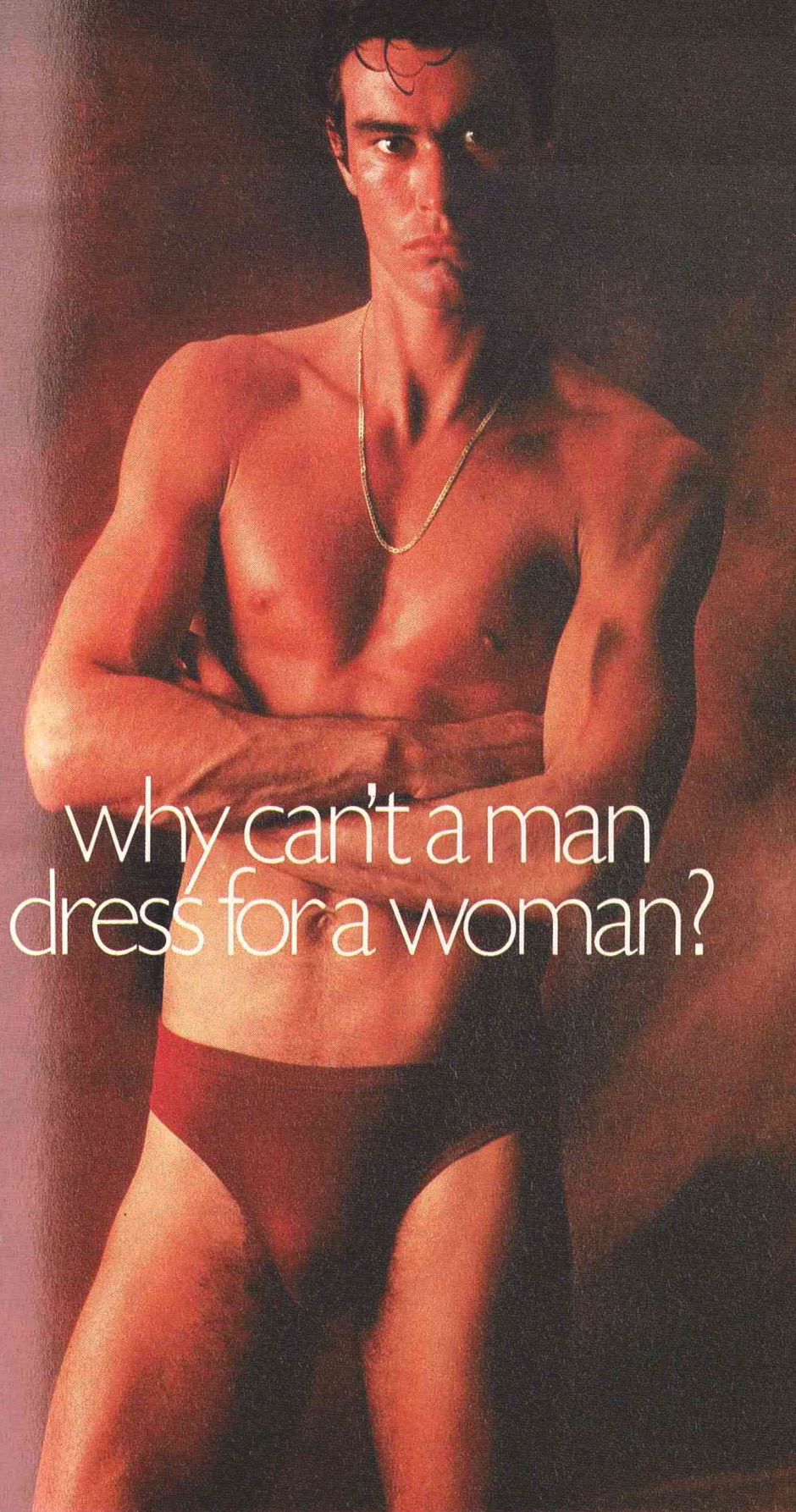
Biologically women seduce men but socially it is the other way round. In this sense seduction means letting the woman do what she really wants to do without her seeming or having to take any responsibility. What your wife needs is more seduction and you should put your energies into this rather than miserably masturbating by her side.

You have found the route yourself. It is clearly through her mind. Anything you can do to pump up the libido enhances its chances of overcoming the inhibitions. Erotic talk, situations, books and films will all help to influence the libido as might preparations to apply a bit of force or, even, telling her your fantasies as you masturbate. The same effect in some women can be obtained by love-talk so that their mind can concentrate on that and thereby not notice the business going on down below. It can be a mistake to talk too much about her "animal" responses.

Psychic rather than physical foreplay is



If a woman
can dress for a man,



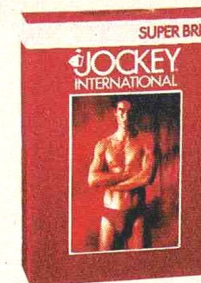
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How many did you say you wanted?

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INTERNATIONAL



what she needs. Properly used, she could be induced, I am sure, to rape you nightly.

Public inconvenience

I think I read recently that you suggested hypnosis as a possible treatment for sexual impotence.

My problem is not strictly sexual but I would welcome your advice on the possibility of hypnosis helping me to overcome it.

I just cannot urinate in company. The close proximity of another person stops me from starting to pee no matter how badly I may want to go, although I can continue if once started.

This may seem a trivial problem but I can assure you that it's no laughing matter not being able to pee when you are bursting and additionally it is extremely frustrating and embarrassing not being able to visit the toilet with friends or business associates.

My doctor once advised me to go into the loo and close the door, which was not the help I was looking for, and a psychiatrist I visited put me on Valium, which did not seem to work.

The problem started in my mid-twenties although even before that I could not pass water to order for doctors.

Possibly the problem is basically sexual as I did have sexual impotence trouble initially when I started an affair a few years ago, although only on the first two or three attempts, subsequently being OK.

On the other hand, my wife and I have had a vigorous and satisfactory sex life for 25 years so maybe the cause is not basically sexual after all.

Whatever, it would be an enormous relief to overcome it and your advice would be very welcome. I am financially able to seek the best treatment, be it psychoanalysis, hypnosis, or whatever. — J.P., Victoria.

This is a common problem. Since it seriously inconveniences or embarrasses you it is worth seeking professional help. When inability to urinate occurs only in company this is obviously an emotional problem, not a medical one.

There is probably an anxiety about what other people might think about your thoughts or feelings, displaced on to the act of urinating. The causes of the anxiety are not usually at a conscious level. They may go back to your earliest years. They may or may not be sexual.

Drugs should not be taken for this problem as they will not resolve the cause, at best can provide only temporary relief, and may lead to dependency and side-effects.

The form of psychological help most suitable varies from one person to another, so it is useful to consult a psychotherapist who is trained in a variety of approaches, including psycho-analysis and also hypnotherapy.



YVES SAINT LAURENT
PARIS
FOR MEN

BE8861

FORUM

New lease of life

I am 61 years old and about a year ago I had a prostate operation in which my prostate gland was completely removed. This operation was like a miracle for me. Before the prostate removal, my sex drive was very weak but now I am ready for sex three or four times a week. Naturally I do not ejaculate because of the operation but sometimes there is a slight discharge 15 to 20 minutes after I reach orgasm. I might add that my orgasms are very good and my wife and I enjoy sex more now than we ever did. We are wondering about the discharge I mentioned. Is it fertile or is it just a result of the operation? — L.L., New Zealand.

There are a number of different types of prostate operations. They are done for different diseases and have varied effects on the patient's sexual function.

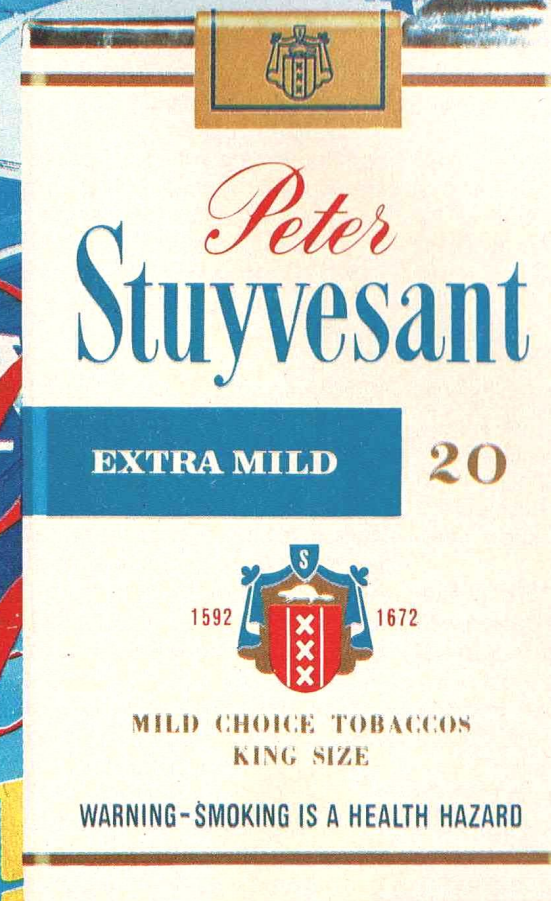
The two basic types of operations are the radical or total removal of the prostate gland for cancer and the partial or subtotal removal of the prostate for benign prostatic hypertrophy. Total prostatectomy is seldom performed compared with the very great frequency of partial prostatectomy for benign diseases. Total prostatectomy causes an exceptionally high incidence of sexual impotency compared with subtotal prostatectomy which produces a very low incidence of post-operative sexual impotency.

The following are some general concepts related to the effects of partial prostatectomy upon sexual potency. If the patient was sexually potent before the surgery, he will usually be so after surgery. If he was impotent before the surgery, he will usually remain so after the surgery, though there are occasional patients whose sexual activity increases after the operation. These patients may be the ones whose general health is improved after the relief of the urinary blockage caused by the prostate gland. In patients whose sexual function is declining, the surgery may be the point at which it ends, although most likely sexual function in these patients would have ended in a short time anyway.

When sexual function continues after surgery, the most noticeable change is the presence of retrograde ejaculation. That is, when the patient reaches a climax or termination of the sexual act, no semen passes out of the penis. The semen is ejaculated backward into the urinary bladder instead of outward. This happens because the valves that normally direct the semen outward become non-functional as a result of the removal of the prostate and as a result the semen flows in the wrong direction. The patient's sensation may be totally unaffected by this condition.

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FORUM

That earthquake feeling

I am 22, I've been married twice and soon I will have my fourth child. I have a problem — I have always faked orgasm. I fake orgasms because I don't know how to explain something to my husband that I don't really understand myself and I wouldn't want to puzzle or upset my husband about his capability as a lover.

In the last couple of months I have been wanting something more than just the feeling that I have satisfied my husband. His satisfaction gives me a great deal of pleasure but in all my experience with sex, this is the only fulfilment I've really known. Now I want that earthquake feeling to happen to my body too.

I know what a real climax feels like since I had orgasms when I masturbated during my last pregnancy. During the early stages of my pregnancy sex didn't often cross my mind but I got aroused now and then. Most of the time I felt aroused after my husband and I had made love. For some reason I never asked for a repeat even though my husband would have been willing. Instead I'd just lie there beside him going over everything we did while we were making love five minutes earlier and I would feel as though my insides were glowing.

My husband is a very good lover and he is always eager to please me. He also is very tender and gentle. He's eager to try different positions and different types of sex. But with all the variations, I still haven't climaxed.

I get pleasure from being the aggressor during foreplay, I kiss and rub his breasts, thighs and genital area. I enjoy feeling that I am in control and I enjoy knowing that I am giving someone else a great feeling.

I only consider masturbation as lead-up to the real thing. I have tried it but I feel it is a waste of energy unless I know intercourse will follow.

I don't think I have any sexual hang-ups even though my mother never talked with me about sex. I started having sexual relations at a very young age and most of my affairs were very pleasurable. I wasn't taught that sex was wrong and I have learned for myself how good it is.

I hope you will be able to help me with my problem. I think my attitude toward sex is fairly healthy. It's just that, for some reason or another, I fail to reach orgasm.
— Mrs M.B., Tasmania

Your letter reflects a concern of many women who are capable of experiencing orgasm through masturbation or while sleeping or dreaming, but not while they are with a partner. This, in itself, is no indication of any psychological abnormality. Rather, it frequently reflects lack of information and misconceptions about what is "normal" sexuality.

In your case, it sounds like stimulation ends too soon since you feel aroused after intercourse. You and your husband may need to move a little more slowly during sex and to spend more time at it. For example, you might direct your husband in providing the type of stimulation you enjoy most during foreplay by letting him know what feels good. He could then continue using one kind of stimulation longer than you usually do, if you are finding it very exciting. You might slow down intercourse and even stop for a few moments in midstream in order to fantasise as you do after intercourse has ended. In other words, integrate your fantasy into your love-making.

In addition, stimulate yourself or show your partner how you masturbate so he knows how you like to be touched. Either or both of you can stimulate your clitoral area manually before, during or after intercourse. Oral stimulation or use of a vibrator can also enhance your sexual experience.

Most importantly, talk to your husband about what you're feeling and how you would like him to touch you. In addition use your hands or move your body in such a way that you receive maximum pleasure. This means asserting yourself sexually so you receive as much from the sexual experience as you would like.

Enlarging your sexual experience and communicating with your partner is the starting point. Forget about the orgasm for now and concentrate on the pleasurable feelings. Most probably, in time, after you allow yourself to receive and perceive sufficient sexual pleasure, an orgasm will result.

Venereal warts

I am writing to you to inquire about a physical deformity on my fiance's penis. This deformity has in no way affected our extremely satisfying sex life but I am curious to find out whether he has a problem that can be corrected. On the rim of his penis are extremely small growths of skin, that stand erect like hair that has just been given a crewcut. I would estimate that there are a few hundred of these minute growths on the underside of the head of his uncircumcised penis.

I have asked my fiance to consult a doctor about this unusual condition. He has ignored me. At one time my girl friend complained to me that her gynecologist had to burn away warts on her vagina, clitoris, and anus. She said the warts were some type of virus. Could my boyfriend have these warts? The growths on my fiance's penis do not resemble common warts to the hands and feet. If these growths are warts, should they be burned off or at least given enough attention to necessitate consulting a doctor?—Name and address withheld

The growths you described are pro-

bably venereal warts but it is difficult to be certain of the diagnosis because your description is not characteristic of the disease. It would, therefore, be wise if your boyfriend were to see a doctor to be sure. If they are venereal warts, they should be treated.

Venereal warts are usually described as looking like cauliflower masses. They can occur anywhere on both men and women, although they are usually found around the genitals or on the area around the anus. These growths are caused by a virus that is transmitted from one person to another, usually by sexual contact. They are also auto-inoculated, which means that they will move from one area to another in the same person in the form of a spread, particularly in the area of contact, like the area under the foreskin of the penis.

Once a diagnosis of genital warts is made, treatment is important and should be continued until a cure is obtained. The warts can be removed by the use of an electric needle under local anesthesia or general anesthesia if necessary. They can also be treated by use of a substance that in effect chemically destroys the warts. The doctor will advise your fiance about which method is best for his particular case.

At times it is necessary to perform a circumcision to keep the area clean and dry, to remove the warts on the foreskin and to prevent the type of spread that occurs at the point where the foreskin rubs against the top of the warts.

If venereal warts are present, your doctor will probably examine your boyfriend for other venereal diseases. Since venereal warts are often transmitted through sexual contact, it is wise to make certain that no other types of disease have been passed on along with the warts. The doctor will take a sample of blood to check for syphilis as well as special growth tests to determine if bacteria are present. It is important that the doctor makes these checks to ascertain that he is treating the entire problem and not letting something as serious as venereal disease go undetected.

Venereal warts can spread into the urinary passageway, anus, rectum, and the vagina. When they have spread into these areas treatment is more difficult and more complex. If your boyfriend does have venereal warts, you should recognize the possibility that you have also contracted them. A visit to your gynecologist will enable you to make sure. Just as in your fiance's case, it is important that you get treatment if you do have them.

At the present time there is no known antibiotic treatment for these virus-produced warts. Many different types of treatment have been tried and none have been successful in eradicating the virus. The only successful treatment is removal.

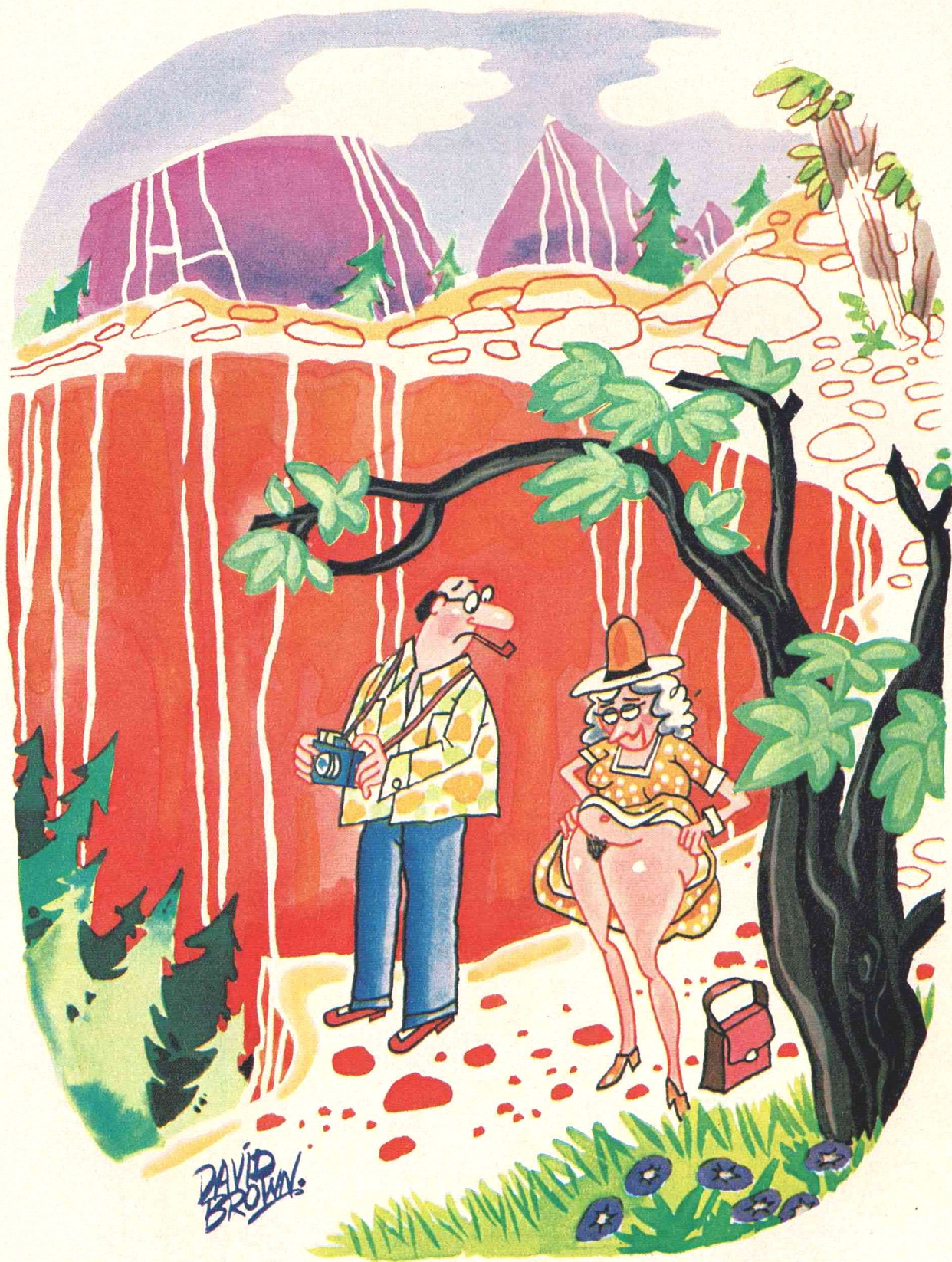


It was the first time
he'd ever played something
romantic - and then I gave
him mere Scotch
instead of



AB1882/82

C640



"The park ranger told me to be sure and watch myself near the edge."

FORUM

Stretched vagina

Is it possible by sleeping with a man with a very large penis to stretch permanently the vaginal tissue, thereby enlarging it? And, if so, can anything be done to tighten up the vagina again? — Miss B.H., Address withheld

If a woman is not a virgin and is responding normally prior to and during intercourse the vaginal musculature has an amazing capacity for relaxing and allowing the entry of the very large penis. Difficulty is usually only experienced if the woman is unable to relax or respond to sexual stimulation.

Even in these instances, however, the difficulty is one of spasm of the sphincter and muscles around the vagina. If entry takes place there will not be a permanent stretching.

Even after childbirth the vaginal muscles return to normal in most instances and where there is a residual laxity it can usually be tightened up by pelvic floor exercises.

Too available

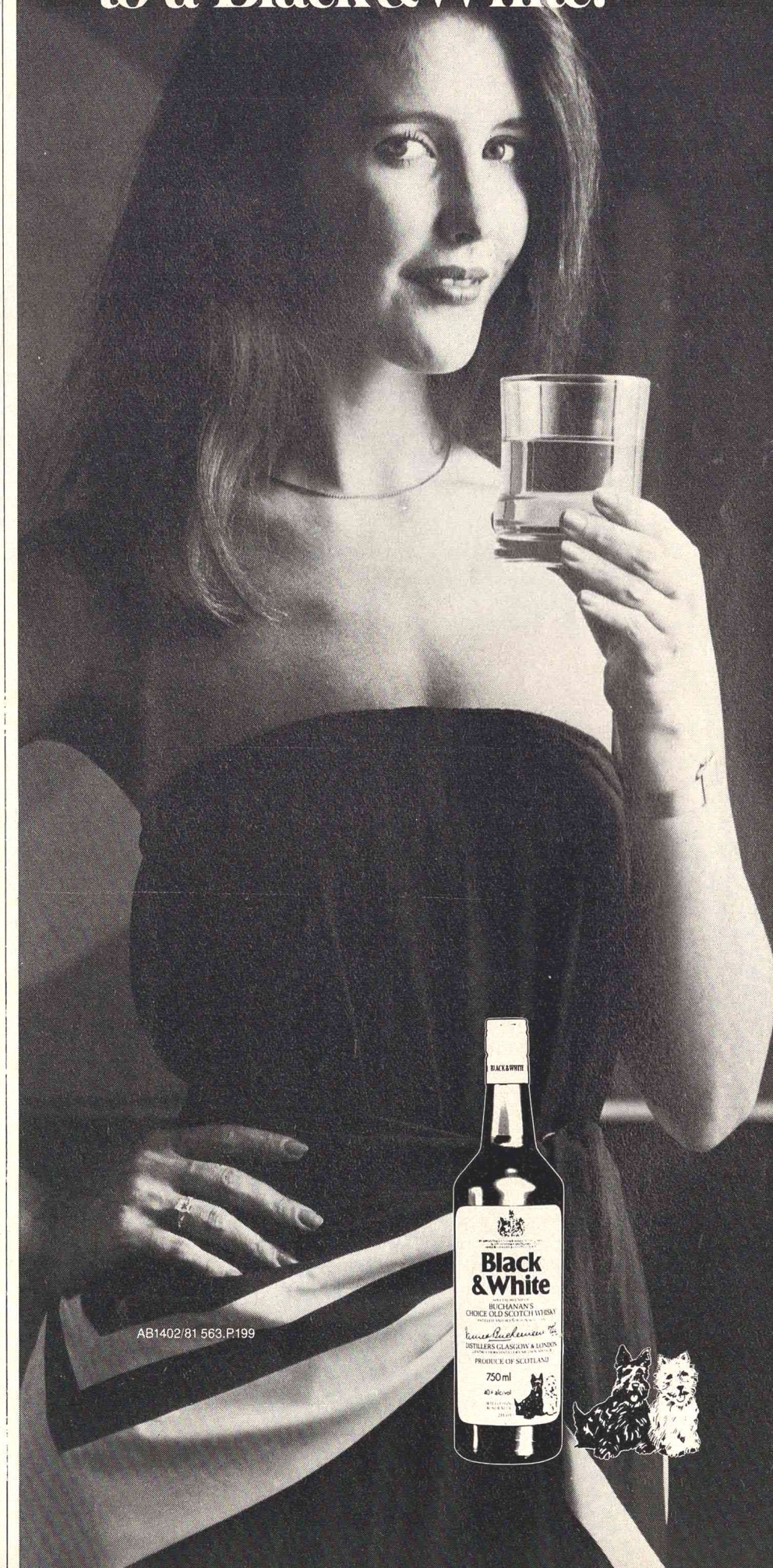
I am 23 years old and I have been married for two-and-a-half years. Before I met my husband, my sexual experience was very limited.

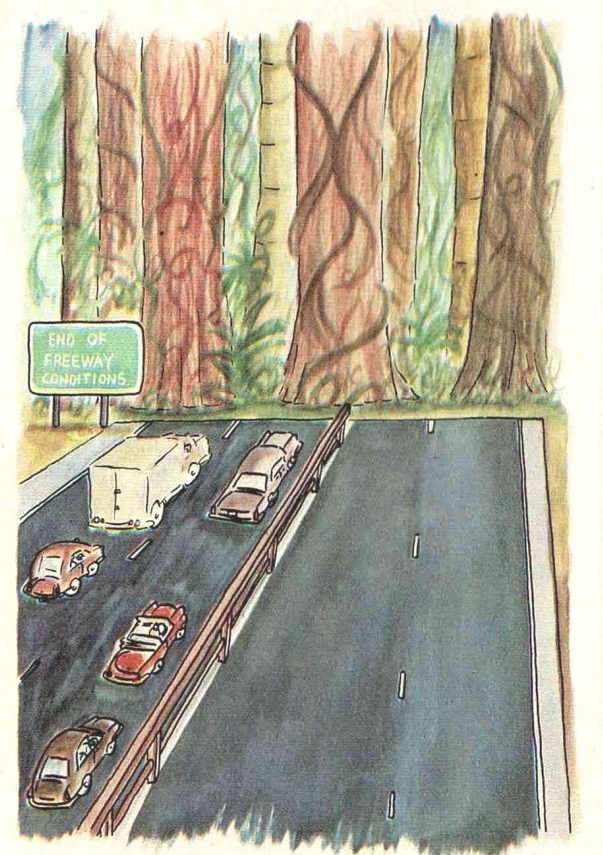
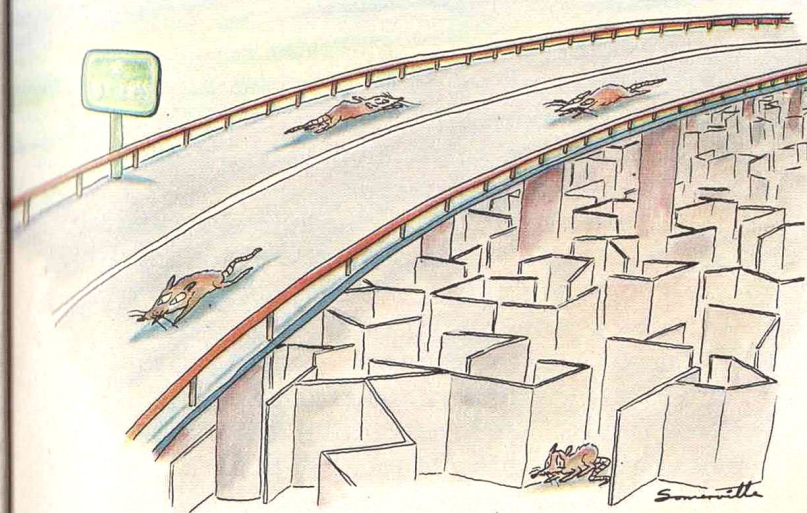
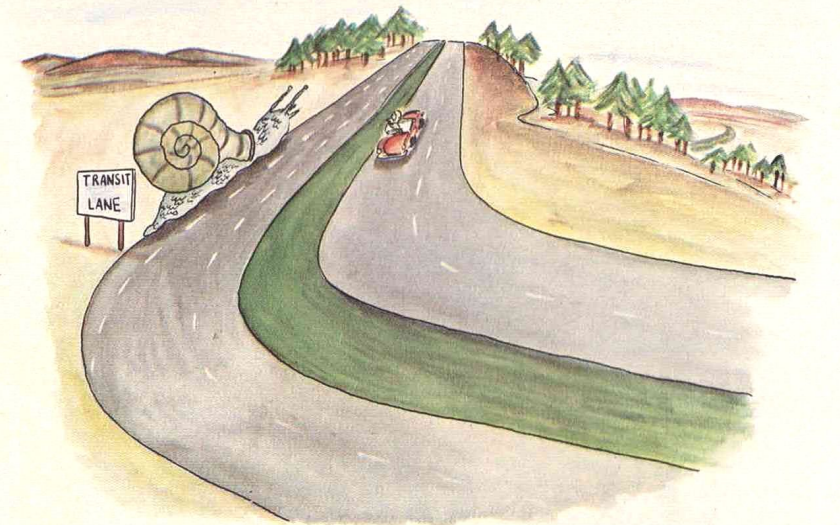
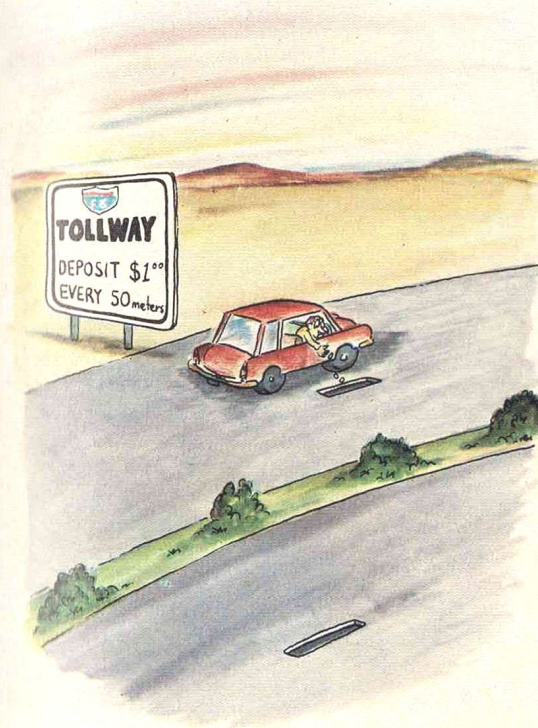
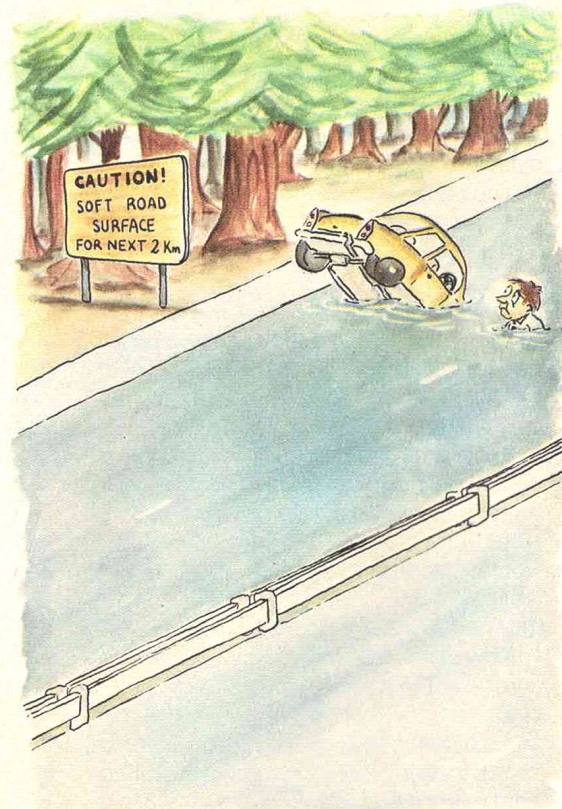
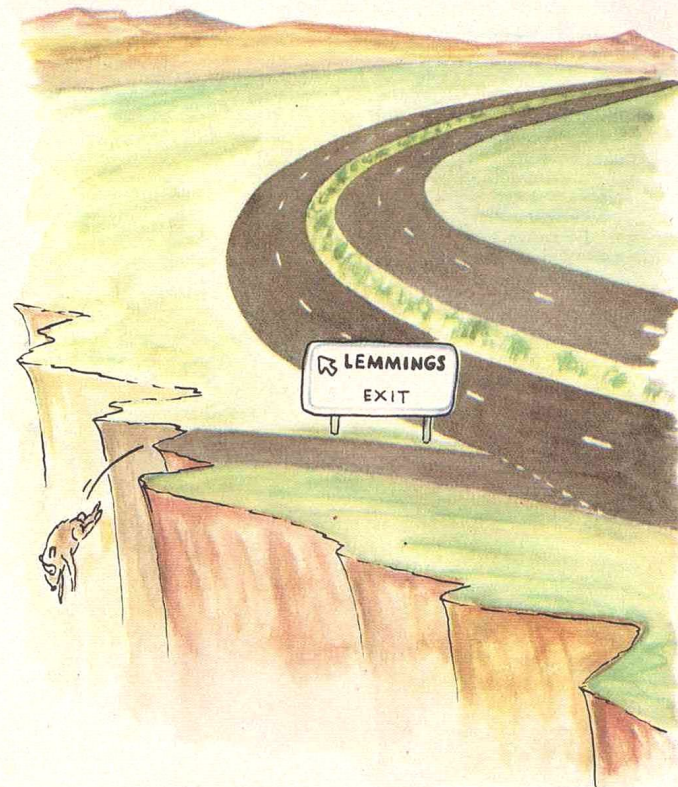
Soon after we married, our problems began. My husband seemed to lose all interest in sex, while my sex drive increased. I started accusing him of seeing other women because of my frustration and hurt feelings. Since then, our sex life has never returned to a satisfying level.

Now my husband is suggesting that we both go out with other people. He says that I've been smothering him with affection and that I've made myself too available to him. I thought I was giving my husband what every man wanted from a wife. Most men complain that their wives don't give them enough sex, not that their wives give them too much sex. — Mrs L.C., Victoria

Unfortunately, your situation is not all that unusual. It is quite possible that one of the things that attracted your husband to you originally and perhaps throughout your courtship was your inexperience and innocence. Then, as you became more uninhibited, responsive and affectionate toward him, a couple of things may have happened. For one, it may have threatened his sexual security. Many men feel sexually secure only when they are fully in control of the sexual activity, its pace, form, and content. When your husband said that you were "smothering him", what he may have meant was that he was feeling out of control (his masculine image may have been threatened), and this leads to tension and anxiety, and often loss of sexual interest. ○✚

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Men can fake orgasms, although it's not as easy as for women

XAVIERA HOLLANDER CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

I have never been able to produce a strong ejaculation with a large quantity of semen, either through intercourse or masturbation. The duration of ejaculation is very brief with a very small quantity, only a few drops, being produced. I have no problem maintaining an erection, but on climax only a dribble of semen is produced.

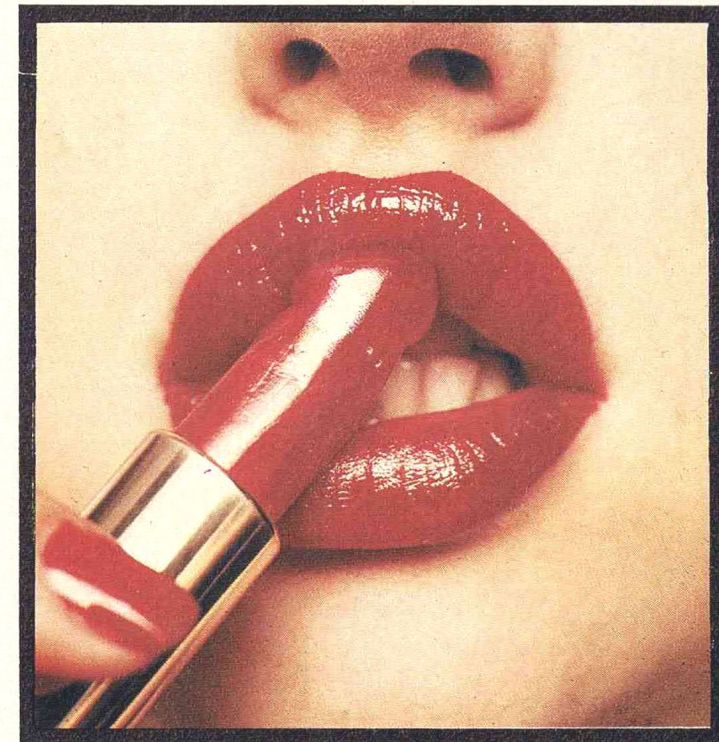
My problem seems to be exacerbated when I use a condom during sex with my girlfriend. I think sex without the condom is far more pleasant, but the risk of pregnancy leads me to delay climaxing, which I believe has made my problem worse. Oral sex hasn't solved the problem as I don't seem to be able to climax at all with this method. My girlfriend intends to start taking the pill soon

and I am dreading that she will discover that I am unable to make her feel my semen spurting inside her body.

I originally thought my problem was associated with the use of condoms, but when I masturbate, there is no improvement.

I had always believed that my problem would be cured once I started having a steady sex life.

I have tried to discover whether there are any psychological reasons for this dysfunction. The only factor that may hold some significance is that at the age of 14, when I first tried masturbation after being told about it by a school friend, I remember that was the only occasion when I managed to produce a long spurt of semen. I have tried some psychoanalytic psychology, reading books about the subject to aid in my search for a remedy. I have even looked at a few sex therapy books, but these seem to offer only a wealth of material concerning erection and impotence dysfunction. I can have an erection and produce semen, but only in minute quantities. I have tried to maintain a very relaxed atmosphere when



making love, but this does not produce any significant results. Xaviera, can you tell me if there is any artificial aid that I can use to increase the rate and quantity of ejaculation? — C.J., Queensland.

There are no rules about ejaculation. Having witnessed thousands I can say that every one differs and there is no such thing as "abnormal". Sometimes semen dribbles out and sometimes it comes out in distinct spurts; it is more common for it to dribble than to spurt.

There does seem to be a direct link between the strength of sexual arousal and the strength of ejaculation. There is also an understandable link with frequency of sex. Semen is more likely to be ejaculated strongly if you have not had sex for two or

three days. I really think you are worrying unnecessarily. And about your fear that your girlfriend will wonder why she can't feel ejaculate — forget it. It is very rare for a woman to feel semen spurting inside her as the vagina is relatively insensitive. She will feel aspects of the ejaculation — such as the rhythmic contraction of the base of the penis and the scrotum during climax — but I very much doubt whether your girlfriend would be able to tell whether you have come or not, unless there were accompanying noises.

Men can fake orgasms too, although it's not as easy as for women and not as commonly documented. I do sympathise with your position, but I feel that a great many of your worries are associated with your lack of confidence.

NOT A NYMPH

My fiancé and I have been making love regularly since last August. Although we both enjoy sex, I never reach an orgasm

when we make love and had very rarely done so before we began our relationship. However, I can easily reach orgasm through masturbation. I wondered if I could be a nymphomaniac and if so, exactly what it would entail. If not, what could be preventing me from climaxing?

Thanks to my fiancé I no longer feel guilty about masturbating, but I still regard it, rightly I believe, as "second best" to shared sex. At the same time, though, I feel I can't "let go". This could well be the problem, I think, as I have always been shy and am not used to showing my feelings. If so, what would you advise us to do? Fear of penetration is unlikely to be the problem, as I enjoy sex so much and easily produce enough lubrication.

My fiancé stimulates my vagina, clitoris etc by touching, oral sex and penetration. Although sometimes he does climax quickly, this is often not the case. I try not to feel depressed about this problem, but sometimes it is inevitable, and I know it makes my fiancé feel inadequate.

Though I have felt very aware of sex for some time now, until a couple of years ago I had no experience. I often feel I have been "thrown in at the deep end" as I suddenly became sexually active. My parents have always been fairly strict, and, as the youngest and only female child in my

family, I was spoilt and always the "baby". I now regret this lack of freedom and trust, as I have become shy and sexually inhibited. — A.C., NSW

As you are able to experience orgasm easily through masturbation you are, I'm happy to say, a perfectly normal woman. There is absolutely nothing wrong with you.

You are certainly not a nymphomaniac, which is an old-fashioned term once used to describe a woman who was sexually insatiable. It didn't mean someone who couldn't climax during sexual intercourse but rather someone who couldn't get enough of it.

WITHDRAWN

I am a 35-year-old separated woman and write to you in desperation. Over the years I have become increasingly more withdrawn and frightened of forming a relationship with a member of the opposite sex — in spite of ongoing social activity — because of feelings of severe inadequacy and inferiority due to the fact that I have never experienced an orgasm, even through masturbation.

Though I have, over the past 14 years, consulted GPs, psychiatrists and a number of psychotherapists, they have all dismissed me, stating that "it's all in the mind" — an obvious statement! — or that I am "making a mountain out of a mole-

hill". One psychiatrist told me I was wasting his time, but none offered help. — C.S., Tasmania

Stories like yours about psychiatrists make me very angry. I don't think they can be aware of how much suffering they cause. This is ironic when you consider that their job is to alleviate it.

One suggestion I can offer is that you seek out a women's sexuality workshop where you learn how to masturbate effectively and how to develop self-confidence. There are courses of this kind operating in most capital cities.

The other practical advice I would give you is to buy a vibrator and use it on your clitoris. I have always found vibrators most effective and I never hesitate to recommend them to any woman. Check the mail-order advertisements in this magazine if you feel you would be unable to visit a shop to purchase a vibrator. If you obtain the battery-operated kind, make sure the batteries are brand new and are the long-life variety. I assure you this makes all the difference to the speed and quality of vibrations.

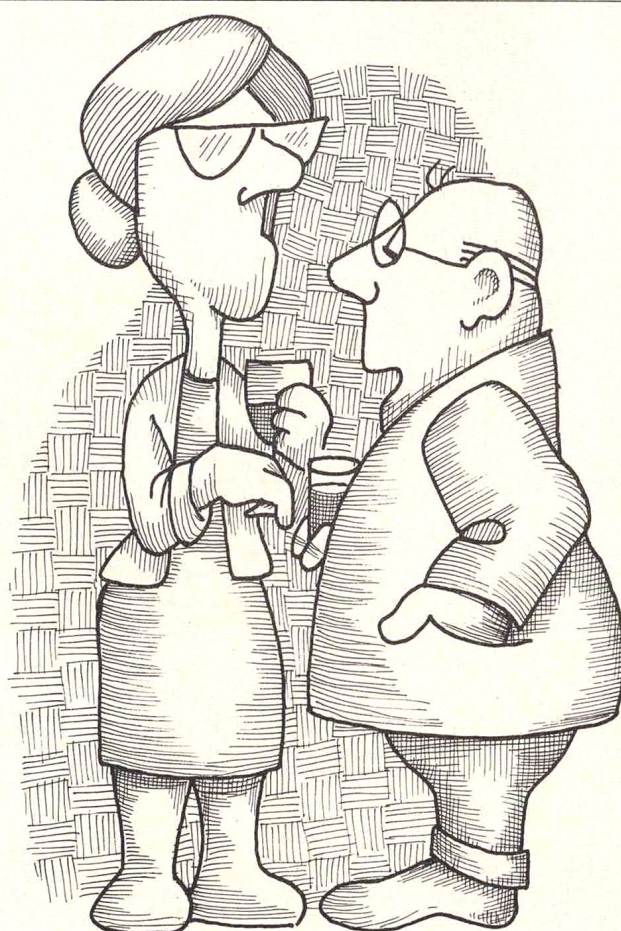
HASN'T COME YET

I need help with this problem as quickly as possible. I've never come while having sex with my husband, either through intercourse or oral sex. We love each other and can share most everything, except I cannot bring myself to tell him that I have never had an orgasm with him. I am afraid if I tell him, he will feel he's not man enough. We've only been married a year, and I've discovered on my own what an orgasm feels like, by using running water. It takes me about 15 minutes to come in this way. I've tried a vibrator and using my fingers, but they don't work for me.

Since I now know what it feels like to experience this thrill, I want to have the same feeling with my husband. But no matter what position we take, it doesn't happen.

Since my husband thinks that I do come, I have no idea how to break the news to him without destroying his confidence in me and my responses to him. I don't see how I can learn to have orgasms with him without asking him to cooperate in my efforts to have this experience. If I do tell him, can you suggest any techniques or positions which will help me have orgasms? My husband is very willing to please me. Please help! C.D., Tasmania

Your larger problem is not your lack of orgasms but your concern about hurting your husband's ego. You are among many women who take on the burden of bolstering a man's self-esteem, based on whether or not they reach climax. What an unfair load to put on a woman! It carries the old social message, sex is primarily for the man's pleasure and a woman is obligated to provide this pleasure with no concern about her own needs. —



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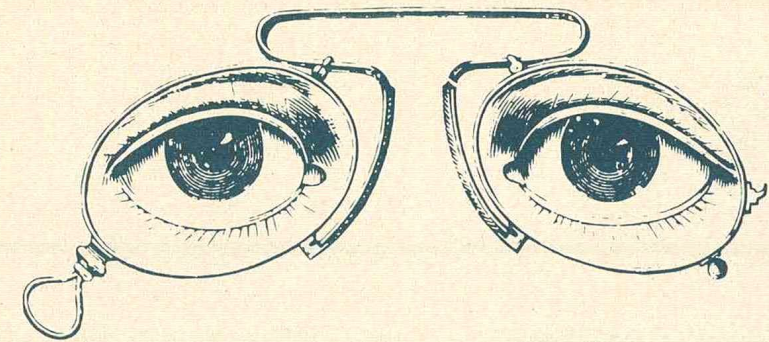
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"Jeez! How we missed that truck I'll never know!"



VIEW FROM THE TOP

THE HERPES HYPE

BY COLIN HINTON

The common or bar-room joke has become a particularly topical commodity lately. Public bar pundits are coming up with pertinent gags right on cue . . . sometimes even on the same day their subjects hit the headlines. When the Falklands conflict was in full swing, we had a barrage of jokes like: Why does the Argentinian navy have glass-bottom boats? *Answer:* So it can keep an eye on its airforce. Boom boom. A spate of bad taste dingo jokes was inevitable. One of the worst was: How do you bring a baby up in the desert? *Answer:* Kick a dingo in the guts. Hmmm. That sort of jest usually raises a laugh more as a consequence of its shock value than any inherent humor.

And now, as a sign of the times, we are suffering a rash of herpes jokes. For example: What is the difference between herpes and true love? *Answer:* Herpes lasts forever. Now, that is a joke a lot of people are taking seriously, despite the fact that the punchline is patently false. Try cracking that one in mixed company and the chances are good that a number of your audience will remain distinctly unamused. For those who are victims of what some sections of the media have described as "the herpes epidemic", this particular sexually transmitted disease is far from being a laughing matter.

Why has this relatively innocuous STD developed such an ugly image? According to *Rolling Stone*, it is "... the terrible curse of herpes"; "The misery of herpes ..." says *Newsweek*; "One of the scourges of modern life ..." rants *US 60 Minutes*; and "Sufferers often pass through loneliness, anger, fear, isolation, depression, hopelessness" — according to one normally staid daily newspaper.

Herpes has been around for a long time. But over the last few years this virus has ended up with an image as black as that of the plague during the Middle Ages. The herpes sufferer has been turned into a social outcast, expected, like a leper, to suffer for the sin of contracting this particular STD by wandering the streets with a bell,

chanting: "Unclean, unclean". In the USA, the press has hit the panic button, along with the moral majority, who like to consider herpes the curse of the sexual revolution, a celebrity disease which is suitable punishment for the sin of promiscuity. One of the results of this biased publicity is that even those who haven't contracted the virus suffer stress every time they engage in sexual contact with a new lover, worrying about their chances of copping a dose. Those who have suffered herpes endure a variety of unreasonable reactions, from shame to outright anger at the partner who passed it on.

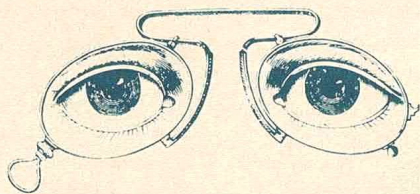
But often they are making a mountain out of a chance. As one Sydney STD specialist says: "The diagnosis is often worse than the disease. Herpes is a serious problem but its psychological impact is often worse than the physical symptoms." It is true that some infectees know real and severe pain. But many hosts don't even know they have it; about half never show any symptoms. And even for those who do, the sores last only a week or so, then heal totally without leaving scars. Also, while some herpetics get four or five outbreaks a year, these tend to be increasingly mild, fleeting and infrequent. And two-thirds of all herpetics have absolutely no recurrences. In short, it usually just goes away — sooner or later.

The previously quoted Sydney doctor concurs. "Herpes has been around as long as the human race," he says. "The most important thing to remember about this virus is that it is self-limiting. It is a fallacy to think that if you suffer the symptoms once you'll have it for life."

Despite this doctor's claim that the virus is self-limiting, he agrees it is undoubtedly on the increase. Precise and current figures on its incidence in Australia are not available, but he says over 100,000 new cases were reported Australia-wide last year. As a result of the media's amplification of the herpes problem, it is the middle-class, educated social stratum which reacts most strongly to the discovery that it is infected. Other social groups are less

THE GOOD NEWS IS I'M A
NYMPHOMANIAC, THE BAD NEWS IS
I'VE GOT **HERPES**





wary, according to this doctor. He is critical of the fact that the media inevitably focuses on the most extreme cases, and also resents some general practitioners' responses to patients who have herpes. "The psychological impact is severe in many instances," he says. "Some people become quite neurotic when told they have the virus, and this can exacerbate other problems. They feel shame and guilt as a result of their doctor's negative judgement of their conditions. Often that doctor has allowed his own morality to dictate his response and he sometimes inadvertently chastises the patient."

So don't get suicidal if you do find you've contracted herpes. The media insists melodramatically that in the virus' vile wake relationships dissolve, victims grow reclusive and consider taking their own lives. Maybe some of them do. But I haven't noticed 1000,000 Australians heading lemming-like for the nearest cliff.

So where are the disastrous consequences? Sure, herpetics may have to wear prophylactics, forego oral sex and wash after foreplay — but only during outbreaks. And even then these are modest hardships. Let's keep things in perspective. Condoms, personal hygiene and limited head are nothing to worry about when you consider the consequences of some other sexually transmitted diseases: syphilis, for instance. Now there's a little number that should surely scare the pants back onto you.

It seems the only way to be absolutely certain of avoiding herpes is celibacy, so everyone is in the same boat. If the incidence of the disease in Australia keeps multiplying at its current rate, it won't be long before herpetics are no longer a minority. So don't let the worry of becoming cocksore stop you from being cocksore. By about 1990, herpes will either be totally curable, or we'll all have it.

SOUNDS

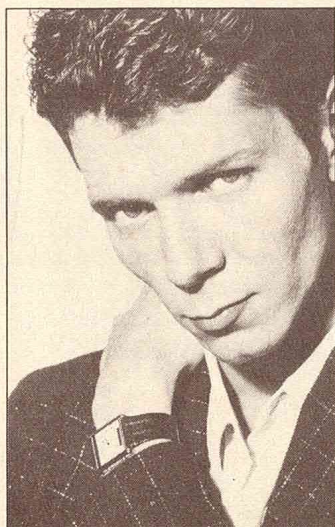


ICEMEN RETURNETH

Chairman of the Icehouse board, Iva Davies, locked himself in broom closets and studios for a couple of months with some new synthesizers and a drum computer. The result was an uncharacteristically prolific output for *Primitive Man* (Regular) — after a lengthy writing hiatus due to lack of interest. The element of guitar raunch that we heard from the original Icehouse on tunes like "Sister" and "Fatman" is replaced by a more understated style. A multitude of keyboard players and an understandably faultless beat flesh out Davies' solo vision. It was obviously a much-awaited one too — the album shipped platinum in the first week. Worth casting an eye and ear to will be the Ice big band on tour near you, when Davies will tell us in person about glitter rock (the pouting throwaway "Glam"). Other topics for discussion will be the wistfully beautiful ode not to his paint set ("Trojan Blue"), the friendly come-on ("Hey Little Girl") and the sense of being a white man with a roomful of synthesizers in the land of Dorothea MacKellar ("Great Southern Land").

Apart from some excellent music past and present, we can be thankful to Icehouse for having brought *Simple Minds* to these shores as tour support

last Christmas. On *New Gold Dream* (CBS), vocalist Jim Kerr pines for "someone, somewhere in summertime". Possibly he is recalling the GSL, hearing the Minds on radio and realising it to be a fairly novel experience. With "Promised You a Miracle" this gifted bunch of Scotsmen discovered that a lightening of their percussive crash and relentless riffing got them more airplay. The album takes this approach even further. They're still not easy-listening fodder but their previous surge that went backwards at 30 frames a second across Europe and America has slowed to a more languid speed. Kerr continues to write from his notebook of heavily-



Icehouse's Davies...prolific

vowelled bon mots and one-liners.

The sparser backing provides his singing more clarity and allows room for an occasional touch of the Bing Crosbys as he remembers "the quiet side of midnight".

Another Britisher who has a much longer history in grouping words together more for their sound than any conceivable meaning is **Jon Anderson**. Since he relinquished his role as lead voice in Yes in 1980, the diminutive Anderson has mainly kept company with the bear-like Greek keyboard player Vangelis

("The Friends Of Dr Cairo"). Feeling the need to demonstrate some *Animation* (Polydor), he steps out with some top English and American players. He manages to infuse an aura of white satin flares, lentil casserole and even Danny Kaye (with his chorus of juveniles — "We're gonna send the weapons up on a starry night, explode



Summer...masterful

Kid Creole...bland



them above the atmosphere, the whole damn world will be watching the magic mushrooms in the bright sky".

If you thought Vangelis and Anderson were a disparate pairing (in silhouette at least), try adding disco queen **Donna Summer**. Her treatment of their "State Of Independence" on *Donna Summer* (WEA) robs the song of its tedium. However, the real star here and throughout the album is producer Quincy Jones, whose masterful touch steers the Summer team through some hot disco-funk ("Love Is In Control"), high

school marching band jingoism ("Livin' In America") and even the classic Forties ballad "Lush Life".

The **Pointer Sisters** put in a less varied set while claiming to be *So Excited* (Planet/RCA). Producer Richard Perry, whose credo for these sisters is a "tastefully provocative lyric that exemplifies the feelings of young women", unleashes his studio stalwarts (including Lee Ritenour's guitar) on an R & B disco concept. The girls, with their Oakland gospel slips showing, beam their selfless message of unashamed lust and a simple request: "I don't want everything you have, just give me all of you".

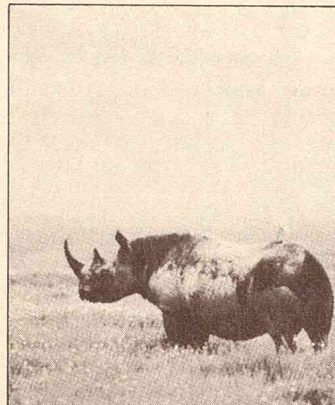
August Darnell, alias **Kid Creole** and his Coconut are currently posing as *Tropical Gangsters* (Island) on the shores of B'Dilli Bay. This collection of cabaret calypso sees the kid from the Bronx and his fellow equatorial hoods exuding great style. However, the balmy setting seems to have infected the songwriting. Relaxed feels bubble along under a fairly repetitious set of melodies and comic vignettes that rarely reach chuckle status.

Still, the vision of the dapper Kid crooning his hypnotic reassurance that "I'm a wonderful thing, baby" is an enjoyable piece of self-denigration.

Newcomer **Lisa Bade**, from Melbourne via LA, has recently been seen on tour with the Little River Band. The backing to her debut bout of *Suspicion* (Wheatley/EMI) was done in the States with top session players who lend an assured air to the tracks. Her vocals have been a pleasantly stock piece of rock vocalising — except for the choice of some songs. Worst is the annihilation of Tom Waits' "Jersey Girl" who is raped by Bade's attempt to "Kickass". Little is done to redefine Joan Armatrading's "Willow" either. Hopefully her first stint of live work will help to give the lady a

stronger direction and sense of what she can cover best. We might then see a more compelling set than this predictable bargain-bin fodder.

"I may not be a nice girl, but I've always been good" mimics **Ellen McIlwaine** in a run-down of watering hole behavior on *Everybody Needs It* (Festival). McIlwaine is a powerful force on her own — whether thrashing out rhythms on an acoustic 12 string or ripping into some electric slide guitar. Here she uses a band including her professed favorite bass player, Jack Bruce. Some of her solo intensity is dissipated when combined with the freewheeling jazz/blues rhythm section. She is also preoccupied with producing herself for the first time and has aimed for, or at least arrived at, a very live sound that unfortunately lacks a lot of



Belew...charm aplenty

presence. More production experience or a trusted producer could solve this.

Ex-Bugle Trevor Horn is the man responsible for the show-stopping (in more ways than one) production on **ABC's The Lexicon Of Love** (Phonogram). Problems in duplicating the clear majesty of their studio product live have kept the lads away from the footlights. Consequently they have relied on increasingly more expensive videos to sell their wares. Their sophisticated pop funk operates within the tried and true parameters of "boy meets girl, girl

meets boy" as espoused by these dashing English public school types. Very straw boaters, champagne and strawberries. For all the amazing production it is an extremely one-dimensional album. The two singles "Poison Arrow" and "Look Of Love" basically demonstrate all of this unit's goods, while the other eight tracks are very much variations on a theme.

Adrian Belew has obviously restrained his sense of humor when working in austere company like David Bowie, Talking Heads and Robert Fripp. On *Lone Rhino* (Island) he makes a lot of noise and obviously has a lot of fun echoing the beasts of the ex-wild ("I'm a lone rhinoc-

Jackson...lacks punch

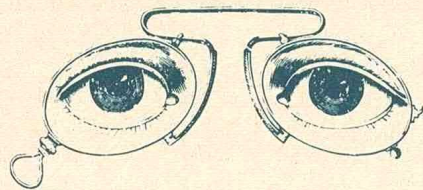


eros... alone in my concrete cell where people stare and toss me coke cans... I'd give my horn just to see my homeland", bathroom sounds and moments of domestic violence ("kill that sonofabitch" he screams at the TV, the thrill of victory, the agony of my feet, Adidas in heat"). Material has apparently been stockpiled over the last couple of years while Belew was working on other projects. His best songs are possibly the most recent, as heard on King Crimson's "Beat", but this sqlo effort hath charm aplenty to console the not-so-savage rhino.

Two UK Joes have separately sought creative solace in the Americans and their environs. **Mr Cocker**, who is currently in the throes of his near-annual busman's holiday here, sought the sun and sand of the Bahamas for *Sheffield Steel* (Liberation) — possibly a reference to his throat. He employed the pulse of that eminent dreadlocked rhythm section of Sly Dunbar (drums) and Robbie Shakespeare (bass) but their rasta raunch is kept largely in check, except on Bill Withers' "Ruby Lee". Not that Cocker would be out of place on more of the same — a strong blues voice is often in tune with the reggae mood — but we get more familiar medium-paced R & B funk and ballads.

Meanwhile a **Mr Jackson** has ventured to New York City to write and record. In yet another stylistic about-face, *Night and Day* (A & M) sees this Joe finally lash out in public on keyboards and sax over some calypso and samba-flavored feels. Little remains of the Forties revivalist mood of "Jumpin Jive" except perhaps the trousers. He is back with producer David Kershenbaum, who was responsible for his 1979 debut "Look Sharp" and the sequel "I'm The Man". This disc avoids all of the rock and roll of those records and, unfortunately, some of the sardonic humor. Songs like "TV Age" and "Cancer" do little more than tread water while "Chinatown" merely suggests he hasn't mastered the subway ("I'm nervous and I'm lost and I don't see too many restaurants"). We do get his much-played hetero whinge "Real Men" — possibly inspired by a stroll amongst the clones of Christopher Street, Greenwich Village. It's a fairly brave statement with a direct message ("If there's war between the sexes then there'll be nobody left"), but the rest of the album lacks such punch.

Paul Kelly has been one of Melbourne's favorite sons since



1979, but he and the **Dots** only released their first album last year. It was recorded over many months with shifting personnel. *Manilla* (Mushroom) was done, funnily enough, in the Philippines with a more intensive schedule, though it did take a year for the record to surface. The guitar-based quintet has an understandably more consistent feel. The lads start off strolling down a "Forbidden Street" with a pace reminiscent of Talking Heads' version of "Take Me To The River". Kelly then delivers a highly personal collection of songs. He admonishes an excessive friend ("Clean this house, too much junk everywhere!"), rejoices at another's hospital recovery ("Tell the nurse! You're through the worst! yeah, cancel the hearse!"), explains daddy's job to the children of a burglar and is world-weary wise about "Shifting Hearts" ("They won't stop once they start").

The Dots utilise rocks and ska guitar to enthusiastically drive the skinny one's nonchalantly adenoidal vocals in a way that should serve as a positive example to plodding fellow six-string pluckers such as the boys of Australian Crawl.

Capitalising on the excellence of **Japan's** "Tin Drum" (Virgin/CBS), RCA has released *Assemblage* (Ariola). A collection of single releases and album tracks, it shows their development from a 1978 guitar band. Suggestions of the Buzzcocks and the early Seventies rock of David Bowie evolve to the band's current status as innovative synthesiser dandies (with vocalist David Sylvian having switched allegiance to Bryan Ferry). Also included is a current release of their reading of Smokey Robinson's "I Second That Emotion". Don't go to this back catalogue and expect it to be better "Tin Drum", but it is worth the visit all the same. — **Jeremy Cook**

WORDS



THE WILD ONE

It may be difficult for anyone born after 1950 to understand the impact that Johnny O'Keefe had on rock and roll and showbusiness in Australia. And after being treated to the roll call of crazies that littered the music scene of the Sixties and Seventies, it may not be easy to figure out what was so wild about the man they called "The Wild One".

As seen through the eyes of John Bryden Brown in his book **JO'K — The Official Johnny O'Keefe Story** (Doubleday, \$9.95), O'Keefe was without doubt the daddy of it all in Australia, the man who started the big noise.

Bryden Brown ain't just whistlin' Dixie. When you stop and think about what was going on in Australian music for the young in the mid to late Fifties, the vacuum is obvious. There was nothing, zilch, a big zero — until JO'K stepped in with his leopard skin lapels and his spit curls and started hollering and shaking. O'Keefe and his band, The DeeJays, were the first rock and roll band in Australia. It was as simple as that.

O'Keefe's image and his first hit song were inspired by a B-grade teenage drama. In a 1972 interview he recalled: "I went and saw *Blackboard Jungle*. Bill Haley was singing Rock Around The Clock and it

really freaked me out like nothing I'd heard before. I told myself I had to get amongst this rock and roll stuff." Prior to 1955, when *Blackboard Jungle* was screened in Australia, anyone below the age of 18 was regarded as a child. The film's theme of teenage rebellion, coupled with Haley's music, started a tidal wave of change.

Bryden Brown came into the picture soon after O'Keefe and his band began getting together in Johnny's father's furniture store for rehearsals. Bryden Brown was in and out of entrepreneur Lee Gordon's offices on advertising business, while O'Keefe hung around in the stairwell trying to hustle a spot on one of Gordon's big stadium shows.

The author was also close to JO'K during the subsequent rollercoaster ride of his singing career — the string of hit singles, his success as a live performer, and then the long parade of court cases, the car smashes, the drug busts and nervous crack-ups, the two marriages and three kids.

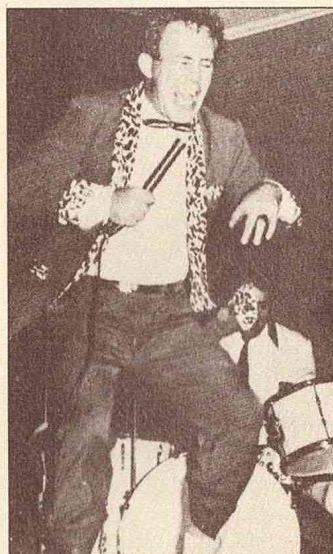
If Bryden Brown's tone occasionally leads the reader to assume he worshipped his subject, it is perhaps because he did. This is a closely, detailed, superbly researched book that renders the tumultuous life of Johnny O'Keefe — wild one, human dynamo and legendary rocker — into a fascinating and readable story. — **Roger Crosthwaite**

A quick look at the cover of Lance Peters' latest novel *Cut Throat Alley* (Granada, \$4.95), with the lurid blurb describing the book's milieu as "the steamy underworld of a city hanging on the razor's edge of suspense", gives the impression that this is just another item from the cheap thriller production line. But *Cut Throat Alley* is much more than that.

Peters has chosen the seedy streets of inner-city Sydney dur-

ing the 1920s as the scene for his story, focussing on the cocaine trade, the prostitution rackets and the razor gangs which controlled Darlinghurst and Wollomooloo during that period. The author's background as a television scriptwriter is evident in this book. He has the ability to bring a scene to life with remarkable economy and effect, and has peopled his novel with a cast of criminals and cops who are exceptionally colorful and varied.

Despite these features, in many respects *Cut Throat Alley* lacks sophistication. The author has a peculiar sense of imagery, a naive and quirky sense of humor which occasionally verges on puerile, and some of his lengthier passages tend to



JO'K... detailed

overwhelm the reader with unnecessary historical detail.

However, these factors are offset by a well-structured plot which, true to those lurid cover lines, keeps you on that "razor edge of suspense".

Peters takes an almost macabre pleasure in describing the effects of the cut-throat razor, the weapon favored by the low-life characters who inhabit this tale. After a series of gory passages full of slashed cheeks, buckets of blood and flaps of

flesh, one can only be relieved that the Gillette people came up with the safety razor. — **KR**

Dr Lyall Watson's **Lightning Bird** (Hodder and Stoughton, \$16.95) is the story of Adrian Boshier, an Englishman who arrived in Africa at the age of 16 and ventured into the bush alone, on foot, equipped with nothing more than a pocket knife and a bag of salt, to look for a world described a century earlier by Livingstone and Selous.

One would not expect a mere biography from the author of exotic compilations like *Supernature*, and *Lightning Bird* is much more than a description of Boshier's life. It is an attempt to demonstrate the likely course of human evolution by chronicling certain critical events in the life of one extraordinary individual.

Watson's ability to enthrall his audience, even when dealing with esoteric subjects, stems from the enormous breadth of his perspective. As comfortable with paranormal phenomena as he is with archaeology, prehistory and mythology, Watson draws together an unconventional vision of human evolution, forcing the establishment to reconsider the role of prehistoric Africa as the precursor of human consciousness.

Although, according to traditional prehistorians, the Dark Continent is regarded as the birthplace of humanity, it is also considered to be a cultural cul-de-sac, contributing very little to the development of civilisation. Watson's interpretations of Boshier's discoveries challenge that view. In the wilderness of Africa, Boshier demonstrated symbolism in prehistoric art, uncovered clues to the origins of song and dance, discovered the oldest known mine and was instrumental in leading the academic world to understand that Africa was the world centre of technological innovation 100,000 years ago.

More importantly, he showed that the development of human consciousness is primarily an African history.

This is an important book, and reading *Lightning Bird* will be a unique experience for anyone who has ever wondered about the origins of the human mind. — **Greg Hunter**

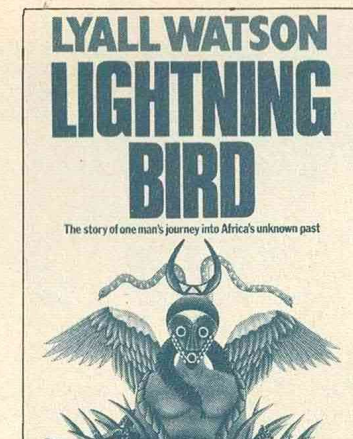
With **The Last Laugh** (Methuen, \$19.95) we are again reminded that when Sidney Joseph Perelman died in October 1979, at the age of 75, the world lost an irreplaceable talent. This posthumous collection of his last essays for *The New Yorker* (where he was published monthly for 50 years while he continued to zap off copy to a vast array of magazines, from *Harper's Bazaar* to *Holiday* and *The Dentist's Monthly*) represents the last time old SJ Perelman will pen pieces on life's absurdities under such cliché-twisted titles as "Is There an Osteosynchrondtoitrician in the House?", "The Customer is Always Wrong", "Acres and Pains", "The Saucier's Apprentice" and "It Takes Two To Tango, But Only One To Squirrm".

Perelman began his career as a cartoonist, penning such early gems as "Doctor, doctor! I've got Bright's disease and he's got mine!" He wrote books, plays, musicals and two films for the Marx Brothers — but his forte was always the 1500-2000 word satirical essay, which would be intricately, deliberately and hilariously peppered with classic quips, puns, Gothic words and phrases, Yiddishisms, advertising and show-business jargon, outdated literary styles and slang.

The Last Laugh is a fine cross-section of his styles. The first part consists of 17 *New Yorker* pieces: sharp satires, paralyzing parodies, and lashing lampoons on such diverse subjects as the publishing business, gurus, the fashion industry, screenwriting

and afternoon soaps. The second part of the book, subtitled "The Hindsight Saga", contains fragments of Perelman's promised autobiography. It includes tales of his stint as a Hollywood screenwriter and personal reminiscences of some of Perelman's closest friends and contemporaries.

Perelman once wrote: "I have this damnable kink in my character. Generosity is a kind of fetish with me. I'd give you the shirt off my back, anything I owned if you took a fancy to it.



Lightning Bird... electrifying

You know these Arab chieftains who are constantly pressing their white stallions on people who admire them? Well, that's me, only I carry it to extremes, I really do. It's my besetting sin." You can't get much more generous than giving your entire life to keeping people's funny bones tickled. Goodbye Sid Perelman, and thanks for this much-needed last laugh. — **G.J. Burchall**

With bottom of the harbor tax schemes and allegations of associations with the Painters and Dockers Union plaguing the Liberal Government, it is an ideal time for the public to learn that wit and wisdom did once exist in public affairs.

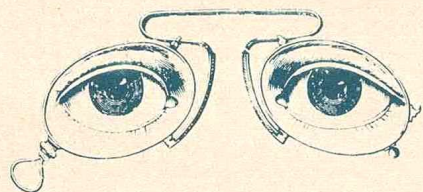
The man who has rushed to the rescue with this belated and hard-won information is former *Sydney Morning Herald* editor Colin Bingham. In the foreword to his book **Wit and Wisdom — A Public Affairs Miscellany** (Melbourne University Press, \$25) Bingham says: "Since the way we are governed and the political forces which determine the effectiveness or otherwise of government are the central issues in public affairs, interested citizens need what help they can get from the past to guide their judgements."

Bingham's philosophy of looking back instead of forward in an effort to solve the present problems of government is no solace to the Australian public. But the book is a must for aspiring politicians or after-dinner speakers in search of something wise and witty to say.

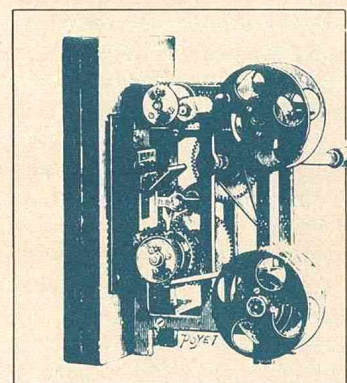
For instance, Malcolm Fraser would have a leaning towards the quote from Lord Rosebery, a former Prime Minister of England who resigned from office in 1895 when he was 48 years old. In his resignation speech, Rosebery said: "There are two pleasures in life; one is ideal, the other real. The ideal is when a man receives the seal of office from his Sovereign. The real pleasure is when he hands it back."

And in his battle to win government from Malcolm Fraser, Opposition Leader Bill Hayden would do well to heed the wry observation of former US Senator Eugene McCarthy. Said McCarthy: "Being in politics is like being a football coach. You have to be smart enough to understand the game and dumb enough to think it's important."

But the Australian public would probably be more sympathetic to the words of legendary French statesman Clemenceau, who once said: "It is the fortune of men in politics to be attacked. In the old days they were assassinated. That was the Golden Age." — **Colin Mackay**



FILMS



FILM RITES

What *The Man From Snowy River* is to the high plains of Victoria, *We Of The Never Never* is to the vast Australian interior. Both are based on literary classics. Each film's location is integral to the dramatic realisation of man (boy for *Snowy River*, woman in *Never Never*) coming to terms with the harshness of Australia's rugged heartland. For the boy who becomes the Man from Snowy River, the reward for making the grade is clear-cut and satisfying.

In *We Of The Never Never*, Jeannie Gunn, the city girl who joins her husband, Aeneas, in the isolation of the outback, accomplishes a similar feat. But her reward is not easily defined. Unlike *Snowy River*, *We Of The Never Never* manages to tap the spiritual root of place and time. In doing so the understanding Jeannie Gunn wins is of a timeless nature, concerned as it is with environment, people and self.

Based on the reminiscences of Mrs Aeneas Gunn first published in the early part of this century, Peter Schreck's screen adaption of *We Of The Never Never* arrives like a downpour after a long drought. It washes away memories of those barren 12 months in which new Australian film releases did little to preserve the reputation of the in-

dustrial. *Never Never* stands out — not as an excellent Australian film, but as an excellent *film*. For director Igor Auzins it is an accomplished cinema debut; the realisation of a vision he has guided through years of development.

Interestingly, the Australian Film Institute, while nominating the film as best for the year in the latest annual awards, have chosen in their wisdom to ignore Auzins' achievement. Perhaps *We Of The Never Never* is something whipped up by the producers, Phillip Adams (ex-

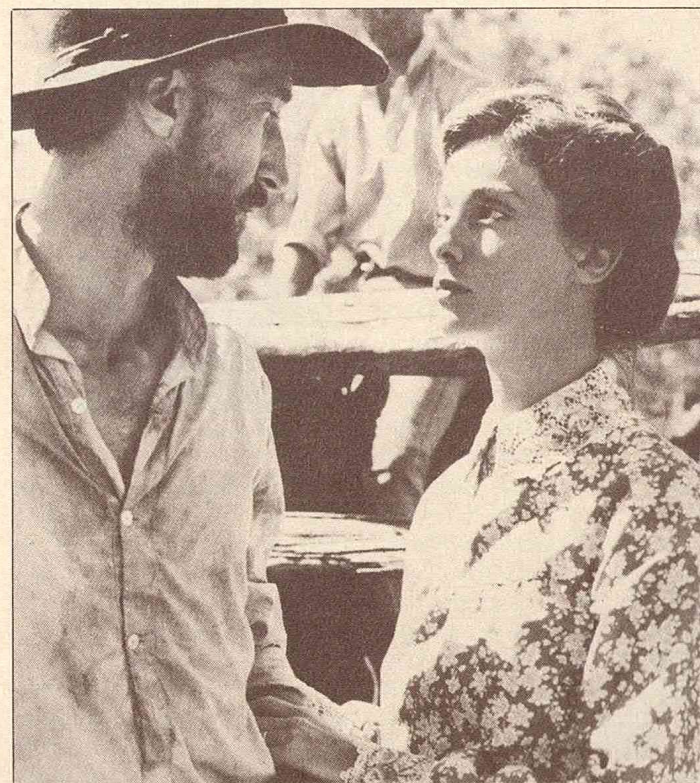
as Aeneas and Jeannie arrive to a cool welcome at their isolated destination. This cattle station is the base for their shared dream — to work as husband and wife in establishing themselves as part of an alien place that may be removed from the mind of the cities from which they derive — but because of the cattle industry that thrives there, dependent in part on this "other world". The alien nature of her environment is at the core of Jeannie Gunn's dilemma, for she, like her husband, must battle the hostility of the stockmen

also live an "at arm's length" existence with the stockmen, who see them only as good jackeroos and as a source of women when the need arises.

By seeking the aborigines' approval, Jeannie further agitates the men, who are racist in the extreme, vowing devotion to King and Country and offering further insight into the colonial fanaticism that drew men like these to the shores of Gallipoli. Aeneas adds to her frustration by adopting a "realistic" stance, the aborigines being a people not to be interfered with when it comes to tradition versus status quo. Through all this, as one by one the stockmen are won over to the "Mrs", Jeannie and Aeneas are drawn still closer in their love, so that when the ultimate tragedy strikes, the pain cuts like a sword.

Overriding the dramas — large and downright petty — played out against a limitless expanse by these puppets, is a sense of immortality that rises out of the land: a view brought into sharp focus around a campfire when the elder statesman of the tribe, Goggle Eye the aborigine, explains his people's belief in the origin of earth, moon and stars. The white stockmen have only a Biblical cliché to fall back on in retaliation to this heathen concept. For Jeannie Gunn the exchange of religious heritage is another step on the pathway leading away from her "own" — a dangerous route for a woman.

As a parable of a woman finding her place in the sphere, *We Of The Never Never* echoes, in some ways, *My Brilliant Career*, without laying down the lines of feminist ethos. Angela Punch-McGregor, in a brief pre-title sequence in which, as Jeannie Gunn, she endures the process of being corsetted into her wedding attire, establishes her character from the outset as one who will listen to the roll call of society dictates — and then follow her heart and mind wher-



We of the Never Never... rich and dignified

ecutive) and Greg Tepper, writer Scheck, editor Clifford Hayes and cinematographer Gary Hansen? If so, then we may be able to look forward to more films of equal stature finding their way on to the screen without directorial input.

We Of The Never Never opens with a sweeping view of the outback. Hansen's camera frames Auzins' vision in a fluorescent combination of light and shade

who are loath to have what they perceive as an inexperienced manager pressed upon them.

They also consider Aeneas has committed a social ingratitude by bringing a white woman into their midst. Confined to the role of "Mrs", Jeannie is a frustrated observer of the stockmen's slow acceptance of Aeneas' position over them and seeks the friendship of the aborigines camped around the homestead. They

ever it may take her. First to a distant place, then into a society alienated from her own. Cast in a more difficult role as Aeneas Gunn (a man about whom there is sparse knowledge), Arthur Dignam, with his pall-bearer demeanor, makes in his transition from city librarian to stockman a quiet journey to the interior of Everyman. He strives on the one hand to live by the rules of his race and on the other to bend to an understanding of another willed on him by the woman to whom he has committed his life.

Tony Barry ("Mac", the flinty-headed stockman who comes to realise even he can be persuaded by Jeannie Gunn), Donald Blitner's Goggle Eye, Martin Vaughan the bushie, John Jarratt, Lewis Fitz-Gerald and Tex Morton round out a solid cast of characters chiselled from our colonial past — with young Sibina Willy playing the aborigine orphan child Bett Bett with such naive guile as to steal every scene she passes through from the experienced vets. Peter Best's music frames the outback in a classical structure, the symphonics underscored with the didgeridoo in a way that encapsulates the spiritual essence of the narrative.

Auzins' vision is a celebration of a rich, Australian rite respecting not only the source material but the industry that has given he and his craftspeople the means with which to recreate the past with dignity.

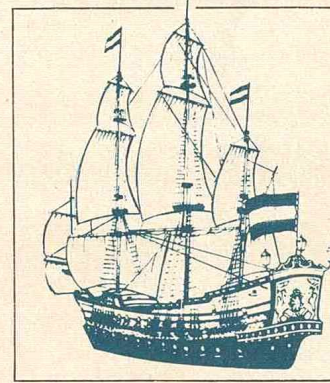
In a grab for market share of a new peer group that arose out of the Seventies — the gay community — Hollywood has stumbled from the tasteless (William Friedkin's *Cruising*, with Al Pacino as a cop entering the gay world to solve a series of bloody murders) to the sombre *Making Love* (in which a woman loses her man to another man) and now, with *Partners*, into the inane. Mixing *Cruising* with *Charlie's Angels*, writer Francis Veber and director James Bur-

rows pitch the macho cop Benson (Ryan O'Neal) with the effete Kerwin (John Hurt doing his utmost not to disgrace himself in his first Hollywood outing) and set the two up undercover in LA's gay community — looking here like an addition to Disneyland — to solve... you guessed it, a series of brutal murders.

The subtleties of the opening, in which Benson and Kerwin and the diversity of their sexual leanings is etched in sedate tones, soon disintegrates into the banal. Ryan O'Neal, the super-market superstud in the public eye from the time he wooed Queen of the Posters Farrah Fawcett-Majors away from the Six Million Dollar Man (and that is *winning!*), is used as foil to the gay demons playing rife with the heterosexual world. Hurt is allocated the role of Doris Day to O'Neal's Rock Hudson in an updating of the virginal situation comedies with which that pair tantalised the early Sixties. Lacking in any suspense as a "whodunnit", *Partners* relies on a similar tension to the Day-Hudson flicks — will Hurt get O'Neal *into bed*? It's a possibility that arises out of the husband and wife(?) feet-up-in-front-of-the-telly-after-a-home-cooked-meal lifestyle O'Neal finds himself subconsciously falling into as the "case" meanders around them.

Robyn Douglas, the photographer of men's pin-up magazine spreads, injects the raunch O'Neal requires to remind his audience there can be no doubt as to where his loyalties lie. Kenneth McMillan, chomping at the heels of Charles Durning as the solid characterisation for all American movies, delivers his Police Chief routine here with a choice combination of glint-in-the-eye wit and officious command. Two elements, in the overall view, completely missing from this sniggering pretender to the title of social comedy. — *Denis Whitburn*

TRAVEL



SERENE SOLOMONS

A palm frond sets up a rhythmic swaying in the mid-morning breeze and tropical sunlight sends its flickering shadow dancing over grey Solomon Islands sand down to gently lapping water. The 10 o'clock quiet on Tamea Beach, Guadalcanal, is broken as laughter and splashing drifts 250m in from a reef, where bathers take turns diving off an outrigger canoe.

It's the first noise to catch the ear since the tolling of the mission bell away in the distance in the early morning. There's the ever-present tattoo of waves on the beach and a quiet rustle of breeze in the palms fringing the shore — but this is the heartbeat of the Solomons, constant and unnoticed.

The peaceful silence of this island group has a way of creeping up on tourists. Most first-time visitors do arrive expecting quiet relaxation; unlike the Great Keppels of this world, these islands are not a place to go and get wrecked. But somehow the friendly and unspoiled atmosphere of the Solomons still pleasantly surprises most travellers. Just about everyone who experiences the Solomon Islands vows to return.

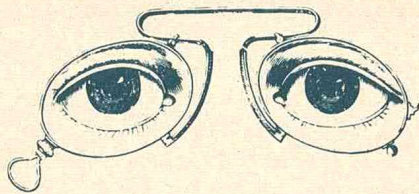
The Solomons, perhaps most remembered as a major theatre of bloody World War II conflict,

lie approximately 1800kms north-east of Australia, 1400km east of Papua New Guinea and north-west of Fiji and the New Hebrides. The population of about 200,000 is scattered over 13 large islands and innumerable smaller ones. Most are Pidgin-speaking Melanesians, with a smattering of Polynesians, Micronesians, Chinese and Europeans contributing to the multi-racial character of the society.

Cowrie shells and porpoise teeth are still used as currency among some of the outlying islands, and as late as 1965 a well-meaning missionary met his maker when mountain tribesmen speared him after he stepped in to settle a land dispute. This incident may not hit home as a tourist lure in many quarters, but it does indicate the untouched and often primitive nature of the Solomons.

Guadalcanal is the largest of the islands and since the war it has been the home to the Solomons' capital, Honiara. This small city, which hugs the banks of the Matanikau River, was born of wartime needs when the invading Japanese chose the flat coastal river plains to site an airstrip. The crucial airbase, named Henderson Field by American forces, was the focus of two years of bitter fighting; it was also the take-off point for the Japanese bombers which unloaded their cargo on Darwin. Today Henderson Field is the Solomons' international airport. A rusting control tower, overgrown bunkers and battle-scarred palms are testimony to those days.

Honiara also bears the influence of those two years when up to 100,000 troops were engaged in battle. The main building style of the city is still the corrugated iron Nissan hut, and Marsden matting, once used on muddy roads for transit of military vehicles, now props up washing lines in Chinatown or rusts beneath festoons of bougain-

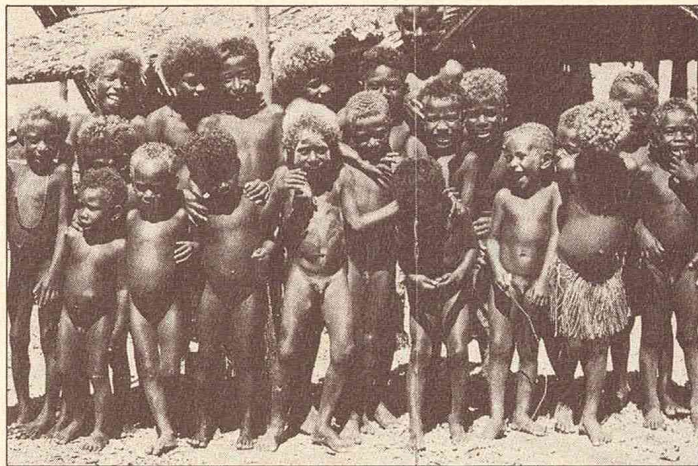


villae and hibiscus in suburban trellises.

A handful of holiday resorts are scattered throughout the Solomons. Some consist of only one or two huts and require visitors to bring all their food and drink requirements. Very few resorts have electricity.

The largest of the islands' resorts is Tambea Village, a colony of 22 Melanesian-style huts which lies 45 kms of corrugated coastal road north of Honiara on

Serene Tambea Beach was the exit point for tens of thousands of Japanese fleeing American and Australian forces on Guadalcanal. A small Japanese shrine hidden in foliage, the pock-mark remnants of machine gun fire on palms, and a rusting engine block embedded at a point along the waterline are about all that remains of that operation. A million waves have since washed the blood from the dark sands.



Young Solomon Islanders . . . open and friendly

Guadalcanal. It was started in 1969 by Swedish-born Olle Torling and his wife Dalice as a weekend retreat for members of the Solomon Islands Agriculture Department. Torling, who went to the Solomons as a plantation manager in the late Fifties, chose the site, Tambea Beach, for its abundance of pure drinking water. Negotiating with local tribal head men and taking them on as shareholders in the enterprise, he built a few huts, a bar, and a restaurant.

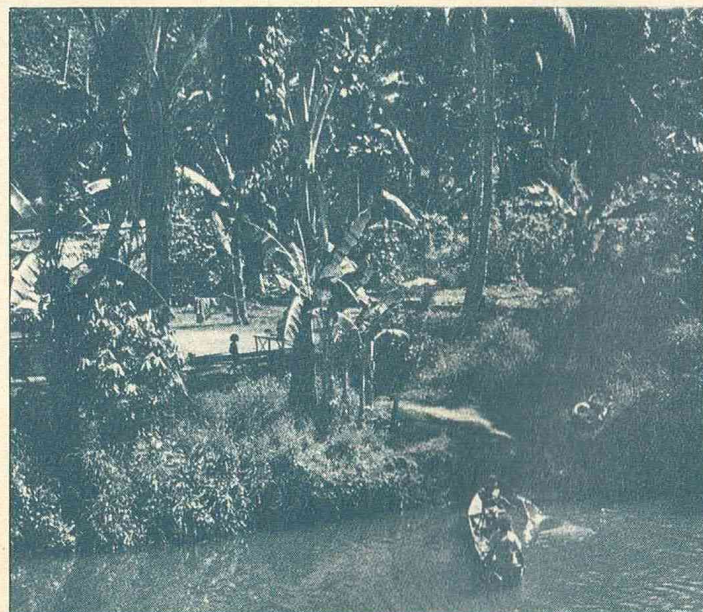
Since the early Seventies the resort has grown; more palm huts have mushroomed in the jungle fringing the reef-protected beach. Torling has no plans to extend the village beyond its 22 Melanesian cabins, believing the quiet atmosphere of the place would be lost in the process. The village now accommodates 40 to 60 people.

The guest huts of sago palm and bamboo are hidden behind coconut grove and hibiscus, and all lie within 10 seconds' walk of the beach. The houses are virtually the same as those occupied by neighboring villagers, but each has the welcome Western concession of running water and a lavatory. The amber glow of kerosene lamps provides night-time lighting.

Three meals a day are prepared and served by staff in a large thatched dining hall which is open to the air and scenery on its sides. Meals consist of local fruits and vegetables grown in nearby gardens hidden in jungle, fresh-caught reef fish and remarkably tender local beef and pork. An adjoining bar, constructed in the same open-air style, stocks a fair supply of French, German and Australian wines and a seemingly unending

flow of icy amber fluid — Fosters and Fourx — the most popular drop among the predominantly Aussie visitors.

Days at Tambea are usually spent lazing in the sun, paddling out to the reef in the resort's outrigger canoes for snorkelling among a technicolor brilliance of marine life, swimming or shell collecting. The more energetic may walk through jungle to explore native villages, scale a nearby mountain or go horse-riding. Usually the most frenetic movement in evidence at Tambea is when groups of wheeling butterflies dance in



The Matanikau . . . once the scene of bitter fighting

fluttering circles along the coral-scattered beach.

Those pretty little flutterers are not the only specimens of insect life to share the Solomons beaches with languid sun-seekers. Sandflies, gnats and (at night) mosquitos are prevalent. The beach at Tambea is sprayed morning and night to keep the pesky little blighters down but a trusty can of Aerogard is still a necessity.

Former Sydney antique dealer Denis Bellote manages the resort's staff of 20. He is the proud architect of the lush gardens that swathe the resort

in splashes of vivid hibiscus, frangipani and a catalogue of other green thumb delights. He also acts as chief medical officer but seldom needs to dispense more than calamine lotion to over-enthusiastic suntanners.

Bellote first went to the Solomons and to Tambea in 1973. His visits from Sydney became more frequent as his enchantment with the place grew. In 1978 he packed up his Australian business, bought shares in Tambea Village and moved in as manager. Now nothing is likely to drag him away from his paradise.

Few who spend more than a few days in the Solomons fail to understand his decision.

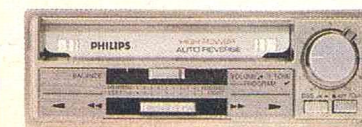
Air Pacific flights to Honiara operate ex-Brisbane. Information on travel and accommodation in the Solomons can be obtained from Magic Carpet Tours in Sydney on (02) 290 3630 or by enquiring at your travel agent. Accommodation at Tambea Village ranges from seven to 14-night packages and costs anywhere from about \$300 (one week) for two adults and two children to \$530 for two weeks. — Corinne Mackay



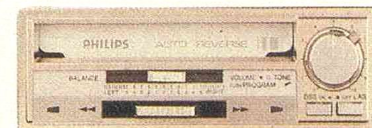
Take a tripon Surrealistic Sound.



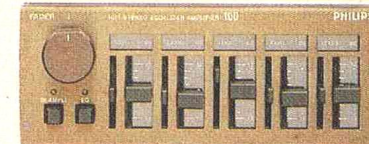
AC290 Stereo Cassette Player. Locking FF/Rewind, separate bass boost and muting switches.



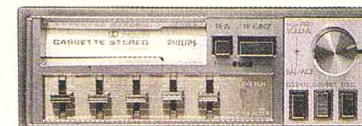
AC590 High Power Stereo Cassette Player. Automatic switching from tape to radio, auto reverse, chrome/metal tape selection, bass boost.



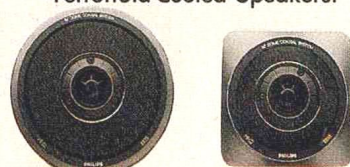
AC490 Stereo Cassette Player. Automatic switching from tape to radio, auto reverse, separate bass boost and muting switches.



CS1000 Hi-Fi Component System. Locking fast forward/rewind, electronic speed control for precise tape drive, suitable for ferro chrome and metal cassettes, *Dolby Noise Reduction System, 5-band equalizer, equalizer defeat switch with LED indication, bi-amplifier filter switch with LED indication, 2 main/2 auxiliary speaker system with fader control, front illumination.



AC620 High Power Stereo Cassette Player with in-built Graphic Equalizer. Automatic switching from tape to radio, auto reverse, locking FF/Rewind, *Dolby, chrome/metal tape selection, loudness switch, in-built 5-band graphic equalizer, built-in high power amplifier 25w x 2 max.



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We want you to have the best

PHILIPS

The facts surrounding the Australian trucking industry add up to a formula for unchecked carnage

LICENSED TO KILL?

The images could have been snatched from a Sam Peckinpah movie ode to mobile carnage. Instead, they serve as a litany of irresponsibility underlining the Australian mania for highway slaughter. A coal truck with defective brakes, out of control on the Princes Highway near Wollongong, collides with a number of vehicles, wiping out five people; a 24 tonne semi careers down Bulli Pass, dragging a car 100 metres along with it, then overturns, crushing both car and driver; seven semi-trailers "slipstream" (a common practice amongst truck drivers, which reduces wind resistance and saves fuel) within three metres of each other at 100 kmh, co-ordinating their convoy by CB radio; a 37 tonne semi skids out of control, plunging over an embankment onto a railway station platform in the Blue Mountains killing a woman; following an accident in Brisbane in which a semi removes the side of one car and crushes a driver in a second, police are convinced they are in fact prying two people from the wreck, so horrendous is the extent of the mutilation; four semis come together in a simultaneous head-on collision; on the Gold Coast, a semi drives over the top of two cars

BY JOHN BURTON





Figures compiled by the NSW Traffic Accident Research show that NSW truckies are "slightly less" involved in accidents than the average motorist but because of the size of their vehicles they tend to be "heavily over-involved" in fatalities.

crushing and incinerating three occupants; a tanker carrying acid rolls over and causes four deaths; in another roll-over accident, petrol pours from the fractured truck through drains into a school; in yet another, petrol runs into the drainage system under Sydney airport; the NRMA fires a broadside at coal trucks on the Port Kembla route after injuries increase from 20 in 1977-78 to 55 in 1979-80, pointing to the truckies' erratic driving, speeding and "intimidation of other vehicles"; the NSW Department of Main Roads reports 6,602 heavy vehicles driving with loads exceeding the legal limit during 1980 — and these are only the ones who were unlucky enough to be caught.

Government surveys tally up the statistics; watchdog groups protest, supporting their concern with evidence from independent investigation; the media reports on the mechanical failures which invariably caused spectacular accidents. But the press rarely touches upon the human failure at the root of the carnage.

Mike, aged 38, is out of work for the first time in 10 years of long distance hauling. He smokes 60 cigarettes a day and when he can afford it, sniffs his way through a gram of cocaine over two days. That's to stay awake — then there's a couple of

mandrax on top of that to help him get some sleep. His second wife threw him out of the house, unable to communicate with a man who was never there. When he did get home, he was too spaced out to talk anyway. The motel he's camped in has asked him to pay up or get out. They aren't too impressed with the way Mike looks these days.

When periods of clarity occur, Mike tries to sift through the pieces that make up those last 10 years, from the day he first put himself into hock and laid his house on the line to buy the rig that was going to be the answer to all his financial worries. Although the monthly repayments were heavy in the beginning, he believed there was enough freight to enable him to meet the debt and leave enough over for a comfortable living. What he had not taken into consideration were the extras that make the owner-driver one of the most heavily taxed road users. There was the registration, road tax, fuel tax, tyre tax and import tax on spare parts.

To survive, to keep both the rig and his home, Mike needed every dollar he could lay his hands on, and that meant putting everything into his operation, bargaining for as much freight as he could carry, bending the rules if necessary. But not

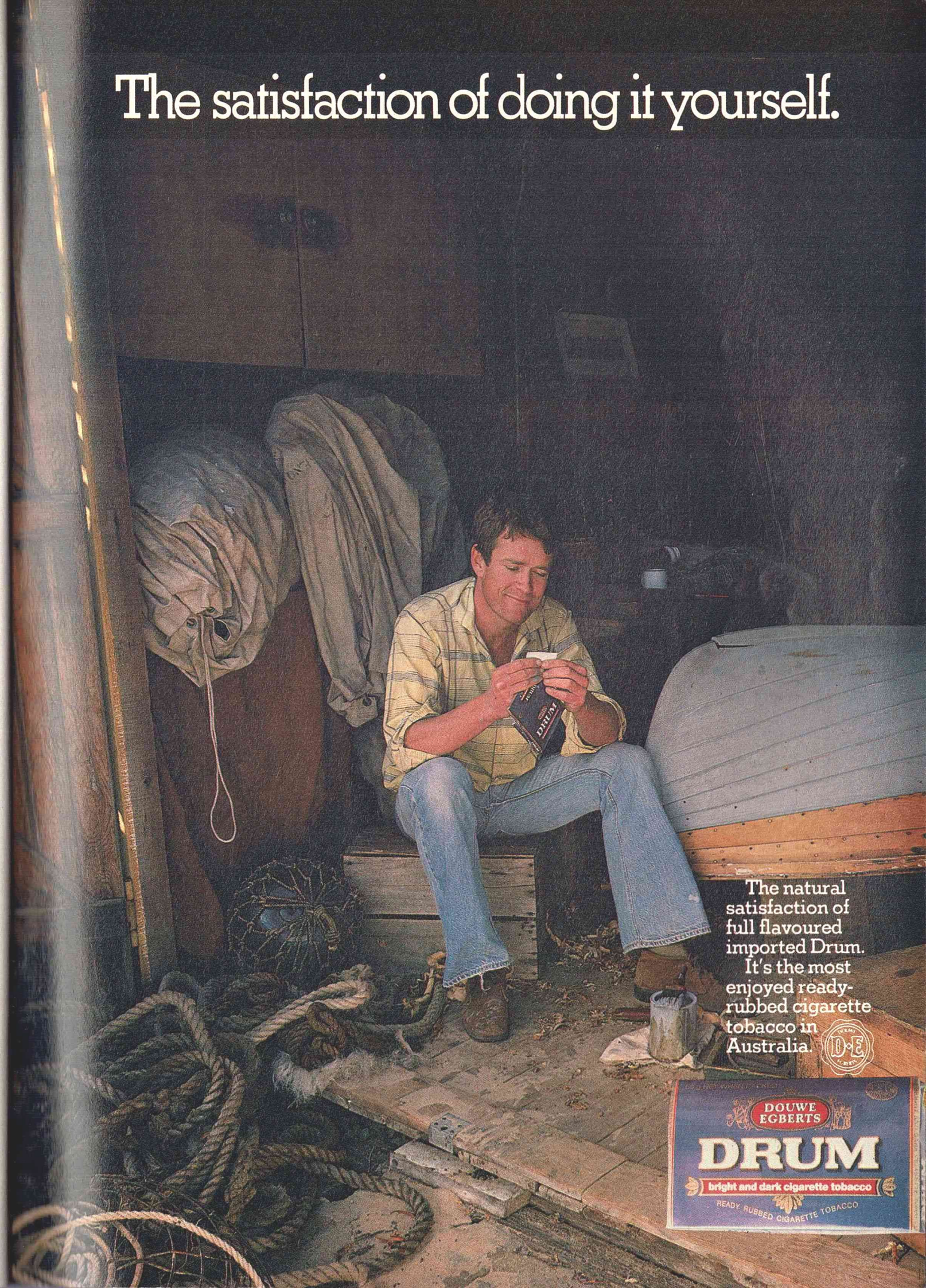
steering into the dead-end predicament he had seen other truckies finish up in.

Drug dealers prowl the truck yards, selling anything from Aspirin to heroin, and for the convenience of direct selling, the driver will pay through the nose for what he thinks is his saving grace. The street price of drugs varies from dealer to dealer, with the quality varying according to what a driver is prepared to pay.

Along the main routes there are other "connections": the legitimate chemists selling amphetamines and barbiturates on faked prescriptions. It's an alternative for the truckie wanting to avoid the hard drugs and not come across like an addict. After all, he's only trying to get a job done, get the nation's freight through so that you and I can amble into our local supermarket and take our pick from the myriad of products lining the shelves.

No, Mike was determined not to end up like John or the hundreds of others like him, hitting the skids. But his determination began to wilt when the realities of his commitment became clear. There were the long hours spent waiting at the end of a line of trucks for a load while the haulage companies saw to their own vehicles first, a situation which forced him to undercut savagely to get a load. Then he had to wait

The satisfaction of doing it yourself.



The natural satisfaction of full flavoured imported Drum. It's the most enjoyed ready-rubbed cigarette tobacco in Australia.





A truck driver lies fatally injured, his rig mangled in a level crossing collision. About 80 truck drivers are killed annually in NSW. Fatigue is high on the list of trucking accident causes.

anywhere between 90 and 120 days for payment when he was unable to get a COD shipment, not to mention those bills that hung around for six months before the cheque appeared. And he dared not push too hard in case he prejudiced himself with the haulage firms involved.

An owner-driver can never expect to receive the sort of leeway given by debt collectors to haulage firms, as Mike discovered. They simply must make repayments and pay their debts at the appointed time. Sometimes the driver doesn't get paid at all, but he has no recourse to either the contractor (for he will lose work he might otherwise get if he causes trouble) or the Transport Workers Union which disengages itself from the personal trauma of the individual driver. And, the Government, the police (where fines are involved) and the other people lining up for money do not regard the driver's non-receipt of payment as an excuse for the non-payment of his debts.

Mike didn't want to go to jail as a result of tax or repayment arrears, stand in a bankruptcy court or worse still, end up on the run from the law. Mike was going to avoid all that. He was going to be one of the winners, not trucking industry debris or a number taken into account when of-

ficialdom tallied up the latest road death statistics.

It must be said that there are just as many ratbags behind the wheel of the average family sedan as there are in command of the rigs hauling their illegal overloads from one side of Australia to the other. Of the 112,721 vehicles damaged or written-off in the 66,780 road accidents in 1980 in NSW alone, only 7,647 were semis or trucks. The average family man is just as capable of wiping himself and his family out in one misjudged moment as the interstate truckie stoked to the eyeballs with amphetamines doing 14 hours straight at the wheel. The carnage on the nation's roads is brought about as much by the thoughtless, inadequate or drunken motorist as it is by the owner-operator who breaks just about every law in the book to keep his head above water in a cut-throat industry. Figures put together by the NSW Traffic Accident Research Unit show that truckies in the State are "slightly less" involved in accidents than the average driver, but because of the size of their vehicles they tend to be "heavily over-involved" in fatalities.

Stick a pin into a map of any city, along any major (and many minor) roads, or into the log books of most police precincts and

contact will be made with the bloody legacy meted out to keep the freight arteries of the country flowing. Facts and figures concerning the trucking industry add up to a formula for disaster; whether the outcome be yet another bankrupted (and sometimes jailed) owner-driver or a highway or inner-suburb collision contributing to the nation's death toll. Over 75 percent of the country's freight is shipped by road, yet in a country where the trucking service is vital to supply there is not enough freight to be shared amongst the multitude of vehicles operating.

There are next to no controls on entry into the industry. Any person (mostly men, but a few women operate rigs) with a licence and a vehicle can line up for their cut of the diminishing haulage dollar. Controls do apply — but the concerns are more with labor agreements between freight contractors and independent operators, with demanding better standards of roads from State and Federal Governments, and looking to these authorities to set up training schemes to meet the inadequacies within their industry.

"It is certainly conceivable that low economic returns in industry can have an effect on safety standards," says the Minister for Transport and Construction,

Ralph Hunt. "I am of the view that a safety regularity system is likely to be more effective than, say controlling the number of operators entering the industry. The Commonwealth Government's basic stance is that a competitive, healthy trucking industry is very much in the national interest." To this end, the Government has been pouring \$3,650 million in road work grants into State and Northern Territory coffers over a five year period which started in 1980. This presupposes that healthy roads mean a healthy industry.

"It is certainly my wish," the Minister continues, "that death and injury arising from truck accidents should not be over-represented in the community." There are, in his opinion, no swift answers to the reduction of the number or severity of truck accidents. "The formulation of effective countermeasures depends largely on a knowledge of the main factors contributing to heavy truck crashes. Unfortunately there are gaps in our knowledge of these matters," says the Minister.

He believes that crashes involving trucks where death and injury occur are "over-represented" as a proportion of all vehicle crashes; and, from in-depth studies into tanker crashes in NSW that a lack of driver skill is not shown to be a contributing factor, although he does accept the identification of driver fatigue as a cause in a number of instances. The Department is aware that heavy trucks exceed posted speed limits, but is concerned with other aspects of the question of speed.

For instance, is the problem excessive speed? Or is it related to differences in speeds resulting in a common road occurrence such as risky over-taking? And if excessive speed is the problem, does it result from irresponsible driver attitudes — or the financial pressures on the driver to complete journeys quickly? This is a contentious issue in the debate about trucking safety. The claim to Government is that operators are induced to cut corners to stay in business — in turn, impairing general safety standards.

Research information filtered through the various bureaucratic bodies to the desk of the Minister serves to fill in the gaps in departmental knowledge — but how much does this information reflect the realities of the trucking industry? Words and figures on the printed page are one thing. Drivers fuelled on pills, running two log books (the dummied one for the checkpoints along the highway — the true record of hours and kilometres driven for the freight company), doing the Sydney to Brisbane run six days a week rolling out just after sunset and in around sun-up are another story altogether. They are slaves to their rigs, and to the finance company holding papers on both their trucks and their houses.

Veteran truckies will tell you that no-one puts a gun at their heads to force them

behind the wheel of a rig. The owner-driver usually makes his decision at an impressionable age, when the lure of the open road and the urge to be his own boss brings man and machine together. From then on in, for a truckie caught on the conveyor belt of personal financial liability, the gun is cocked and likely to go off at any time — blowing away a man's rig through repossession or accident, his home and his marriage when his woman can no longer take the stress of the financial burden which eats into the family's standard of living. Is it any wonder a man — trapped in what is commonly known as a "widowmaker" industry — pops pills from one end of the Pacific Highway to the other, blinking back the hallucinations, in an attempt to keep his life from disintegrating around him?

Trapped between 20th Century mythology (envisioning himself the subject of every hick country trucking song) and the

Of 1084 drivers
in a survey, 41 had
less than 6/21 visual
acuity; another four
were considered to
be blind

harsh reality of his existence, wise to every loophole and ploy in the book (those that can be disguised in the Driver's Authorised Log Book), he is given free reign over a machine that is both a life-line for the nation's freight and an instrument of destruction. And it's all made easy through a licensing system which is both archaic and irresponsible, considering its ramifications on Australia's highways.

To secure a Class 5 licence enabling him to drive an articulated vehicle — one of those huge gleaming mothers holding the centre line at close to 40 tonne unloaded — the contender can front up in a hired driving school truck, take an eye sight test (the only one he has to pass for the next half century), do his eight kilometres in the unloaded vehicle, prove his expertise in an emergency stop, show that he can turn left and right, do a three-point-turn and haul his wheels out from the kerb.

Successive transport ministers have turned a blind eye to proposals from the NSW division of the Australian Optometrical Association concerning periodic reviews of the visual acuity of drivers. The

proposals were rejected on the grounds that a majority of people take measures to correct eyesight defects themselves without government intervention. There is also the belief that no evidence exists to suggest such a move is going to help reduce the road toll, a point on which the Association strongly disagrees. Of 1084 drivers studied in one survey, 41 were found to have less than 6/21 visual acuity — while another four were considered to be blind!

Alternatively, the Federal Parliamentary Standing Committee on Road Safety, through the Australian Transport Advisory Council (both part of the infrastructure of bodies involved in filling in the knowledge gaps for the Minister for Transport and Construction) has made recommendations to Mr Hunt to motivate the State licensing authorities to introduce new standards. It has been suggested that at the age of 55 years a driver should produce a certificate signed by an optometrist or ophthalmologist verifying his visual "competence" — and abide by this ruling every five years.

There are those among the new generation of truckies — sick of taking the brunt of media abuse as "young inexperienced cowboys" — who support a lobby for more stringent license control through eyesight examination of the veteran truckie. But the eyesight debate is not the complete answer to the truckies' problems. The Transport Accident Research Unit lists inadequate braking, unsatisfactory loading and driver fatigue as instrumental causes in 18 accidents involving multiple fatalities. Fatigue is high on the list of accident causes studied by the Royal Australian College of Surgeons, quoting up to 40 percent of truckies admitting to stimulant intake to fight fatigue.

The long distance truckie can clock up to 72 hours a week at the wheel. The Transport Accident Research Unit places the danger point for driver fatigue at 55 hours. Variations in inter-state regulations (and in some cases, no regulations at all) place drivers in a state of flux when crossing borders where alternative regulations apply. For instance, in Victoria, NSW and South Australia, the driver must take a minimum five hours continuous rest in every 24, and 10 hours in the same period in Queensland, Western Australia and the Northern Territory. For Tasmania, there are no regulations, just as there are none on the definite days to be taken off every seven days for that State or Western Australia. For all other States, except the ACT where there are no regulations covering driver hours or resting, a driver must either take a day off in every seven or in some States, two days off in every 14.

"Must" and "should" are common enough words where the Transport Workers Union Interstate Drivers Award and the Australian Road Transport Federation are concerned. But the truckie

LICENSED TO KILL

works to his own laws — and hours. Despite periodic blitzes by police and transport officers, the "gun" truckie knows he is playing with the odds in his favor in a system that is not well policed. He knows he has a more than even chance of getting through a run without being nabbed by the law and if "highway hypnosis" (brought on by visual monotony) doesn't get him and the pills do their job he'll shrug off fatigue until the end of the line.

While learned opinion roll-calls mechanical failure, driver fatigue and driver inexperience as the major contributing factors to accidents, the truckies themselves insist otherwise. They see themselves as victims of a bad press. "It seems the current round of attacks in the daily press on truck drivers, and the industry in general, will continue for a little while longer," Chris Mullet, editor of *Truckin' Life* "the voice of the Australian Truckie" writes in a recent issue of the journal. "Even more of the political no-hopers that have never managed to find a subject to shout about, have climbed on the media bandwagon in order to castigate those of us trying to earn a living."

Yes, truckies will admit, there are "cowboys" behind the wheels of the big rigs who do not know how to control the poser at their command. Ray Bartlett, Victorian President of the Long Distance Road Transport Association of Australia voices his body's belief that accidents in that state "stem from lack of training on the part of the drivers." The Association has taken measures to bring about an apprenticeship system ... through the Government.

Equally hazardous, in the eyes of the truckies, are the conditions of many of the main roads they are expected to traverse. Queensland comes high on the truckies' shitlist when roads come in for a bagging. To Harry Quinn, Secretary of the Transport Workers Union, the source of the problem is clear — the roads are dilapidated and unsafe. The Department of Main Roads considers the roads are in this state because of abuse by illegally overloaded trucks. They insist the total penalties imposed during 1980 for overloading (again, only those truckies caught) fell well short of the damage caused by this minority group of road users. More funds are needed for maintenance at the expense of improving the system, i.e. extending the capacity of urban areas and improving the quality of the rural network.

This is just one of the ways in which the public are inconvenienced by the minority group. One inner-Sydney newspaper recently editorialised: "The people living in the inner city should enjoy rights as citizens and rate-payers which are often ignored by the companies which send their huge vehicles regularly through narrow

suburban streets where it is often a struggle to park a small sedan." Residents of inner-city areas can feel they are being terrorised by the 38 tonne tri-axle rigs running routes to avoid the main roads where delays are caused by traffic lights and commuter traffic, through side streets and thoroughfares where heavy traffic is restricted to a three tonne limit. The editorial surfaced on the day truckies, members of the Long Distance Road Transport Association, were taking their condemnation of the NSW Government tax increase on diesel fuel to the people in a State-wide protest demonstration — a tax that will add another \$5-6,000 to the average truckie's annual running costs. For many, that will mean their profit margin will literally be going up in smoke.

Editorial criticism has not been confined to the local press on the trucking question. Earlier this year, *The Australian* newspaper, under a headline DEATH GOES

“
About 80
truck drivers
are killed annually in
NSW along with about
230 motorists and
passengers
”

TRUCKING applauded long delayed moves by the Queensland Government to set up an inquiry into the trucking industry's involvement in road accidents. "One group on our roads," it editorialised, "is driving with impunity behind huge bull-bars while the largest group is left as vulnerable as cardboard boxes on the highways." In one week, six people had died on Queensland roads in accidents involving semi-trailers. This is the kind of criticism industry journals can wave a finger at and describe as carping. Alan Rutland, the executive director of the Queensland Independent Haulers Association argues in his members' favor, using different statistics to show that the motorist is the problem.

"The average motorist drives about 15,000 km a year while a semi-trailer driver does about 140,000 km in the same period. Semi-trailer drivers have one accident for every 13.85 million km driven, compared with one accident for every 1.7 million km for motorists," he told *The Australian*.

Using statistics of his own, Mr Cox, the NSW Minister for Transport, is concerned that 20 percent of road deaths in his State

are brought about by heavy trucks with the accident rate in this category climbing 10 percent annually when the number of vehicles coming into service is only five percent. The NSW Department of Transport placed the number of defective heavy trucks in service at 45 percent of all big trucks on the road. Of 15,000 trucks surveyed by the Department, one in 12 was found to have dangerous faults. Fatal crashes involving heavy trucks stood at 10.5 percent in 1976, rising to 15.3 percent by 1981. Thirteen rigs which had passed their annual inspections in the previous month were found to have extremely dangerous faults. As with the licensed drivers found to be legally blind — the rigs still had access to the highways.

The accident rates for other States do little to enhance the truckies' public image. There is an average of one heavy truck accident a week in Victoria, and there were a record 108 during 1980 in Western Australia. About 80 truck drivers are killed annually in NSW along with an additional 230 motorists and passengers (or innocent bystanders and pedestrians) according to the Royal Australian College of Surgeons.

And the carnage will continue as further economic pressures brought about by the national recession throw a stranglehold on the freight and trucking industry, and the authorities fail to police what is already an outlaw racket. Before the 1982 Federal Budget, the major freight company TNT closed down its express division and laid off 150 men.

Owner-operators working for minimum rates have willingly undercut each other in a scramble for the haulage dollar to the extent that they have knotted a noose and then invited themselves to their own lynching party.

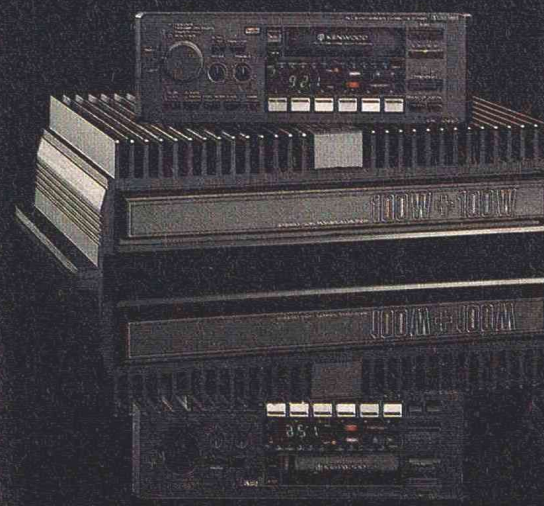
The strain on State government coffers results in the continual under-staffing of police highway patrols (376 operate in NSW where another 1,000 would bring optimum efficiency). Accepting the truckies' and TWU reasoning that the "dilapidated and unsafe" conditions of the roads are a major factor in heavy truck accidents, the roundabout of further damage (through illegal overloading and road finance channelled into repairs to the detriment of the byways) will continue unchecked.

Add to this the reluctance of unions, finance companies and governments to check the flow of newcomers into an already over-mobilised business and the acceleration of the trucking industry's downhill run appears to be inevitable ... with a driver pushed to the limit behind the wheel of a rig with defective brakes he really does intend having fixed, with one too many amphetamines in him, wishing to hell he hadn't taken that last bend so erratically ... and wishing the sedan he is about to plough through was somewhere else at that instant ...

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Show~off

"Why have I chosen to reveal my body?" 19-year-old Pet Sheena Sorensen quizzically repeats our question. "That's the first time anyone has asked me that. Wide-eyed silence is more like what I'm used to when I get my gear off," comes the giggling reply. "But if you really must know, I'm an incurable show-off and I'll try anything once."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LESLIE TURTLE



"My views on life have been shaped by rather a Bohemian upbringing," says Sheena. "My father is a sculptor from Sweden. My mother was a dancer, a chorus girl if you like. I was born in Paris. I was flower girl at my parents' wedding when I was seven. I left school at 14 to do a course in fashion design. Life so far has been a crazy party."









Whether she's showing off just a bit or all of her five feet seven inches, you can't help but notice this honey-skinned blonde. She's currently working as a fashion co-ordinator in a leading department store. "So this is rather a turn-around from my working week," says Sheena. "Instead of organising shows of what to put on, I'm making a show of taking it off."



This appearance in *Penthouse* is not the first time Sheena has bared her silken charms for an admiring audience. "I once had a holiday job as a topless waitress," she says. "The job lasted a month and bar sales trebled in the first fortnight. Maybe I shouldn't have told you that, but like I said, I can't help showing off a little bit."



◌ Instead of organising shows of what to put on, I'm making a show of taking it off ◌

"I'd like to have a sizzling affair with a really rich man who would whisk me around the world," says Sheena, "but I'll wager I'll fall for some sensuous poet starving in a drafty garret. Australian men? Yes, I met one once. Very handsome and lots of fun. But I stopped seeing him when he couldn't remember my name. He insisted on calling me Sheila. I couldn't make him out . . ."



Signs

OF OZ LIFE

A passion for loaded language and taking photos — and a healthy sense of the absurd — have helped writer/photographer Richard Tipping produce a fresh, off-beat look at Australia: "I was sick of the images presented in all those coffee table books — the package tour views," he said. So Tipping, 32, sorted five years of his photos, taken while travelling around the south-east of Australia in an FX Holden, and came up with *Signs of Australia*, the first book of Australian photos to be published by Penguin Books.

"It began with my first camera — an Olympus OM-1 — about six years ago," Tipping said. "I realised that apart from photos of friends and family, most of the photos I was taking were of words. We spend so much of our time digesting verbal sewage — warnings, directions, traffic signs, graffiti, tee shirts, television — that sometimes we see some that come across as a title or label rather than say, a direction. The mind locks on to it and shifts the meaning — it does a mental flip, because while your mind is interpreting a sign saying, say State

Forest, your eyes see a flat plain.

"The book contains the type of photos that most people take; the thing was I had about 3500 of them, which I narrowed down to 150 for *Signs of Australia*."

Tipping has almost finished a second volume of the book and is preparing an exhibition of his work for a two-week showing from October 24 at Exiles bookshop in Sydney, which is becoming the in-place for exhibitions of modern Australian published art. (The classic *Bear Dinkum* book was one of Exile's exhibitions and for those who appreciate work with a tinge of the bizarre, *Signs of Australia* fits the bill.)

"If you spend any amount of time travelling by car in Australia you wind up with the impression that this country is an endless roadway, and all along that road are signs," Tipping said. "A lot of the signs can make you a bit paranoid about Australian humor; there's a great puzzle

Photos from *Signs of Australia*, by Richard Tipping. Published by Penguin Books Australia Ltd, Surry Hills, Sydney.



about whether the meaning you see is intended — whether it is a deliberate double entendre or not. That's one of the things which fascinated me when I first realised that there was a photo of a sign on every roll of film I had taken.

"That's one of the things about Australia and the English language that i love; a phrase like 'He's up himself' is typical, where a person at the peak of his or her career can be brought down by three words. Australians don't take life as seriously as they could — or should, politically and culturally — and that's probably one of the reasons that I found my collection of photos of signs seemed to make a statement about Australia and Australians."



Highway 1, near Nowra, NSW 1980



Evans Head, NSW 1978



Semaphore Beach, Adelaide, SA 1979



Burnie, Tasmania 1977



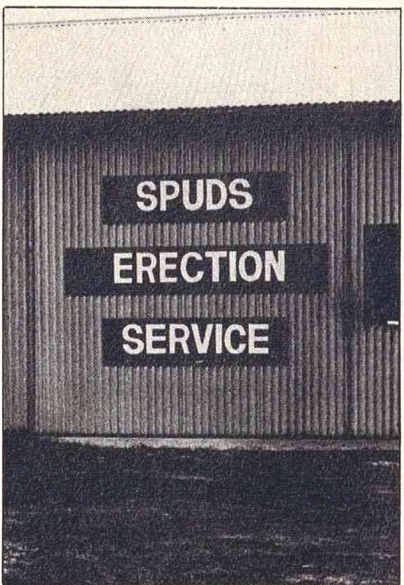
Burbridge Road, Adelaide 1978



Robe, south coast of South Australia 1978

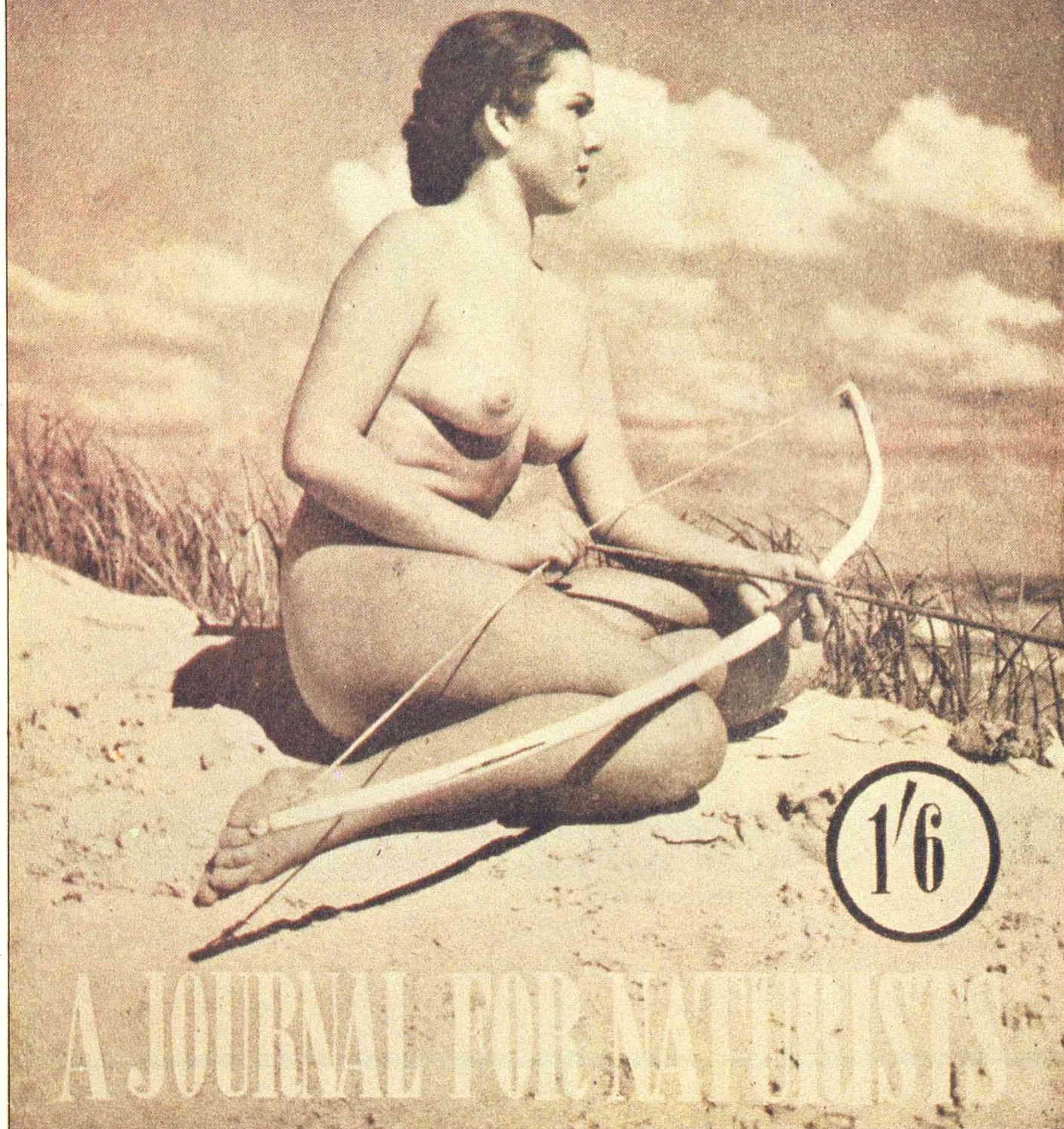


Melbourne (near Carlton) 1978



Victor Harbour, SA 1978

THE AUSTRALIAN
SUNBATHER
OCTOBER, 1949. VOL. 3, NO. II



When people shed their inhibitions and their clothes, sexual excitement is bound to raise its head

NUDISM IN AUSTRALIA

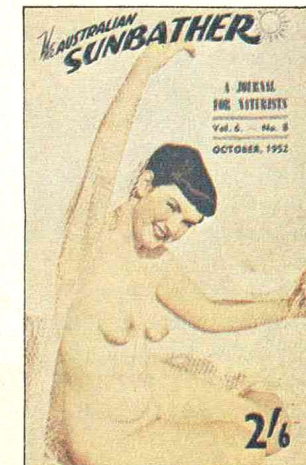
BY DR MAGNUS CLARKE

The 50th anniversary of club nudism in Australia — April 5, 1982 — was not celebrated by the clubs. That milestone went totally unnoticed amid celebrations of the 50th anniversary of the Sydney Harbor Bridge and of the Australian Broadcasting Commission. It was not celebrated because no-one knew of it; until this research, the date was undiscovered.

Nudism has, however, made giant leaps in those 50 years. In 1932 the very notion of social nudity was unspeakable for the vast majority of the Australian population and its pioneers were objects of ridicule and scorn, necessarily as secretive about their activities as covens of witches practising primitive rites. The first groups could not have each numbered more than one dozen individuals, but with every person given the opportunity to try nudism the numbers grew.

Probably it is no longer appropriate to refer to nudists as a small minority, since I estimate there are at least 100,000 social nudists in Australia, and a group of this size is by no means small. Nudism in Australia has been a proselytising force as influential as any religion and, since 1945, it has probably achieved far more converts. The growth rate has been phenomenal: a mere handful of, say, 5000 at the war's end has expanded by as much as 20 percent in some years, 10 percent in most.

For the vast majority of Australians who have never been to a nudist club or a free beach, nudism is "about sex". Centuries of conditioning in Western society have resulted in the general belief that, when a male and a female are together and naked, sexual activity is inevitable. If more



than one couple is present then the stage is set for an orgy. It is scarcely surprising that all the public relations efforts of Australian nudists to correct this image have failed.

Forum magazine, in an item on free beaches in January 1981, neatly expressed the issue: "In the vivid fantasies of many guardians of the public morality, nude beaches are crowded with perverts, voyeurs and nasty sex criminals, seething with lust and

desire, preparing to rush away for an orgy of rape and indecent assault . . . Nude beaches are an outrage to public decency and morality and force perversions on ordinary decent citizens."

An alternative image is advanced by the nudist movement itself as a counter-attack on the wowers: that nudism has no associations with sex whatsoever. An anonymous correspondent wrote in *The Australian Sunbather*, January 1953: "A nudist camp presents such a natural, wholesome and beautiful atmosphere and background that the very openness and honesty of it all effectively prevents the germination and expression of thoughts that are not in keeping with this setting. Crudeness and ugliness are as much out of place as weeds in a well-kept garden . . . A nudist camp is a powerful factor in bringing the best within us to the fore; in short, elevating us . . ."

Neither of these two extreme views reflect reality. The act of social nudity does not in itself lead to sexual encounters nor are the proponents of social nudity necessarily sexually motivated, but the fact remains that there is a strong undercurrent of sensual stimulation and sexual

NUDISM

associations in social nudity. Nudists condition themselves to control their reactions to sex-stimulation. That such stimulation is a part of nudism can be seen in the experiences of those who have yet to learn this conditioning process. Mike, on his first experience of nudism at the Kam-bah Pool free beach near Canberra, observed: "I spent almost the entire day laying down drilling holes in the sand and I came back with a very sunburned back, but . . . you get used to it — it's a matter of sorting out the difference between nudity and sex, and once you have sorted it out in the mind then there is no hassle anymore."

Nudists, clubs in particular, display a general intolerance of male erections, ostensibly because female nudists view erections as a threat, but more truthfully because to nudists they are direct evidence that nudism is a sexual experience — a direct contradiction to their philosophy that there is no immediate nexus between nudism and sex. For every one appeal in the nudist press urging acknowledgement of the sexual element, there are 10 denials of any such link.

In some respects nudism has tried too hard to disassociate itself from sex, and such attempts have led to assertions that it "protests too much", and to accusations of prudery. Early Australian nudist publications mirrored the prim attitudes of the time. Ron Ashworth, editor of *The Australian Sunbather*, wrote often and at length that "irresponsible sex" was destroying mankind. For Ashworth, and hence for the movement which the magazine represented, sex was almost a crime. He wrote in 1946: "Could seduction be made a criminal act, and I know of no felony more atrocious . . . a considerable check would be imposed upon the cowards who look upon a girl as fair game and as a prime object on which to exercise their unbridled and ungovernable animal propensities."

Moreover, as if this did not say enough, Ashworth went on to make it plain that sex itself was "an evil"; one false step by a girl would certainly lead to prostitution. Everyone had to understand that the pursuit of sexual gratification was diversion from "a life of patient, humble industry".

Ashworth's article encapsulated Puritanism and the protestant-puritan work ethic — a notion which was to survive in some clubs until 35 years later.

Some nudists have actually advanced the idea that the practice of nudism in itself reduces the sex drive; that in the process of controlling natural urges when swamped with visual stimulation, nudists become desexed. This must be dismissed as nonsense. As Cyril observed: "It is a lot of rot, I think. Nudists have children. They obviously relate sexually, otherwise they wouldn't have children, would they? They

seem to enjoy the normal relationships that married people have."

Sexual activity to some degree has always been a part of Australian nudism. In the first place, the great majority of Australian nudists admit that they look at each other even if they do not all equally admit that they find this "looking" sexually stimulating. Certainly, at least, a part of this admitted behavior falls into the category of "looking at human beauty" rather than "sexual looking", but a part of the attraction must always be sexual.

Despite half-hearted denials, there is only one conclusion: looking — in the sexual sense as well as in the "looking at beauty" sense — is a most important element in Australian nudism. One interviewee at least was prepared to "confess all". He said: "I think some of the women were looking at me. At least I was hoping that they were. They look at the men's penises." He also looked at the women: "I honestly would not enjoy a nudist camp or club if I was blind. Why are there no blind people in nudist clubs?"

Possibly, nudism in Australia has matured. Attitudes toward sexual matters are now different from those held in 1945, 1955, 1965 or 1975. There is now a definite ease amongst nudists in the discussion of sexual issues and "crude talk" is no longer prohibited, as it once was. Obscene language in itself is discouraged but lewd jokes are not and groups of males when in isolation openly make reference to the sexual attributes of female members. It is probable that the female members also do so of the males. Visitors or newcomers to a club who have attractive bodies will always be the subject of a comment such as: "They can join as soon as they like . . ."

But looking is one thing and touching is quite another. In most clubs in 1981-82, touching in itself has long ceased to be a matter of total prohibition but "obscene body contact" is greatly discouraged. What constitutes merely touching and what constitutes "obscene contact" must always depend on external community norms as much as on those of nudists themselves. In the majority of clubs it is now permitted for members of opposite sexes to embrace, given mutual consent, and to kiss upon meeting and when leaving as a symbol of their friendship. Games of tennis or miniten almost invariably end with handshakes between males and kisses between males and females. Nudists may also sit close together during meals, and "playful" acts of body contact such as bottom pinching and even nipple tweaking are not unknown. Established couples, married or not, are entirely free to make gestures of mutual affection. More intimate body contact is reserved for special circumstances.

Games do more than merely provide exercise and recreation in nudist clubs. It can be argued that they are psychological

"safety valves" which ensure that more sedentary activity remains at a proper level. Tennis, miniten and badminton do not provide many opportunities for body contact but other sports do. Volleyball perhaps owes its popularity among nudists to its relative violence, to the opportunities it affords for "display" by both sexes and to the possibility of direct body contact. However, it is pool games which provide the most opportunities for close body contact, which may explain the particular affinity of nudists for water sports and the propensity of clubs to give the building of swimming pools a very high priority. Undoubtedly, if this is the case — and it must be admitted that nude swimming is in itself a remarkable sensual experience, quite different from swimming in bathers — then these preferences are exercised unconsciously. Nevertheless, in crowded club swimming pools on hot summer's days body contact takes place which would certainly not be considered acceptable outside the pool. Games of pseudo-water polo with males on one team and women on the other are considered great fun and are frequently held up whilst players from both sides indulge in multiple scrimmages where they ostensibly attempt to wrest possession of the ball. Such melees of arms and legs are considered quite acceptable provided things do not go "too far". Nevertheless these players are expected in normal club circumstances to act as responsible members: below the water line "things" can be allowed to drift a little bit.

Pool games of this nature are not a recent phenomenon in Australian nudist clubs. Photographic evidence exists of body-contact games being played throughout the recorded history of nudism in this country.

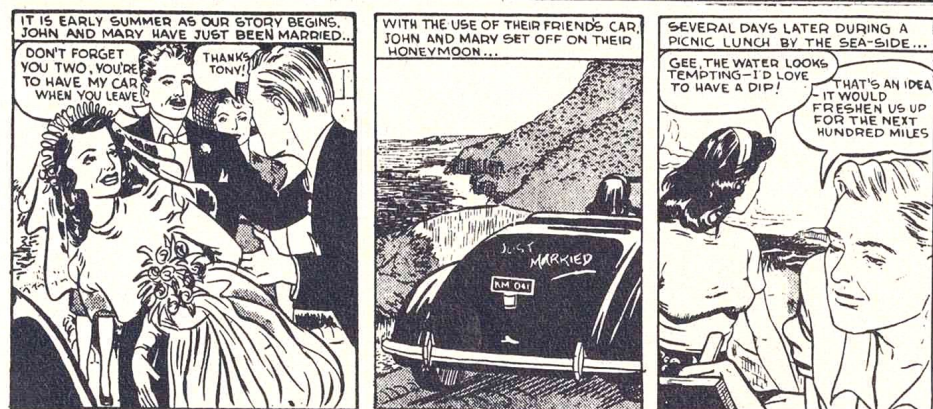
The pool game of "horse and rider", for example, where the female nudist sits astride the male's shoulders opposing a similarly mounted pair, is a perennial favorite. The contact of a woman's crotch around a man's neck can only be de-

Australian nudist magazines reflected the attitudes of the movement from 1946 on and, inevitably, the image presented was of bronzed, fit and beautiful bodies playing in dappled sunlight in forest clearings. The magazines, with nudists' genitals painted out, owed it to their circulation not to print too many photos of aged, corpulent or deformed bodies. But the magazines did provide a unifying point for the movement, even if they presented prudish viewpoints. Australia's first unretouched nudist magazine was Solar issue number 54, printed in 1974, which was sold by newsagents in brown paper bags.



JOHN and MARY MOORE

by KEITH CHATTO



INTRODUCING JOHN AND MARY MOORE

For the first time in the history of Naturism and Nudist journals throughout the world, we present the story in picture form, of a young married couple who discover the joys of Naturism.

This month we introduce our characters in a complete adventure. Commencing next month, we start our story in serial form showing the many incidents and happy adventures in the lives of sincere Naturists. The story is based on the lives of real people and their domestic affairs, both at home with their friends and out of doors with naturist families.

From month to month our artist will unfold to you authentic happenings of John and Mary Moore. The names are fictitious for obvious reasons, but their doings will be taken from the everyday life of people who have learned how to live.

scribed as intimate body contact...

In a few clubs there have been massage facilities, although for the most part their use has been rigorously controlled. Massage has been in and out of fashion in the nudist movement. For example, the Olympia club offered massage in the Sixties, but beyond this fact little else is known. There has been a revival of interest in massage in recent years. At one club massage was given by a semi-professional who wanted to keep in practice (the members queued up to take advantage of the offer) and at another, massage classes have been held. On one

evening 25 couples from the club gathered for a group massage in a member's home. Erections were not judged taboo and one or two couples did semi-privately move on from massage to intercourse, but no general orgy developed.

Body painting competitions for children were introduced at the Kiata nudists' convention of 1971-72. Subsequently, body painting has become very popular and is now practiced by adults as well as children. Frequently the body paintings are of a sexual nature, if mostly of the double-entendre variety. At Kiata in 1981 I

In its first year of publication The Australian Sunbather went from strength to strength. The July 1947 edition introduced a cartoon series; the adventures of John and Mary Moore. The series, which was probably the world's first real strip cartoon, was based on "the lives of real people". In the opening episode John and Mary were married and discovered nude bathing during their honeymoon. When Mary discovered she had not packed her swimming costume, John suggested she didn't need them: "You won't be sorry, we used to do it a lot in the army," he said. Naturally, Mary was guided by John and her conversion to nudism began.

was shown pictures of a recent competition in which one lady had painted on her stomach "Would you like to hold my pussy?" Another was of a man, an arrow pointing down to his penis, with a sign which read "In case of emergency, pull down." At the Bangalee convention Nude-Year's Eve Ball, the best-remembered body message was worn by a lady. It said "I like balls."

Nude dancing was the particular innovation of the "milestone" convention at Kiata in 1971-72. Alcohol had been permitted at this club since its opening in 1970, as was just about everything else, with the possible exception of overt sexual activity. However, if alcohol was already creeping into other clubs at this time, the combination of alcohol and nude dancing had never been permitted. Alcohol had generally been prohibited in nudism, not so because it did not fit the ideal of a spartan lifestyle, but because there was the fear that its social lubricant qualities might lead to "unseemly" behavior. Close body contact in the act of dancing, nudity and alcohol were obviously a recipe for nudist disaster.

The revolution of Kiata was that it broke this unwavering rule. Previously, being nude after dark was considered quite unacceptable and rather daring. At one pre-1972 convention the New Year's Eve ball had ended on a spectacular note when, after the band had played *Goodnight Sweetheart*, two girls suddenly jumped up on the stage, "quickly hopped out of their clothes and then, waving their tangled, spangled ball dresses in one hand, they backed out the backstage door singing *Goodnight Sweetheart*".

Very occasionally, nude dancing at these balls had led to sexual activity. At the Bangalee convention (1979-80) several couples did reportedly indulge in intercourse on the dance floor. Pam, who was present, said: "It was an open club; they had people that weren't affiliated to other clubs. Their rules were that they were nudists and they could be without clothes 24 hours a day if they wished... they weren't going to change their rules just for

The first local nudist magazine, Tas, reflected the enthusiasm of its Editor, Ron Ashworth, who approached nudism as a new way of life for Australians, if not the whole world. Its aim was to provide a forum for debate and contact. Later magazines, such as *Solar*, lacked its sparkle and enthusiasm; The Australian Sunbather was the herald of a new order, while *Solar* appeared more as a journal of record, or village gossip sheet. Competition from girlie magazines sounded their death knell; the erotic (and hence sales) appeal of men and women standing under bush showers was limited compared to nude centrefolds of movie sex sirens...

the convention. As a result we had a dozen couples that either had no clothes on or just shoes, or ugh boots. By midnight or 1 am it got sexually out of hand. There were sexual acts on the dance floor and a lot more. Sexual intercourse was going on, on the dance floor, between two couples that we saw. The floor was very crowded. You couldn't actually see it from the sidelines, you had to be actually on the dance floor. But it got out of hand... If you had clothes on you didn't go quite that far. You would go somewhere else. In this case the inhibitions were down; there was no clothing to restrict them."

It is of course impossible to determine precisely what is the level of sexual activity inside nudist clubs. Certainly, it is not less than that in the general community and given that the members of clubs are, by definition, less secretive about their bodies in a physical sense, so it may also be that they are more open about them in the psychological and social senses. If you are prepared to let others see you naked it is less than a giant step to breaking the monogamy barrier when it comes to sex.

Most nudists admit that "swinging" does take place among the members of clubs, but all are at pains to point out that swapping partners for sexual activity also takes place in clothed society. This is indeed so. But would it not be reasonable to expect a higher incidence in nudist clubs? That nudists themselves believe this to be so is evidenced by the repressive rules which still apply in many clubs.

In almost all the clubs I visited most of those interviewed had heard stories about swinging, if not orgies, but almost all denied that this took place in *their* club. In this research, sex in the clubs was initially a matter of rumors, and rumors of rumors.

Nevertheless, nudist clubs do act as contact points for those interested in swinging. When sex does take place at clubs it is rarely public: the members retire to their tents, caravans, cabins or, in a few cases, use remote areas of the club grounds for sex in the open air. Direct evidence of this is offered by a letter



published in *New Zealand Nudist* in December 1976. Bill, of Sydney, wrote attacking the general image of sexlessness. Nudists, he said, certainly did not masturbate in public "or fondle their genitals excessively in a nudist situation" but they were still sexual animals: "In clubs I have attended, couples have shown their fondness for one another without embarrassment but they do not copulate in the midst of folk on the sunlawn. At the same time, my wife and I have wandered away to our caravan during the afternoon. Other couples do the same; such natural sexuality between partners is accepted and understood by fellow naturists."

Although swinging does take place in the clubs, and between the members outside of the clubs, it must be stressed that nudist clubs do not exist to provide opportunities for swinging, and that not all the members are involved in such activities. Of those interviewed, the majority had heard of swinging (some clearly did not know that such things happened) but only a minority were actually involved. Whilst

some of my subjects were being dishonest when they denied involvement — since they had been named by other swingers in off-the-record conversations — even so, the number of club members involved in partner-exchange would not exceed 10 percent of membership. The image of nudists as prudes, however, was definitely disproved.

The public image of nudism as a wholly moral activity which does not promote or permit promiscuity of any variety has been largely maintained as a counter to the attacks of the Church and other guardians of national morality. Regrettably, nudists have not been officially permitted to admit or experiment with their own sexuality. Whilst this is understandable, the hypocrisy involved in maintaining this facade perhaps does more damage to the movement than the extra-marital activity that is concealed. None of the swingers who were interviewed could have been described as "depraved", and their marriages appeared enhanced rather than debased.

NUDISM

One couple sincerely believed that swinging was positively beneficial both for themselves and their child. They had particularly enjoyed one relationship consisting of "friendship, caring and understanding . . . there were three children involved: ours and the other couple's two children . . . it was really great and the kids never worried where we were or who was in which ever bed." The male said, "I remember one morning I got up and my wife and the other guy were on the floor in the lounge room and all the kids had built a train around them. The kids were perfectly at ease . . . they didn't start worrying about where they were because they had a choice of two couples to look after them . . . there were always people there, they were never left by themselves."

The lives of beach nudists are entirely different from those of club nudists. Beaches, by comparison with clubs, are transient communities and whereas clubs are 50:50 males and females, beaches exhibit a sex ratio of 70:30, with a preponderance of males.

If single males still find it difficult to join clubs in 1981-82, homosexuals who admit their homosexuality find it impossible. Nudist clubs are exclusively heterosexual groups. For homosexuals, beaches provide the only possible extra-mural location for nudism and almost all have a complement of homosexuals who usually group in specific areas, as do families, couples and heterosexual singles.

Occasions when "things go wrong" on nudist beaches are extremely rare. The case of a 17-year-old girl pack-raped, beaten and drowned at Sandringham free beach in 1979 was therefore one of some distress to nudists. From the court report carried in *The Age* of August 26, 1981 it appeared that the girl had been alone on the beach. One of the defendants was alleged to have said to another of the "pack": "There is a naked girl lying at Sandringham beach if you want to have sexual intercourse with her," or words to that effect.

Whilst this was an incident that could have occurred on any beach in Australia, the fact that Sandringham was known as a nude beach almost certainly attracted the girl to it and may have attracted, likewise, her assailants. Nevertheless it must be stressed once more that Australian free beaches are well-ordered communities — this was an aberration. As in nudist clubs, sexual activity on free beaches is normally a voluntary affair. Both locations usually act only as the contact point rather than as the venue for the main event.

While on the subject of "trouble", the photographer Lawford White was a most trusted member of the nudist movement and from the inception of the first Australia-

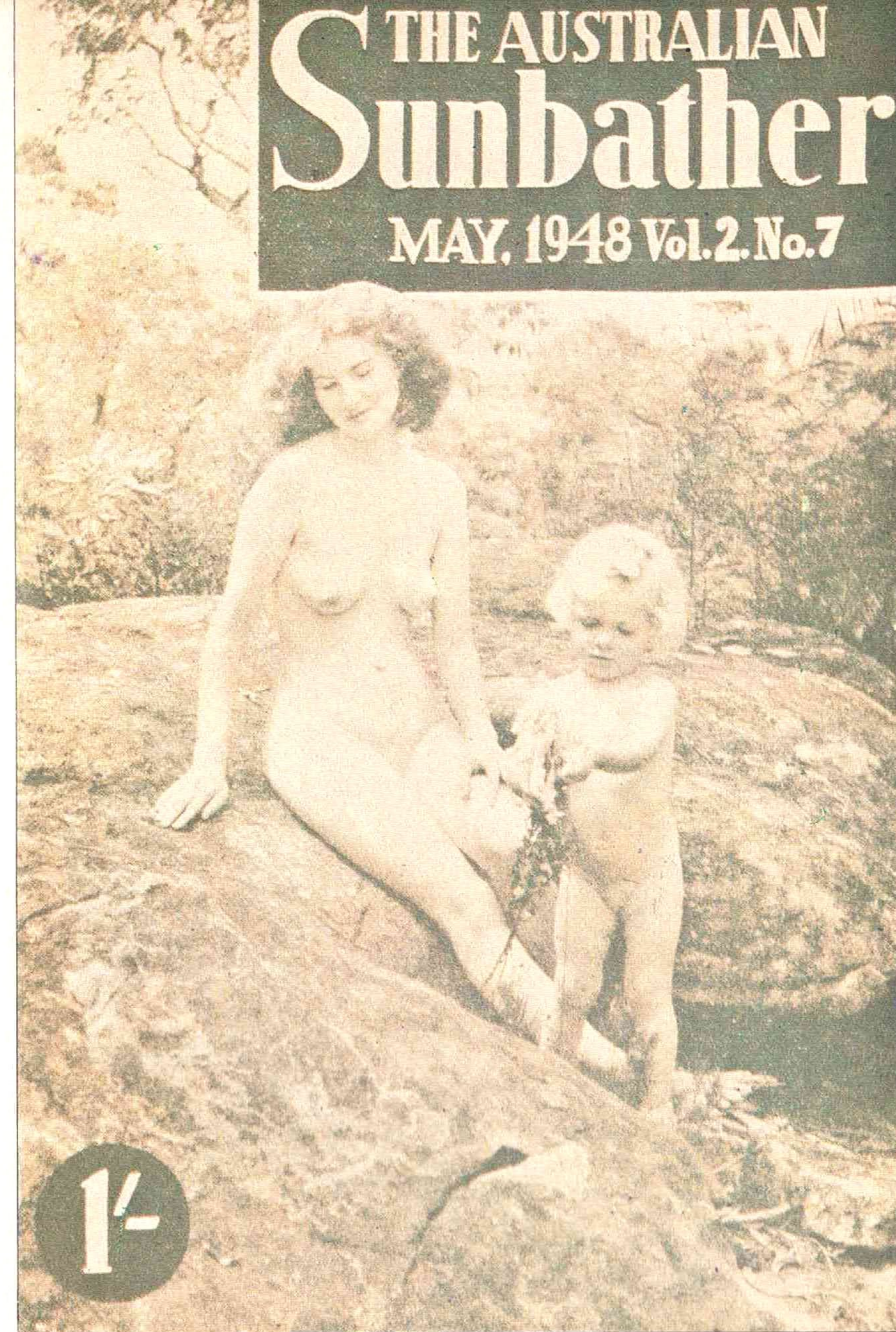


lian nudist magazine, *The Australian Sunbather*, in 1946, had established for himself the reputation of principal photographer, supplying pictures for all the magazines. Nudists willingly posed for White and sent him their sons and daughters to be photographed. But Lawford White led a secret life and, it appears, had not one but two collections of pictures — one set displaying the "joy" of nudism and the other his secret sexuality. By 1970 Lawford White was 60 years old and known in his club, Heritage, as "Uncle Lawford", where he kept a caravan. He had been twice divorced, had three children by his first marriage and to the children of the club had become a "grandfather" figure.

But in May 1971, White, in company with another male member of the club, one Alan Spedding, appeared in the Sydney Central Court charged with indecent assault on three girls aged seven to 11 and indecent assault upon an unspecified male. White was described in court as a "professional photographer contributing

to nudist magazines in Australia and overseas". Both men pleaded guilty to the charges; the evidence was overwhelming, and they did not apply for bail pending sentence. Police said they feared for the lives of the men if they were allowed out on bail.

The prosecution alleged that White and Spedding had performed degrading acts with the three girls when they visited his caravan at weekends. White had taken photographs and movie films of himself, the girls and the other man using a pre-set camera on a tripod. The court viewed a 12-minute movie film, as well as boxes of still photographs which had been secured by the police. The children's statements were read out: "We did not tell anyone about these things we did because Uncle Lawford said, 'If you tell anyone, I'll go to jail'. I did not want him to go to jail." White had been a nudist since 1934 and had met the parents of the children involved through various nudist clubs in the Minto and Liverpool areas. Detective Sergeant Ripka said in evidence: "The parents of



these unfortunate girls looked upon White virtually as a grandfather and he gained the trust and affection of the children to a point where they carried out these perverted acts with him as a matter of choice. It is believed that the minds of the girls have been affected to the stage where they will need psychiatric treatment if they are to lead a normal life."

Even beyond the great divide of beach and club, there exists in Australian nudism a further division: those who admit and enjoy the sexuality which accompanies the practice, and those who deny any association with sex whatsoever. The sexual and asexual, the progressives and the conservatives, the "do's" and the "don'ts". At one extreme are the self-confessed and unashamed swingers, and at the other, the few who have either never heard of such things or are at least not prepared in an interview to admit that they have.

The dominant view and official policy of Australian nudism is that if sexual associations exist then they had better be repressed, and the emphasis laid instead on

its asexual characteristics — the all-over tan, the health, the vigor, and the companionship.

However, as we have seen, this view is by no means universal. Leslie Bainbridge, for 12 years the editor of the English magazine *Health and Efficiency*, which had wide circulation in Australia, preferred a more open attitude to sex than most nudists found acceptable. In an article written after he left the editor's chair, Bainbridge ridiculed those who denied the sexuality of nudism. "Respectability" was no more than a facade acting to disguise activities of a much less wholesome nature than volleyball and miniten. On the surface: "The average sun-club is certainly a cloister of sexual rectitude and nothing occurs on the well-tailored lawns to suggest otherwise. But there's a ferment of sexuality behind the front. Off-beat behavior is private, within selected groups . . ."

Bainbridge knew of swingers' groups in many English clubs and had himself attended an orgy where "everyone of the

Tas celebrated its first birthday in 1947 and Editor Ron Ashworth reviewed the problems of the first year: In the first few months the metropolitan press had tried to get TAS "thrown off the bookstalls" and booksellers had feared to stock the magazine. "Unenlightened and narrow-brained people . . . crossed the road rather than pass and recognise us in the street," Ashworth wrote. "We are more than glad those days are over." Ashworth's bold venture in starting the magazine made him the man who had done most to put nudism on the map, but his biggest achievement was to enable nudists to realise they weren't alone.

group was a sun club enthusiast". Apart from this, some nudist groups were highly active in the production of blue films.

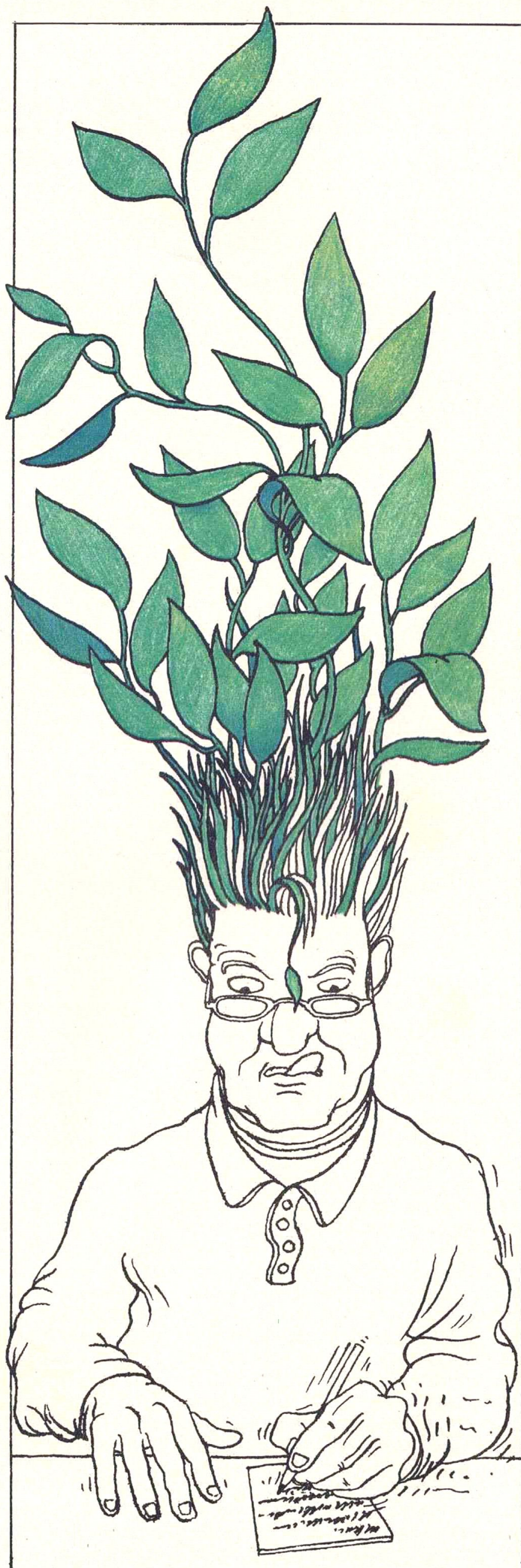
Bainbridge did not attempt to moralise on these activities; indeed the tone of the article clearly indicated approval. But he was concerned to attack the sexual repression evident in the clubs and the enforced innocence of established nudism. The taboos on body contact and on admitted observation were sheer hypocrisy and not beneficial to the movement in the long run.

Clearly, Australian nudism is in these respects similar to that in the UK, and the sexual element follows a similar pattern: a full frontal of "sexual rectitude" and a private reality of sexual ferment. At the same time it could be argued that Australian nudism has taken a more liberal path, displaying more tolerance and openness than its English cousin. Sexual activity is considered natural, something to be expected, and in nudist clubs conversations are often explicitly sexual provided that they are "not in front of the children".

Whatever else may be said of Australian nudism, the accusation that nudies are prudes is absolutely without foundation. Although nudist sexuality may be officially denied or repressed in favor of visions of sunlit glades peopled with beings of a higher order of humanity, nudists will still remain sexually motivated individuals, as are all members of the community. If voyeurism and swinging are sexual deviations then they exist both in nudism as well as in the general community, but it is only the insecurity of nudists existing in a traditionally hostile society that has led to the promotion of the Puritan ideal of nudism.

The reality of humanity is that it is not the sexually liberated who are the deviants but the sexually repressed. It would make sense if corporate nudism, instead of asserting "there are no more swingers in nudism than in the general community", asserted instead, "there are no more Puritans in here than outside". ☉✚

From Magnus Clarke, *Nudism in Australia: A Study in Attitude Change*. Deakin University Press, Geelong, Victoria 3217. November 1982. 400 pages, 8pp color illustrations, 32 b/w. Paperback recommended price \$20.



Roots, and how to encourage them, proved too much for this green thumb

The Tree

BY DOUG LISSON

Dear Home Gardener,

I have a tree in my lounge room that will not leave. Over and over again I have tried to explain that I only wish to transplant it to the front garden, but the tree refuses to listen. My efforts to remove it by force have also failed.

Every time I try to carry the tree outside it spreads its branches like a fan, making eviction impossible. My next thought was to trim the tree, but whenever I came close with a cutting instrument it became hysterical, waving its branches about like a demented octopus.

Recently I found it has forced its roots down through the bottom of its bucket and has obtained a firm grip on the floor boards. As you can imagine, any forceful removal now could cause serious damage to the tree. Could you please advise me?

George Greenbottom

Dear Mr Greenbottom,

I feel you have been too hasty in trying to move your tree outside. To adolescent trees, the garden can be a frightening place. Pampered as they are in special soils, enriched by fertiliser, given daily waterings and so on, these sensitive plants are bound to have emotional problems when faced with the rigors of nature.

Be patient with your tree. Give it time to adjust. Place it near a window so it can have a good view of the garden. There are bound to be other trees in sight and it will soon see how confident they are. Better still, have large French windows installed. Open the windows at regular intervals so it can become accustomed to the sounds and scents of the garden as well.

But most of all it needs your love and understanding. Let the tree know you really care and I'm sure that one day it will be able to take its rightful place outside.

May I suggest you read *From Nursery To Garden* and *The Psychology Of The Giant Redwood* by Dr Woodrow Bark. Both are available at any of our stores.

The Home Gardener

Dear Home Gardener,

As you suggested, I installed French windows in the lounge room. I was pleased with the tree's curiosity about what it saw and was hard pressed to answer all its questions. Opening the windows at regular intervals proved

Tree

to be good therapy. Soon I was able to leave them open for lengthy periods without it showing signs of anxiety and I decided the tree was ready to move outside.

Naturally I selected a section of ground offering all the advantages an adolescent tree would need when facing the garden for the first time — sunlight, shelter and a good view of the park so it wouldn't get bored. Of course I removed any sticks and stones that might cause discomfort.

Placing my arm around its trunk, I led the tree step by step out into the garden. As we stood captivated by the wonders of nature, I could not help feeling sad yet proud when the tree asked to see where it was going to live. I knew the tree realised that the relationship we shared in the house could never be lost, and that the garden was not the end but a new beginning for us both.

After tentatively testing the soil with one of its roots, it slowly began to settle in one root at a time. All went well until a flock of pigeons suddenly descended amongst its branches.

What happened next is difficult to describe in detail because I was knocked semi-conscious by the tree as it ran screaming back into the house. When I regained my senses I was covered by leaves and several dead birds.

Unfortunately the pigeons were not the wild variety but valuable racing pigeons belonging to my neighbor, Mr Birdwell. He is suing me for \$500 damages.

When I reached the house the tree had barricaded itself inside. I assured the tree that the pigeons were gone but it still refused to open up. I was therefore obliged to seek the services of a locksmith, who charged me \$30 (because it was Sunday) to unlock the front door.

He failed to arrive before the predicted afternoon thunderstorm. And as the front verandah had been removed because it would spoil the look of the French windows, I was without shelter from the driving rain.

The past few days have been most trying. The tree will have nothing to do with the outside garden. I can't open the curtains without it becoming hysterical. I've even had to remove the TV to another room whenever I want to watch my favorite wildlife programs. Please advise me.

George Greenbottom

Dear Mr Greenbottom,

My colleagues and I agree that your attempt to place the tree in the garden without first seeking psychiatric help for it was unfortunate. The tree is obviously more deeply disturbed than you originally indicated and therefore any advice I may have given would be irrelevant in a lawsuit.

However, I am sure that your immediate concern now is to relieve the tree's anxiety. I suggest you obtain a spray called Serene Green. It's a new chemical for the treatment of Botanical Hysteria and should help calm down your tree. If the tree objects to the spray, as some do, a few drops in the daily watering will work just as effectively.

Also we must not forget its physical well-being, for if the tree insists on keeping the curtains closed you will have to install sun lamps, which can be obtained at any of our gardening stores.

But I fear your tree now really needs the kind of treatment that only a greenhouse can provide. Several private greenhouses specialise in Botanical Hysteria but they are expensive. It is better to build your own greenhouse; then the tree does not have to cope with unfamiliar surroundings and has the constant attention and support of its loved ones. Any of our gardening stores will be able to convert your lounge room into a greenhouse at a modest cost.

The Home Gardener

Dear Home Gardener,

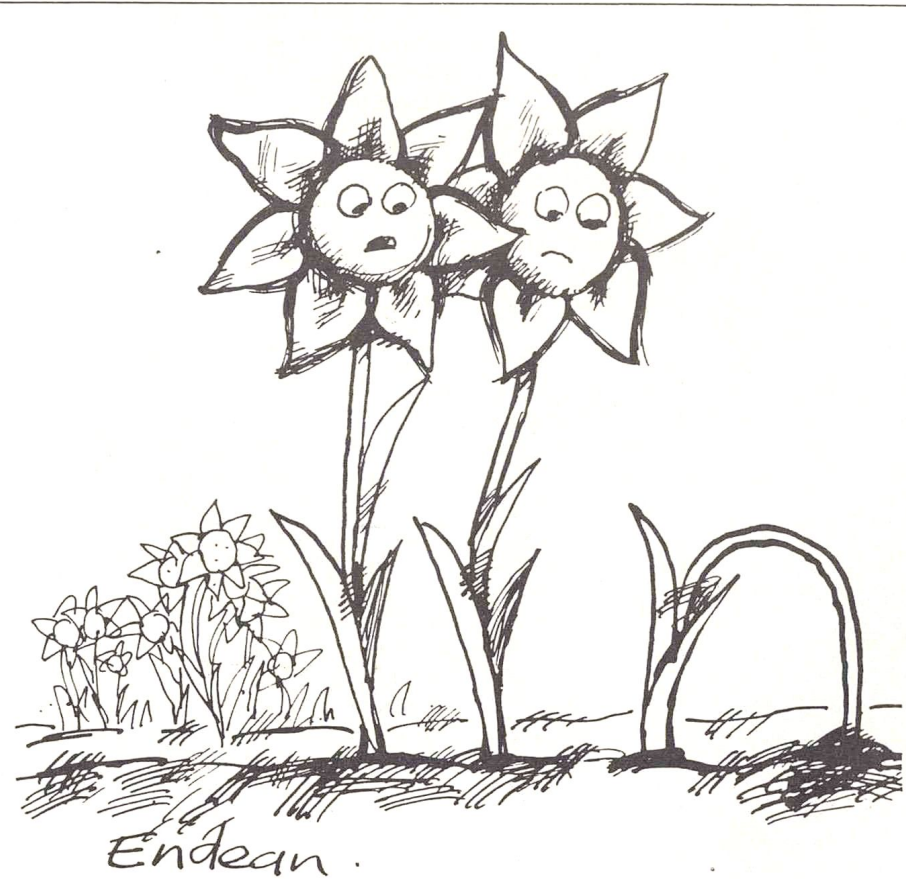
The past few weeks have been most trying. The lounge room area unfortunately proved to be inadequate for the type of greenhouse needed. As pointed out by your gardening staff, extremely spacious areas are conducive to the treatment of Botanical Hysteria.

The only alternative was to include the dining room, spare bedroom and part of the bathroom in the conversion. The bank, however, refused to grant me a second mortgage. They considered such a conversion would not add to the value of the property. If it had not been for the generous offer of your gardening staff to accept the sale of the lounge and bedroom furniture as a down payment, I would not have been able to cover the cost.

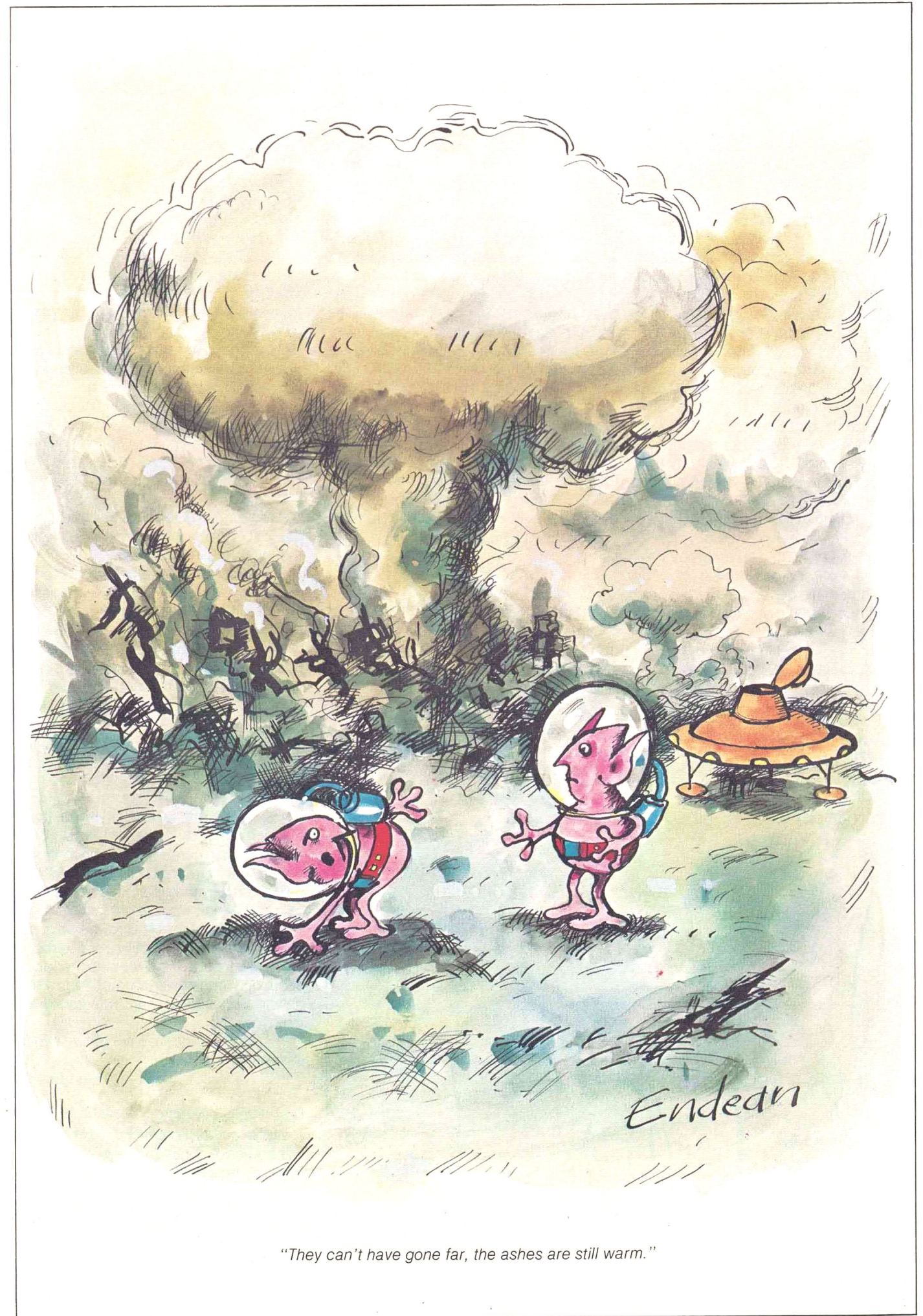
The problem of the greenhouse did not stop there. Every bird in the district, especially the racing pigeons of my neighbor, Mr Birdwell, decided to rest and sun themselves on its roof. Although the tree could not see them clearly through the frosted glass, their shadows were sufficient to cause it considerable distress. I was therefore forced (until special lights could be installed to reverse the birds' shadows) to spend several days chasing them off with a broom, much to the consternation of Mr Birdwell, who claimed I was persecuting his pigeons.

I have no personal recollection of what happened next. According to the police report, following an argument with Mr Birdwell I upended the unfortunate man and immersed him several times head-first into a barrel of liquid fertiliser. May I also add that I have no idea how my refrigerator became full of frozen pigeons.

With the installation of the lights the tree at last began to settle down and I was able



"Ever since he discovered he was a cross-pollinated hybrid, he's been searching for his roots."



"They can't have gone far, the ashes are still warm."

Tree

to reduce the dosage of Serene Green, which tends to make the tree stand in a corner and remain totally uncommunicative.

Then just three days ago my employer arrived to inquire into my absenteeism of the last month. He had with him his champion collie, Gay Prince. During our conversation the dog wandered off and this only became a matter of concern when we heard his howls of distress. I don't know how the dog got into the greenhouse, but by the time we arrived the tree was frantically tearing up garden stakes and hurling them at the terrified animal. And it was not averse to throwing the odd stake in our direction to discourage interference. Finally the tree ran out of stakes and I was able to get close enough to calm it down with a large dose of Serene Green.

Gay Prince was rushed to the nearest veterinary hospital. It seems unlikely that he will be able to continue the breed. My former employer now only communicates with me through his solicitor, and the tree has not spoken to me in three days.

I would like to thank you for employing me in the fertiliser department of your store. Without this generous offer I would not have been able to continue to pay my debts to your company.

George Greenbottom

Dear Mr Greenbottom,

First may I say welcome to our fertiliser department. Many facets of the fertiliser industry are most interesting. A classic example is our best-selling brand, Stock 92, a vintage blend of choicest seaweed mellowed to enhance the natural flavor and provide extra mildness. May I suggest you obtain Stock 92 for your tree. It costs a little more but nine out of ten trees will tell you they wouldn't grow in anything else.

As for the tree's recent behavior, let me put your mind at rest. The tree faced up to a most unpleasant problem and came through with flying colors, or should I say flying garden stakes. Dogs have always been an embarrassing problem to trees, and this aggressive determination to defend itself is a healthy step towards the tree's eventual recovery. I am pleased to see it is responding so well to treatment.

Now we must show the tree that it is not alone in its search for meaningful relationship with the garden. There are many such plants. May I suggest that you take some into your greenhouse, as we have found group therapy most beneficial. Our gardening staff can put you in touch with the most deserving cases.

The Home Gardener

Dear Home Gardener,

As you suggested, I offered the services of my greenhouse to plants in need of group therapy. To avoid turning away

many of the unhappy plants it was necessary to convert the rest of the house.

Shortly after the final conversion I received a visit from my bank manager. No matter how hard I tried to explain what I was endeavoring to achieve, he simply repeated his argument about property values, depreciation and so on and ended with a threat of foreclosure.

As well, a campaign is being waged by my neighbors to have the greenhouse closed. They claim that plants having therapy are a threat to every garden in the district. They say young innocent roses are not safe in their own beds, and they're afraid to let their dogs walk down the street at night alone. Worst of all are the vicious rumors about wild pollution parties and all-night seeding sessions. Such despicable accusations cannot go unchallenged. I run a respectable greenhouse.

The perpetrator of this heinous plot is Mr Birdwell. He is ruining the reputation of my greenhouse and turning the neighborhood against me. I plan to confront Birdwell at the earliest opportunity . . .

My name is Fred Bowers and I have taken the liberty of finishing this letter on behalf of Mr Greenbottom.

The confrontation of which he speaks took place that same day. Eye-witness accounts differ but as near as I can determine, the events happened as follows.

Since early morning Mr Birdwell had been canvassing signatures to add to his latest petition. As he returned home he found Mr Greenbottom waiting for him at the front gate.

Waving the petition in Mr Greenbottom's face, Birdwell was heard to shout that he would rid the neighborhood of all those crazy plants if it was the last thing he did. Greenbottom seized him by the throat and with great force planted Birdwell feet first in his own garden, where he remained until the next morning. When I asked the neighbors why they didn't dig him out they said they didn't want to get involved.

During the night Mr Birdwell attracted the attention of a large number of birds, including some of his own pigeons, and a seemingly endless stream of dogs. He is now in hospital suffering from shock and exposure.

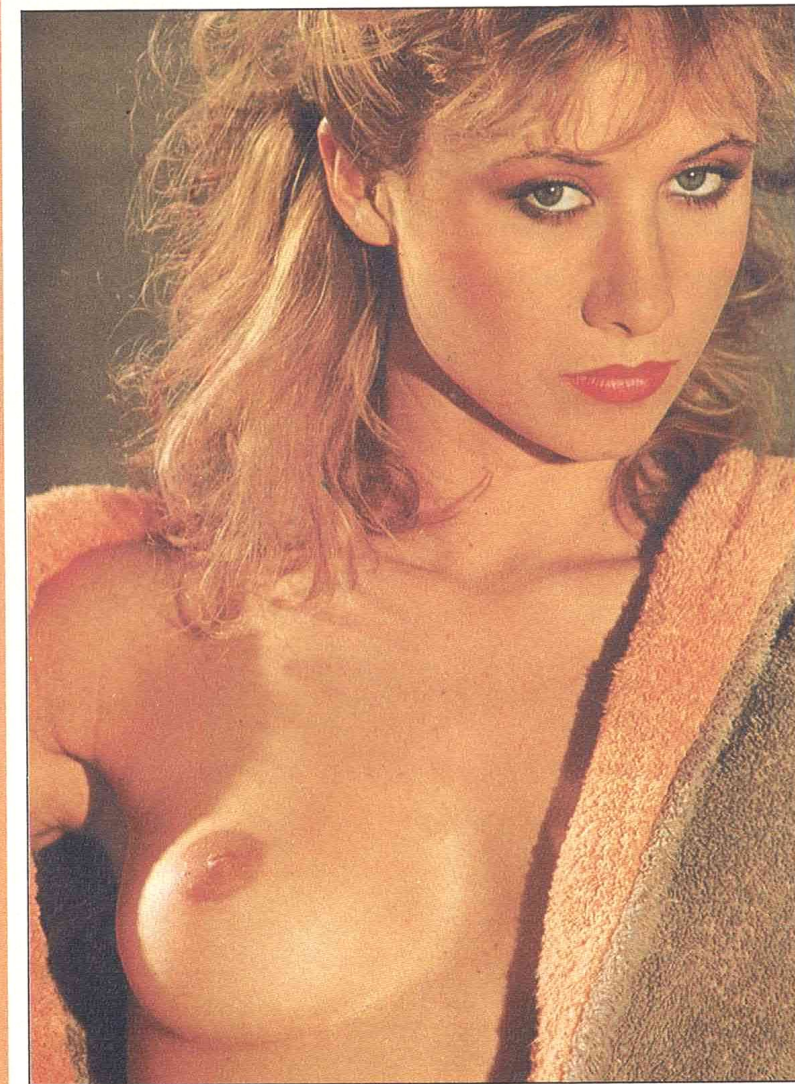
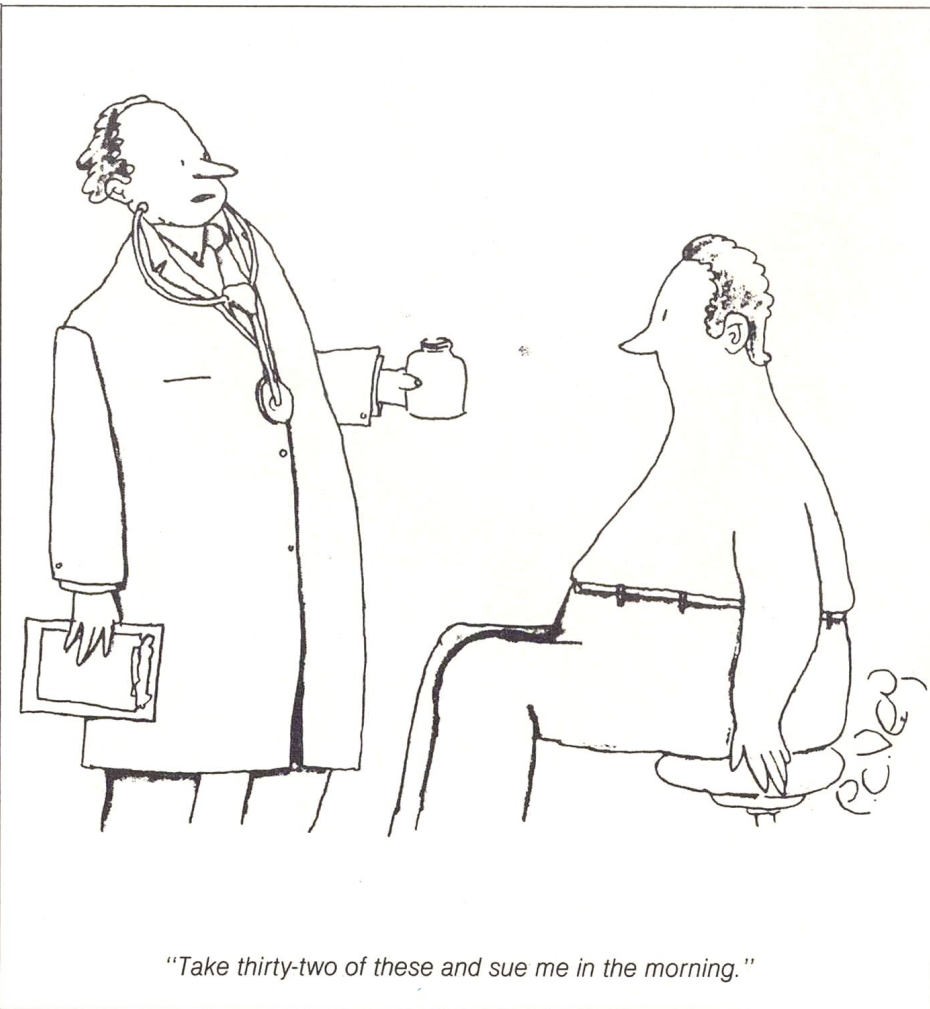
Mr Greenbottom has not been seen for several days.

Fred Bowers

Dear Home Gardener,

I have a man living in my branches who will not leave. I have tried over and over again to explain to him that people don't live in trees any more, but he refuses to listen. My efforts to remove him by force have also proved useless, for no matter how hard I wave my branches he hangs on with a desperation that is difficult to understand. Could you please advise me on this problem?

The Tree



SUZANNE

PIN-UP GIRL

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB WATSON

Like the greatest pin-ups of the Forties and Fifties, our Pet of the Month Suzanne Masters has "it". When we asked 10 good men and true just what "it" was that they found most sexually appealing about Suzanne, the response was a kaleidoscope of differing opinions and one unconditional proposal of marriage. Her statuesque bearing rated highly, then there was that champagne cascade of hair and that golden satiny skin. No matter what "it" is, Suzanne has it.



“She melts you with
a summery smile or
turns your knees to water
with a sensuous come
hither invitation”



The eyes won us. Smoky eyes that can fix you
with the haughtiest rich bitch stare, melt you with
a summery smile or turn your knees to water when
those heavy lids droop into a sensuous come
hither invitation that we defy any sane man to
ignore. Pardon the superlatives but it's
so easy to be swept away by those eyes.







21-year-old Suzanne Masters is a personable, easy going girl who is wrapped up in her career as a fashion model. Her job gives her the chance to move around a fair bit and this suits Suzanne down to the ground. "I'm quite a dreamer. Sit me in one place for too long and my mind drifts into a fancy. It may be a fault but it ensures that I keep on the move and never get bored," she says.



Those flights of fancy soar between visions of high times, fine cuisine, witty, sophisticated company and then her favorite daydream of owning a little place in the country, entertaining close, comfortable friends and pursuing her passion for horseriding. "I was born in the country and while I love wining, dining and dancing and the excitement of it all, my ambition is to return to the fresh air and have that little house."



Suzanne shares her closest feelings and fantasies with a man. "To move, to feel and to touch in harmony . . . to fantasise together and be so close that there are no secrets or inhibitions . . . it's the best feeling there is," says Suzanne. "I love to love and be loved." Suzanne, the feeling is mutual.





MISS SUZANNE MASTERS/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



THE BULL RUN



Bringing down the wild cattle of Cape York is rugged work for motorcycle matadors

The cool mist which has settled overnight turns an iridescent blue as the big Suzuki 500 trail bikes fire into action, drowning out the morning chorus of the birds on the isolated Cape York station. A breakfast of corned beef fritters is pretty standard up here at the forgotten tip of Australia, and rarely fails to generate enough energy to get the bikes going in a couple of kicks. The choked idling of the two-strokes is soon joined by the incessant yapping of the dogs, excited by the prospect of being selected by their master for the day's work.

The leader of the operation, Jeff Hawkins, a well-muscled cross between Kirk Douglas and Jack Nicholson, strolls deliberately through the shed where the pack of 24 dogs is chained, and systematically chooses a suitable team.

The dogs are crossed too: a mixture of bloodhound, cattle dog, Rhodesian ridgeback, Great Dane and, most importantly, bull terrier. Each dog is fitted with its own tailored three centimetre wide leather collar, which holds fast under Hawkins' grasp as he throws the last two of the four-dog team into the dog crate, built on to the back of the other Suzuki — a four-cylinder four wheel drive.

The dogs left behind continue their yapping and won't stop until the workers are well out of sight; they too know what's in store for the noisy lot in the crate.

Jeff shouts a direction to his pretty wife Eileen, who has cast off the rigors of housewifery to drive the eight-tonne Hino pickup truck, and the crew set off north of Batavia Downs.

The three riders scream out the gate, keeping the front wheels off the deck for the first three gear changes on the way to top speed, like motocross riders. They're as keen as the dogs to get into some action — the more the better, because the more action they see, the more money they stand to make.

They are geared for the work that awaits them. Despite the cool morning they each wear lightweight shirts because they know it won't be cool for long. The shirts are held at the waist by the thick, elasticised bands to protect their kidneys as they bash through the bumpy log-ridden scrub at 80 clicks.

The game is not for the faint-hearted, as the three on the bikes and their meal tickets in the Suzuki know to well. It's a game where close calls are an everyday event, and death may only be a matter of a few good pumps of adrenalin away. Their quarry is one that has been hunted by many before them in this district, with little success. They call them "scrubbers", "cleanskins", or just plain old wild cattle, which have been allowed to roam as free as James Cook's pigs — a result of poor management and fluctuating market situations in Australia's export beef trade.

Scrubber bulls in this country are wild, crazy animals and any of them would do justice to a Spanish bull-ring. Most have never seen a man before, and those which have usually don't like the idea of sticking around too long when they get the scent.

Travellers on the lonely Cape York road could be forgiven for thinking they had bumped into some leftovers from a *Mad Max* movie if they saw the Hawkins crew coming towards them on the two-wheel track they call The Highway to the Top. The guys up front are tough, but at the same time they represent a different

BY DANNY MORTISON

THE BULL RUN

breed to the normal toothless ringers scattered across the peninsula. They have chosen seven months of isolation on the Cape for two reasons: money, and of course, excitement. Unlike the other ringers up north, they have no interest in going to rodeo weekends to blow a quick five hundred just to go home with a hang-over and a few bruises from a fight.

Mick Cole, the biggest of the lads, is an ominous sight for his 18 years, with bull straps slung over each shoulder and rollerball-style leggings, worn to soften the blows of saplings when the chase is on. Mick likes to ride the lead and is never far away from any of the action. He has worked with some pretty wild cattle down in the semi-desert country around Jericho, where his father was the postie for many years.

Probably the best spotter of the riders is Mick's old school mate, Wayne Miller. A quiet unassuming type, but dependable when the going is tough. He often has his sights on a lone bull for up to a minute before the others have even spotted it. He's very handy with a motorcycle and appears to enjoy the thrill of taunting bulls into a game of chasings.

The third link in the team is Peter Aitkens, a 30-year-old mechanic from the Tamworth district of New South Wales. His talents are especially valuable when you consider that the entire operation is dependant on the reliability of the five machines used daily to do the work.

Jeff had included the words: "Clowns need not apply" in his advertisement for staff for the project. He'd been after men who could ride a motorcycle and who also had a good knowledge of wild cattle. The ad had attracted at least 30 replies, including a Queensland motocross champion who, unfortunately, didn't know anything about cattle.

His careful choice is already starting to pay dividends. Jeff has gambled a lot on the success of the operation and is determined to make his \$35,000 investment work for him. The crew is on contract to catch cattle for the meatworks, and from his preliminary calculations Jeff hopes to gross \$200,000 worth of cattle in the seven months they will stay on Batavia Downs.

He is the eternal optimist and is confident that the outfit he has assembled to master the wild beasts of the north will average him 12 head a day. He has done his homework thoroughly and is ready for everything. Jeff carries insurance — a 357 magnum — on his hip. The piece is not there for wanton destruction of the fauna or for taking pot shots at iron bark trees; it's a last resort if there is any chance of losing a man or dog to these wild animals.

We've been out for about an hour

scouting in zig-zag patterns on either side of the road. Suddenly the bikes lift in a deafening roar through the scrub to single out the first bull of the day.

Jeff had claimed to be taking it steady to allow for my presence in the passenger seat, but the ride through the recently-burnt scrub had still been pretty wild, with leaves and branches flying through the weldmesh gauze which had replaced the windscreen. Luckily there's a spare pair of goggles for me to protect my eyes from the flying debris as I try to lean forward to get photos of the action with the bikes up front. I soon give this idea away and take a tight hold as we veer closer to the bull.

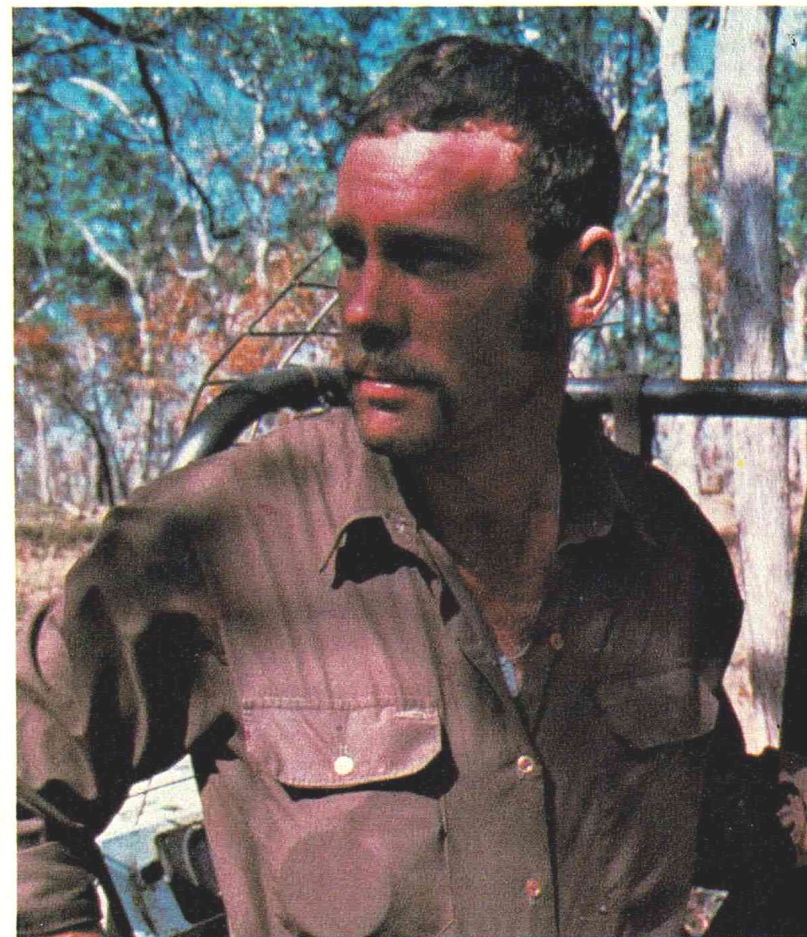
The sheer excitement of the chase is intensified by the manic barking of the dogs, who know their quarry isn't far away. The bikes dodge and weave through the thick timber stands and torment the tiring bull, like treading. As the beast looks like veering one way, a bike zooms in to attract its attention and become a new target for the galloping ball of bellowing fury throwing its head around in defiance.

With the bull now slowed up to a trot,

Mick calls for Jeff to let the dogs go, but at the same instant the bull, a micky about four years old, props and stands menacingly in front of the circling rider. Jeff decides not to open the side trap-doors of the dog crate and waits until the bull is moving again. This time it charges towards the bike, which accelerates through the ironbark forest to get clear.

Suddenly the dogs' chorus becomes deafening as they're released. The first two out of the crate head for either side of the bull, leaping from behind to latch on to its ears. The next two are frantically biting on to any part of the front of the bull they can get to through the whirl of horns.

The action is frantic, with dogs being thrown high into the air while the first two hangers grip tightly on to the ears like droplet earrings, despite the fervent attempts of the bull to get free. The lock jaws of the dogs are all the security needed for the riders to run in, grab the bull by the tail and pull him over. The animal is so preoccupied with the dogs that he appears to be unaware of the men tightening bull straps around his kicking legs.



Previous page: The team assembles for the day's work. These pages, clockwise from top left: A bull lies secured as the truck readies for loading. Jeff Hawkins looks as mean as he is; Hawkins and Mick Cole wrestle down a scrubber as yapping dogs keep the beast occupied.

The boys let out a "Coo-ee" after doing a quick calculation of the number of dollars their first catch for the day has netted, as they set about sawing off the spear-sharp horns.

While this is being done Jeff heads back to the road where the Hino is waiting and guides a path through the thick scrub for Eileen. The path is never completely clear but Eileen has a way of bulldozing through the smaller trees, which crash down under the heavy bullbar.

Eileen's is one of the hardest of the jobs, and not one you'd expect to see a shapely former Sydney girl performing. The trip to the fallen beast takes a series of abrupt thumps and bumps as she mows down trees and levels out the ant hills while dodging potholes that would stop a Tojo. The heavy steering and wide turning circle of the truck do not retard her speed in getting there.

Once the bull is in sight, she must work out how to get close and then reverse the truck in to pick up the beast. Eileen revels in the going and considers the job of driving the truck a little more secure than

duties in the Suzuki, which she readily accepts when it is suggested.

She has certainly seen her share of action catching wild cattle. Once when they had been clearing scrubbers from their own property near Jericho, Eileen had been called upon to do the "Jane act". She explained that they'd been trapping "spoiled" cattle in portable trap yards — another method the team prides itself on.

"The problem with this system is that you have to have somebody to close the gate when the cattle run into the yards. Jeff, through experience, realised that cattle would shy away from the yards if there was any scent of man near them, so he came on the idea of putting me up a tree. We had a rope tied to a large branch so I could swing down and close the gate when all the cattle were in.

"On this particular occasion I was waiting for the final stragglers to go in. I grabbed the rope and swung down, but as I did a big bull with handlebar horns got a bit suspicious and turned around again, so I had to just hang on to the rope for dear life." Luckily the bull had turned again and

she'd been able to drop to the ground, shut the gate and live to laugh about the incident.

With the truck in position, Eileen unravels the control panel for the winch and starts lowering the huge steel ramp for the pickup. A girth strap is then placed around the bull's head and it is pulled up into the rear compartment and then untied.

This final operation — taking the leather bull straps off the beast — is as dangerous an occupation as the original capture. Two men must release the front and back leg straps simultaneously and then get the hell out of there. The bull leaps to its feet kicking and butting at anything that moves.

The hunt is now on in earnest. In the two days before I had arrived they had netted 30 beasts, and the boys are pretty keen to get on with it. As we poke along a rarely-used track which links the main top road to Weipa, Jeff explains again that he is taking things pretty easy with me in the passenger seat. "When there's nobody in that seat and there's a bull around, I usually go berko," he says. The five-centimetre hole in the body near the passenger, door is proof of this.

The little unit still bears the scars of one of Jeff's "berko" chases through what they call "melon hole country". He had been chasing a beast across what appeared to be a flat plain through some fairly thick timber when the unit had disappeared into a melon hole at about 80 km/h. The Suzuki rocketed back out of the hole slewing sideways towards a very old iron bark tree. The chassis was bent and the steering wheel had been pushed 38 centimetres out of the column as a result. However, the damage was nothing that couldn't be fixed the bush mechanic's way, and the crew had used two mango trees as an anchor point and a tractor and chains to pull the chassis straight. It wasn't the sort of job you'd expect to get an insurance clearance for, but it got the machine mobile again in a day.

I find the best way to keep my composure — and lessen my fear — when we're chasing our next mob is to keep my mind on photographing the action by leaning through the weldmesh windscreen as we duck and weave through iron barks that would most certainly stop a tank, let alone a toughened-chassis Suzuki.

With a good mob in sight the chase is on again after the team has regrouped to get orders from Jeff. Two bikes take off to flank the mob and stop them running into the thickly-wooded creeks, while the Suzuki and another bike move up behind them.

This time Peter and Wayne have singled out a big shorthorn bull which would weigh almost 900 kgs; it is an obvious target because of its size and the fact that it is apparently getting a bit long in the tooth, making it a bit sluggish compared to the rest of the mob.

THE BULL RUN

They ride straight up alongside the old fella and kick the stands down as they dismount together. After a few moves to either side of some trees to dodge the horns, one grabs the tail while the other flicks a strap under the hind legs of the monster, and by pulling in alternate directions they bring down the beast and tie it up within a minute.

Meanwhile, Mick has singled out a lively smaller bull which had fancied doing some damage to his bike and probably would have if not for skilled riding and lightning-fast manoeuvring in close. Jeff is right up there with him and lets the dogs go, but even with the dogs on its nose and ears the bull still manages to make Mick the target, leaping into the air and lashing out with its hooves. This little bastard wants no part of it, but there is precious little it can do to release the vice-like grip of the dogs and this gives Mick the chance to get it by the tail and tie the hind legs, for pickup later.

Jeff explains that when two bulls are caught at once, the second will only be tied by the hind legs. This enables the animal to get to its feet again, while restricting its movements to a small area. If the animals are down for too long they sulk and will literally lie there and die.

One such sulker turns out to be the first of these two. It gains its feet when first released in the back of the truck, but goes down again after a fight with the other two. The weak point is apparently the fore knee joint — a common problem with trucking cattle from this part of the Cape, which is renowned for a phosphorous deficiency. If the cattle get too big for their bodies, their legs just won't hold them.

I had enjoyed most of the action from the comfort of the Suzuki, but on the journey from the big fella to the second bull I'd decided to take a ride on the side of the vehicle's roll bar.

I make Jeff aware that I'm there when he screws in close to a ti-tree, but when we come up closer to the bull it gains his full attention. He's just telling me that the scrubbers are still pretty mobile even with their back legs tied when he goes a bit close to a good-sized iron bark and I'm scraped off the side as my ankle gets crushed between the tree and roll bar.

I drop to the ground hopping about on my good foot, and in a fit of pique I start screaming obscenities . . . "Stuff ya Jeff, you've broken my bloody ankle," or words to that effect.

The comment at least attracts his attention from the bull, which is standing just six metres away, but that attention turns back just as quickly when the bull decides to make a charge for the vehicle. I find out soon enough that my ankle isn't broken as I race with Jeff around the vehicle to get free of the rampaging bull, which is thumping viciously into the reinforced grill.

To my relief he makes only two passes and heads for the scrub until Ben, a dog which has been riding in the truck licking wounds from the previous week's work, chases after him and latches on to his nose. The bull lunges and throws Ben high into the air, but hardly gets a step away before the dog is right there again. This causes some concern to the team, who know the dog could be hurt under these odds if the bull isn't handled smartly.

Wayne and Mick dodge to evade the thrashing horns, which are intent on slicing into dog or man, after some slick bull-ringing side-stepping, they grab the tail and pull the beast over.

Ben is coaxed from the ear by Peter, who ties him inside the truck this time. With a new strap on its front legs the micky is rendered harmless and the boys gloat over their victory by standing bent-kneed with one leg over the animal as they get into the dehorning.

The morning's hunt has so far netted three good cleanskins and the big 900-kilo "mother" looks like he'll be worth a quid, so with a creek close by, Jeff decides to

call a rest. During the smoko of billy tea, beef and syrup sandwiches, the crew notices that the big fella has gone down. "It's these old bludgers that cost us dearly," says Mick as he tries to coax the animal to its feet. "They're wild animals out here in the bush, but as soon as you catch 'em they just sit there and sulk."

He tries to convince the others that the bull's leg may have "gone to sleep" under its own weight, but everyone knows the knee has gone when the animal musters up enough aggression to try to stand. There certainly is some weight in that old bull, which would pay well at Queerah, the closest meatworks, a hard 965 kilometres away.

Still, the day is young and there are lots of open forest ranges yet to be frisked for bounty. The tiring search takes the lead vehicles across about 320 kilometres of scrub and the quest is only slowed by the necessity to build crossings for the truck where the summer floodwaters of the Cape have washed away the banks. A chainsaw, a limitless supply of iron barks, and a bit of digging and packing with a



Clockwise from top left: Eileen Hawkins waits at the wheel of the truck for the call to pick up the next catch; Pulling a secured beast into the crate is hard work in itself; The whole team, men and dogs, get in on the act to haul over this big Brahmin.

crow bar soon gets the truck across with the rest.

We're starting to move south again along a route which runs parallel to Lydia Creek, where there's a lot of action. But the wily beasts shake off every attempted capture by heading down into the thick rainforest which follows the creek. The cattle in these areas are a worry for the contract musterer, but he refuses to admit that they have outfoxed him: "In this type of area we simply learn from the first experience and bring the portable yards back next time," Jeff said.

The scouting north of Batavia nets only two more mickies and with the sun getting low in the sky the team decides to head back towards the station, pushing a road through the scrub with the truck as they go.

With an hour's light left, Jeff decides to poke along the road south of Batavia, where he had seen a big black Brahman bull during earlier hunts that week. "These bulls are pretty territorial, so chances are he could be along here somewhere again today," he says.

The vehicles are no more than five minutes from the station when Wayne spots the big fella grazing between some trees. The team reforms and hits the scrub in pursuit, but this time they're screaming through country that hasn't yet been burned, and the danger is multiplied three-fold as the riders and driver have to contend with sudden potholes and the odd log hidden in the long grass. The bikes choose the ridges at first, while we move straight through the bush, knocking down trees as we go, the sapling branches spearing through the weldmesh and disintegrating into small pieces of wooden shrapnel. This time I decide it's my last chance to get a shot of the action and with my heart firmly planted inside my mouth I let go of my hold on the dash to lean through the gauze and view the action through the viewfinder of the camera. After clicking off one shot and winding on ready for the next, I suddenly find myself rocketing out of the top of the Suzuki, which has disappeared into a melon hole. Fortunately I land back on the seat, the springs of which have long since given way.

"You still with us?" asks Jeff, still with his eyes on the Brahman, which has by this time worked its way around to the passenger side. I nod my answer because I can't talk too well with my heart in my mouth and a bite out of my tongue. With the bull running alongside no more than three metres from the passenger side, I start clicking off shots again as the animal slows and Jeff lets the dogs go.

With the action so close I can't drop the camera away for a second. I notice through the viewfinder that Mick is already off his bike and racing after the bull, which is showing the dogs exactly who's boss. Mick grabs the tail and then I jump out of the vehicle, clicking the action of the dogs being thrown around until suddenly I see through the viewfinder that there's no-one on the tail of the animal, which is filling the viewfinder of a 50mm lens.

The bull had apparently stepped backwards as Mick had grabbed its tail and had landed squarely on Mick's foot. I reckon I'd have let go too. I decide this is no place for bravery and make a dash back for the Suzuki.

The bull is so preoccupied with the dogs that the reinforcements soon arrive and help Mick pull him over. It's a big bastard too: almost two metres from the ground to the top of its hump. A perfect catch to seal the day. The excitement of getting this bloke is too much for the guys, who in turn give the animal a good thump on the rump, a gesture of victory.

The lowering of the sun signals the end of the day's activities and the truck is sent back to the station with the catch, while the bike riders look for other mobs to chalk up later.

Some mobs number a hundred or more but still seek the seclusion of creek banks, where their escape routes are well padded into the safety of creek beds. These mobs can smell the two-strokes from a kilometre away and don't wait around. The hunters will have to wait for the portable yards and the Tarzan act.

A long dust trail to the south marks another mob of tourists (called "terrorists" by the workers in this part of the country) and Jeff gives the signal for the boys to beat them back to the road so they wouldn't have to chew dust all the way back to the station. For the riders this is fun time as they scream through the melon hole country, lifting the bikes high into the air over obstacles that would most certainly stop most of Australia's better motorcross riders.

It is the end of an exciting experience for me, but for Jeff, Eileen and the boys, it's just another day. They have been three weeks on Batavia and they've got at least another six months ahead of working seven days a week, until the summer rains put an end to their foray into one of Australia's remaining wilderness areas. And the action will be fast and furious every day until the rains come. ☐

“The self will not go away, and will not accept forgiveness”

We had an air raid shelter in the backyard of our house in Murwillumbah, a town which still has horses and sulkies and paddlesteamers down the Tweed, and in which the 1920s seemed to have been held over by popular demand.

Having known them, and also knowing that before I die I will meet grandchildren who in the 22nd Century will arrive as elderly tourists on Mars, I am aware — perhaps more than most — of how many lives and ways of life one touches in a lifetime: particularly this lifetime, and particularly mine.

I am 10 years younger than the Harbor Bridge, 10 years younger than the ABC, five years younger than *Blue Hills*, the same age as *Casablanca* and *Oklahoma* and Muhammad Ali, and two days older than Paul McCartney, who is officially listed as the richest man in Britain, and who earns 40 million pounds a year and looks about 19. I fear I do not score as well as any of these in venerability, influence, wealth or physical fitness, but I live in hope, one heart attack on, that at my going hence my name will be better known and my mortgage paid and my children alive and the world not yet at an end, and parts of it green and promising still, and speech still free in my native land. It might be wrong, and in the long run I know I will be and Australia will be a persecuted province of a gothic and computerised Indonesia. But in the short run I live in hope. Perhaps it's due to my up-bringing.

The world I grew up in (and which seems to be the reality from which everything that's happened since has foolishly diverged) was one of wirelesses and pet cats and aunties and churches, a father who began as a coal miner and rose from the pit to become first a commercial traveller, then a banana farmer and, when the Depression wrecked him (and the many jobless old friends who came to live on his farm and eat his bananas), a commercial traveller. He graduated from selling Bibles door-to-door to the more leisurely life of Goldenia and Billy Tea, Pick Me Up Sauce, Mynor Fruit Juice Cordials, Sydney Flour, Aeroplane Jelly and country grocery stores and drinks on the house in country pubs that are no more.

As a boy in Maitland he sat at Les Darcy's feet on the Sunday mornings when Darcy came home to tell how he'd won his bout the night before. He travelled 13 million miles between Sydney and Tweed Heads and only last month saw South Australia, and became at 79 — he claimed — the oldest man ever to have climbed Ayers Rock. I love him and do not know him and share no language we can speak in, save a careful, mutual lingering love of the Labor Party and a careful, mutual protested fondness for cricket. Had he not gone away to World War II, I would have

by Bob Ellis

illustrations by Patrick Cook



THE END
OF MY NINTH DRAFT OF
THE END
OF THE WORLD
IS NIGH



known him better and hurt him less in all the 30 years of my growing up. But although he is still alive it is too late.

To come as I did to the big city, alone at the age of 16 from a staid and warm-hearted country town, was to undergo as fundamental a change of life, I now believe, as a death in the family or the loss of an eye or a foot. It can be survived, but it brings you to a terrible uncertainty of what you are and where in the great world you should be going.

In the city I ceased to swim, play tennis, listen to the wireless, ride a bike or visit friends. Those friends I had in the country town I ceased to know. I feared thereafter everyone with whom I'd had a close acquaintance when young. Not out of snobbery, but out of simple fear that the language we spoke was different now, and simple fear — that terrible fear of the city slicker — of becoming bored and not knowing what to say. I therefore lost the richness of acquaintance I so long had easily kept, with aborigines, orphans, gold prospectors, fishermen, grocers, half-wits, postmen and carpenters. I substituted for it transient encounters and tepid acquaintanceships with media people, public servants and high school teachers,

all as much in fear of the world and its ways as I. I failed to say thanks to those whom I owed much, many of them now dead. I shrank in upon myself and the few fanaticisms I had — writing, amateur acting and moviegoing — and out of these, with a lot of luck, at long last wove a career.

Many not so lucky came to the big city and shrivelled away to nothing. It's not just learning from pain to dance to a different drum, it is trying in vain to learn from pain to become a different being. Friendships bloom and wither so fast, as do love affairs and alternative careers and hobbies, that you lose all sense of who you are and what you are worth. You become a sales pitch for the person you would like to be instead of an extension of the child you were; and of the interests which grew like leaves on a tree of that child you were, when you gathered mushrooms on green hills and rode bikes with friends to the waterfall, or the beach, or the foot of the mountain. The city took away from you all sense of that predestiny you needed merely to make decisions — ordinary decisions like where to go tonight. The city made you afraid.

Turning 40 is like going to that big city. In youth it went without saying that you were

never going to die. At 40 you know you must, and soon, in the next thousand weeks or less, or a little more. You begin to ask yourself, on the point of sleep at night, whether you've still got time to read *The Lord of the Rings*, as I have not — or *Don Quixote*, or *War and Peace*, or travel the Trans-Siberian Railway, or hunt the Loch Ness monster, or write a book of children's songs to last for centuries unseen. You count the minutes wasted waiting for the young, who do not understand. You begin to know that every trip you take to each new place, even Surfer's Paradise, may be your last, and you try to drink up every minute there is, like a hypochondriac taking every pill in the bottle. If the weather goes against you, or there's traffic noise in your room, or the hotel staff are rude, it hurts. That hurt can seem like pompous self-importance in the old. But to the old, since time's run out, every detail matters. And so the chef is abused, the tip is withheld, and the word flashes round the kitchen or the tourist bus: "Oh God, here comes another one." In 10 years' time, or even five, that other one will be me.

As a child I remember, in the dark, on the point of sleep, trying to imagine forever. It was green hills and green hills running over the hills and there always being more green hills. Forty is like the green hills suddenly stopping, and falling down and down into the dark. Whatever happened to good old forever? "We wuz robbed," you cry as you fall on, down and down.

Last January my unborn child died in the womb, a boy, and wasn't disgorged till March or given a funeral or a name. I was thinking things over and trying to put up walls and more walls between us and that pointless death. "It was one of the many children we didn't have," I said. "No," she said, "it was real, it was there, I could feel it in me," and I realised that no guarantees exist for any of us — at any point in time our light can go out and nobody cares, nobody watches.

Families are what we build in the face of this uncaring. And only blood tells. A man is a fool who denies himself his parents or his children this caring blood, and a woman who denies it is more or less insane, for it is the most and the greatest thing that she can do. It's now clear to me what divides the left from the right. It is having children. If you have a child you care about school standards, perverts in the park, the right to shoot intruders with 40-calibre pistols, your 12-year-old daughter being offered good money to pose for pornography and your 10-year-old son being offered in the schoolyard his first hit of heroin free. You suspect these experiences may not be as good for your children as you once thought they were for your parents' children — for you. You may be wrong but there seems to be a risk involved. Every man wants his son and his daughter to stand by his grave alive. To stand beside one of theirs, for whatever

cause — a war won, the Falklands regained, an illuminating chemical epiphany — is unacceptable. And so on his children's behalf a man turns right in his middle years. Or I have. I would still vote Labor because I do not believe the generation which saw our country through two world wars and a depression should now get by on dog food so the *nouveau riche* can pay no tax on the money they swindle from the poor. But I worry about the other things: the victimless crimes, the harmless drugs, the free divorces, the harmless venereal diseases which stay with you all life long — the things Labor seems so wedded to in these latter years.

A father who cuts his throat and is found in the bathroom dead by his little son has not committed a victimless crime. This is manifestly so. A drug that takes from a man the desire to achieve in the field for which he was born, slurs his diction and fills his beliefs with nameless menaces is not a harmless drug. This is manifestly so. A way of life that leaves menopausal women outcast, distraught and pining for men now shackled up with 18-year-olds is not a perfect way of life. This is manifestly so. You think of these things at 40. The thing you mustn't do is say them. For fear of being thought middle-aged.

Forty is when you go to the movies and the parents of the central characters look young. It's when you meet your oldest friends at public gatherings and have nothing more to say to them, and the small talk you swap with new acquaintances seems hollow. Food becomes more important and sex less worth the pursuing. When offered, it is the more enjoyed, but going out and hunting it, down all the crashing humiliations of the night, the silly chatting up and the brackish going down, seems so much less worth doing than going to bed with a Nabokov novel, or sitting up and watching *Dangerman* and the sun come up above the beach beyond the golf course, and the parrots wheel and circle over the lighthouse and come to feed from your hand, or tossing your newly risen children up in the air and loving them, in that flying moment, more than you can say. Civilisation, you realise, begins at home, and much can be had over wine in candlelight and mere speech and honest converse with visiting minds.

Forty is knowing when to pack it in. The need to be Prime Minister is not great in me now that I own my quarter-acre with a view, nor the need to win an Oscar or the Nobel Prize for biochemistry or peace. But I need to know how much of me is left that is not common flesh and wheezes and ailments and foolish pride.

At 40 you begin to look at yourself in the mirror, like Rumpole of the Bailey, muttering comforting lines from Tennyson and wondering where it all went. In your mind's eye, as Lord Olivier said, you are still 16, with red lips. Who then is this impostor, this Mr Hyde, so stealthily come to take

your smooth young body into the void?

At night on the point of sleep it comes rushing at you like a train: *Is this all there is?* Somehow you feel cheated of the promised richness of life. It doesn't form any pattern. It speaks no melody into the dark. At my age Alexander the Great had been dead eight years and his life made some sort of melodic sense. Mine didn't. Scraps and fragments, half-attempted journeys to genuine dead ends. Sleep seemed far away, and death near. I wasn't helped by a scare that happened when I was 38 — an asthma attack posing as a heart attack and all the months thereafter of wondering if my two-year-old son would remember me if I went now, and thinking at that point in the dark, is it now?

Forty is a kind of death. Many friends of mine at 40 went off the grog, or left their wives or went on pilgrimages to Ireland or

Grief will
out, and vanity,
and terminal rage in
its due season.
It cannot be
contained

Israel or changed their jobs. Though I shall not follow their example, I do understand the hatred of the abiding self that brought them to it in their extremity of age. The self will not go away and will not accept forgiveness. So it must be changed. Another country, an older one, a younger woman, a line of work that in dreams as a boy they did to perfection. Yes, that must be the way . . .

The hardest thing of all is to convince you, gentle reader, that all of this is genuine. To a child the idea that grown-ups want to copulate seems entirely preposterous. To a young man the idea that in age you worry about your girth and your abiding place in the memory of your peers seems equally absurd. And yet it happens. Grief will out, and vanity, and terminal rage in its due season. It cannot be contained. Suicide comes very near in the depths of the night when exhaustion is at its worst, and dreams are of massacres and principled assassination and holy war. Some things you know, at these points in the night, you must not countenance. The greedy lies of Malcolm Fraser. The cruel asininity of Ronald Reagan. The nightly saline drip in the mind of the *Don Lane Show*. The daily loss of the bloom on your

skin and the color of your teeth and your sense of who you are. Evil must be found for you to fight against on the beaches and in the streets, to prove that you are there.

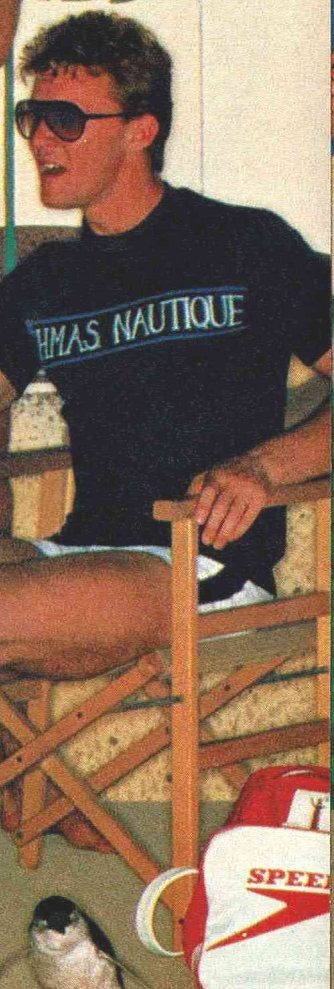
I used to feel contempt for actors and used car salesmen and politicians who feign a joy in life or a love of their work that they do not feel. I do not feel that way about them now. They too are fighting the void. They too have found a bone of hope to gnaw on. They too should have their hour. And so should I.

I look back on much of it now with a lot of regret, particularly the girls and women I mishandled and the friendships I brutalised and corrupted while I was in flight from on-rushing debt, and the things I didn't finish, or finished too late, and the people I made foes of when I didn't have to, by being a pussyfooting procrastinator and a creep. But I'm glad I went to war once, and met Gough Whitlam, and followed Michael Foot around Wales, my forefathers' land, and wrote the one hit play I wrote before the failures, and the one hit film before the failures. I'm glad of speeches I made, and pieces I wrote that had some effect on the course of Australian film, and on the ABC. I'm glad I know Kings Cross, and Palm Beach and the generation of junkies I have come to hate for the loss of all the good that was in them when there was so much to be had, especially in these Nostradamus years when what is left to be had is less and less.

I am glad to have grown up a Seventh Day Adventist and to have grown so sick of the end of the world that now when everyone else believes in it daily and nightly I cannot share their idiot views and enjoy each day as it comes as a gift of time and the great river that unites us all. I know if I died tomorrow I would have done some things I wanted and not postponed at least the attempt to do or get some others, and, save for how in the memory of my little son I wouldn't last as a concept as long as I would like, I could go gently down the great dark corridor towards the Being of Light with some of my address to the jury in good shape.

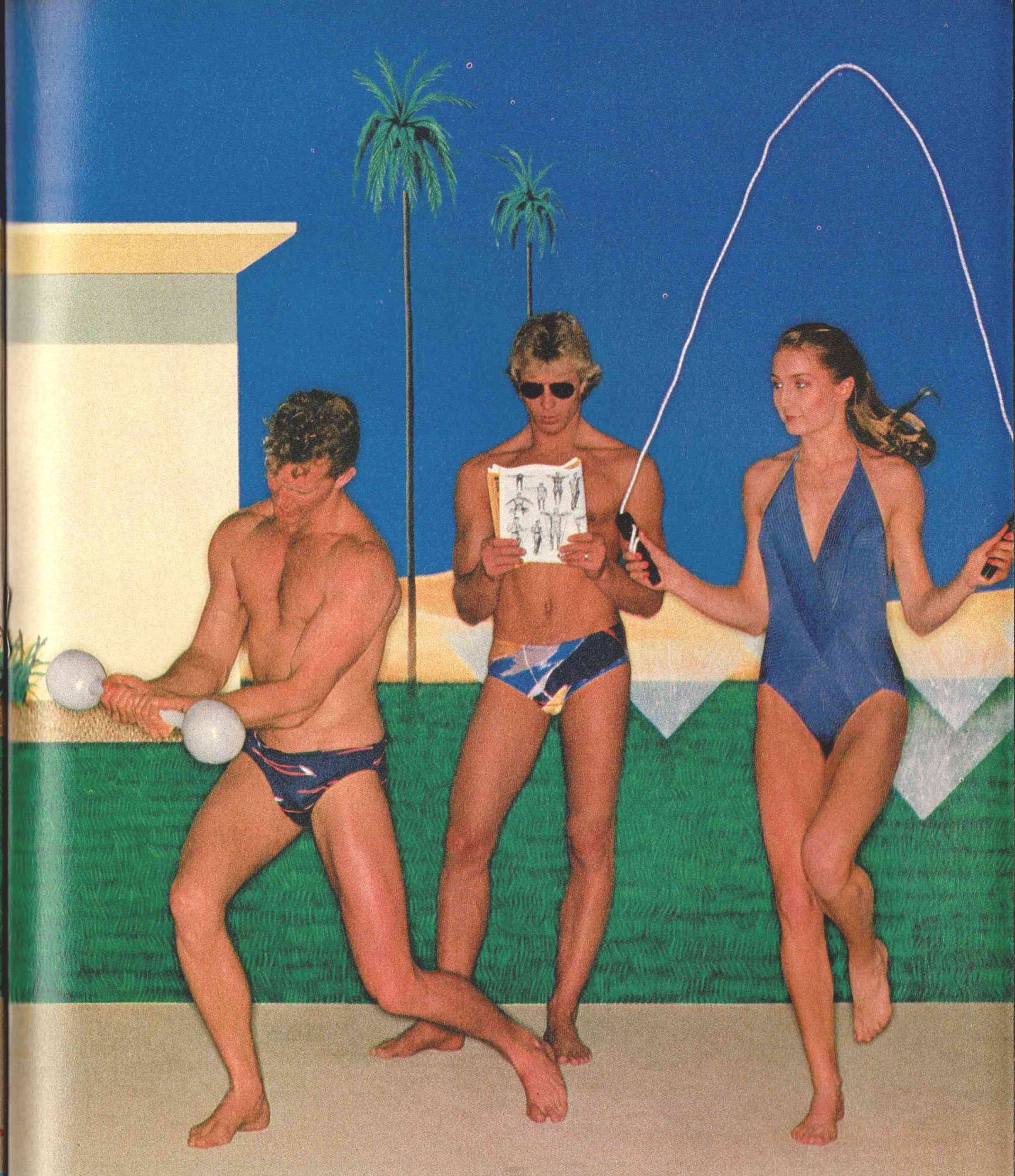
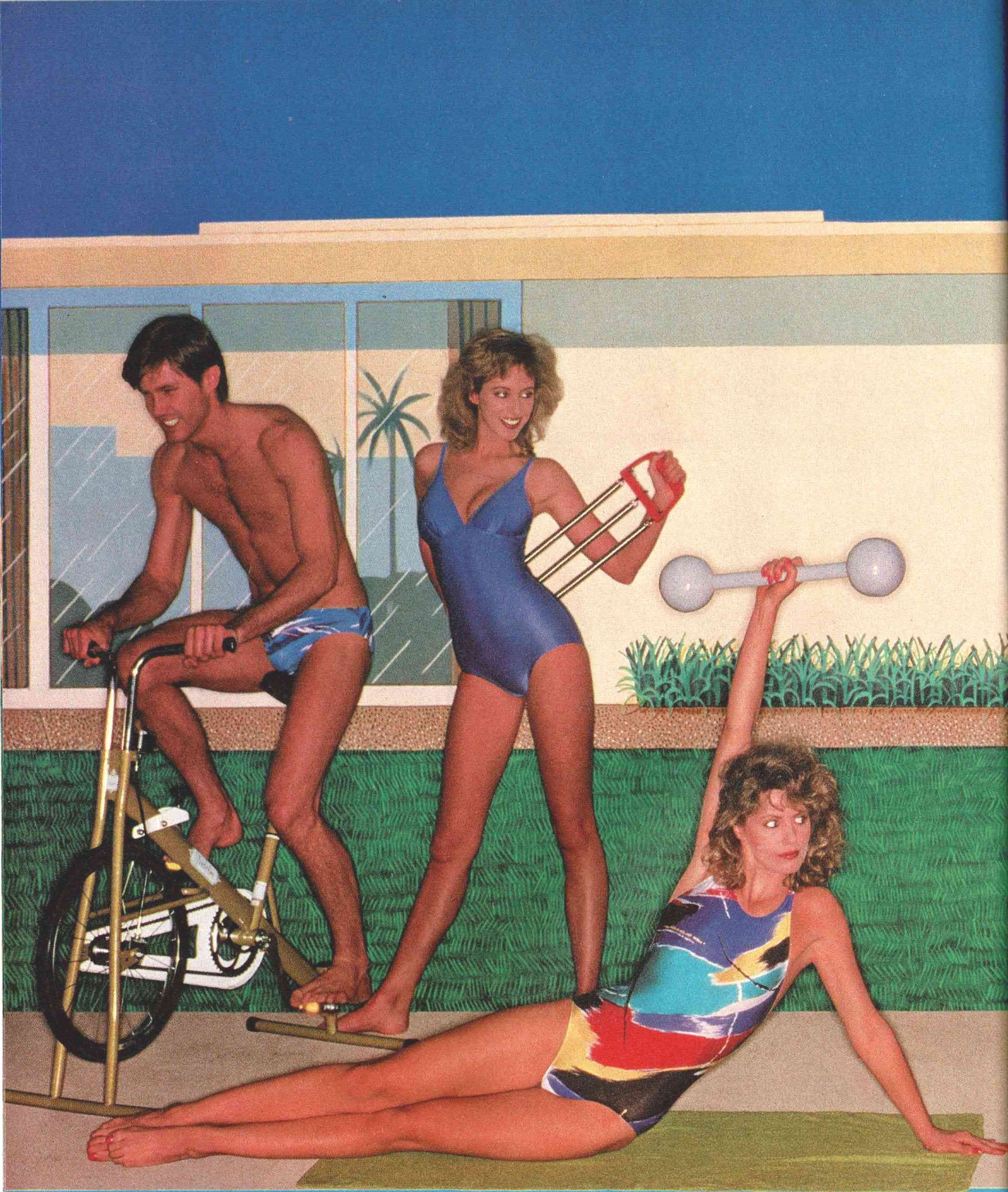
I don't know where it will end, or if it will, and I would not be surprised if we all end up in some dreary astral university common room writing further symphonies and dictating into moving tumblers love letters to those who cannot hear. But I would not be surprised as well if the worm, and the carbon cycle, were all there is, and certain rituals of posterity on microfilm and crematorium walls on a planet soon to plunge into a flaring sun.

Being half-way down the road or more to where it will all be known — if nothing is the answer or great things are afoot — I can, with warring sorrows in my blood and equanimity in my nostrils, look back and forward to youth and age with moderate, decent familial thanks; and remorse; and love; and awful despair . . . and an inch or two of hope. O—E





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Victorian England
was a dangerous place
for a lady seeking
new sexual thrills

THE DIARY

PROLOGUE

My great aunt Isabel died a couple of months ago. A sweet and kindly old lady, she remained to the very end in her rambling house at Windsor, almost under the shadow of the castle. The maid, whom I met just once, was in her sixties; Isabel was on the downhill side of the nineties — they made quite a pair.

Being the sole beneficiary of her Will, quite a few thousands of pounds came my way. The money will be useful. I will be leaving for Melbourne early next year, because England is on her last legs. Between them the strike-mad unions and inept politicians have all but achieved what Hitler, Napoleon and the King of Spain never even looked like doing.

In the writing cabinet was the packet of papers mentioned in the Will. It turned out to be a number of diaries, nine in all, written by a distant relative well over a century ago. Much of the content of the first eight proved to be of especial interest to the Natural History Museum in London, for the French lady who wrote the diaries

knew Jean Baptiste Mont de Lamarck apparently quite well, and almost certainly corresponded with him frequently.

After she moved to England in 1834, when she married, her love and knowledge of natural history was such that she felt obliged to continue her investigations here, and there is real evidence that the "C.D." referred to in these diaries was none other than Charles Darwin. As he spent more than 20 years reflecting before publishing his famous theory, in 1859, it is fascinating to speculate how much influence this lady may have had on his thoughts, for in some ways she seems to have unknowingly anticipated his general outlines.

The bulk of the first eight diaries will be published later, after proper authentication by the museum, as a series of natural history pamphlets, and should prove of immense interest.

The ninth diary, however, is of a different nature altogether. Strikingly so. In some ways it has all the structure of a

FICTION BY PETER JONES

Illustration by Brendan McCarthy

Let it reign. Let it pour.



King George IV. The Royal Standard in Scotch whisky.

THE DIARY

black comedy, and the following, drawn entirely from the contents of this last diary, gives a fascinating and enlightening glimpse of the life and times of the Victorian period, of a kind of life not even barely hinted at by Austen et al.

In the interests of continuity I have slightly edited the text. The translation from the original hand-written French to English is my own.

Jeanne-Marie Mercier

January 15, 1843

When I began these diaries shortly after my marriage eight years ago, determined, at the very least, to continue my studies into the Lamarckian theory of evolution, I thought there would be many wondrous things to recount about my new life. How wrong I was. While my studies showed remarkable promise, a 20-year-old bride expects much after a cloistered early life, but the real world turned out to be so dull. My dear husband's horses and horse-racing require so much of his time — I see him so little that we might almost be just acquaintances now. Added to that, the grape estates in Spain demand his attention sometimes four or five times every year, often for a month or more each time. He seldom, if ever, takes me: "It is a man's business."

So the "highlights" of my married life have been boring soirees, occasional dances, knitting and crocheting — and walks where I can continue my erudition alongside the lovely River Thames, which in so many ways brings back fond memories of my beloved Seine. Had it not been for Marie, my maid, who happily agreed to accompany me to this country on the occasion of my marriage, I would have almost no-one to talk to, for the ladies here prattle away, and are full of empty nonsense, concerned, it seems, with only their dressmakers and society gossip.

Fortunately these walks along the tow path of the Thames, extending many miles each way from Henley, are a source of great delight to me, as the animal and bird life is so much more abundant than near Rochefort, thus making long-term study gratifyingly possible.

Then last night at Lady De Ville's dinner there was this most charming artist. He is a portraitist who comes from somewhere called the Isle of Man — though I do believe he may well be English. But he is so enchanting. He seems no more than about 30, and has a Gallic impetuosity, charm and vitality. When asked by Lady Robertson, who has a face such as would happily grace the behind quarters of a horse, if he would consent to paint her, he paused, then with open candor replied, "Madame, I am an artiste!" He spoke entirely without affectation: was he not

aware of even the most basic of social graces? I must arrange to meet him again, but I doubt somewhat if Lady Robertson will feel obliged to invite him to luncheon.

January 27

There is a new zest in my life. I have since found out that artist's name — it is Monsieur Salamander Porteus. It appears that he is going to be much in demand, for an exhibition of his paintings at the Haig Street in the City of London, for which he came over here, has been wonderfully well reported. I journeyed there with Marie and a footman on the new steam railway, which took only two and a half hours. Compared to the whole day necessary to coach to London, it was quite exhilarating, but the smoke was disgusting. I cannot begin to describe M. Porteus. He was standing amidst a crowd when I first arrived at the gallery, so all I could see were his head and shoulders. And once again I could not help thinking he must have French blood in him, for he was using his hands and arms almost as much as his lips. I gradually worked my way over near him, admiring his paintings, and was amused to see a portrait of Lord de Ville. It seems to be almost common knowledge that he is being cuckolded by half the Lieutenants stationed near us at Henley. I shall endeavor to find out if Monsieur P. has joined the ranks — and take him away, if he has! I desire him for myself. When I passed by he was gracious enough

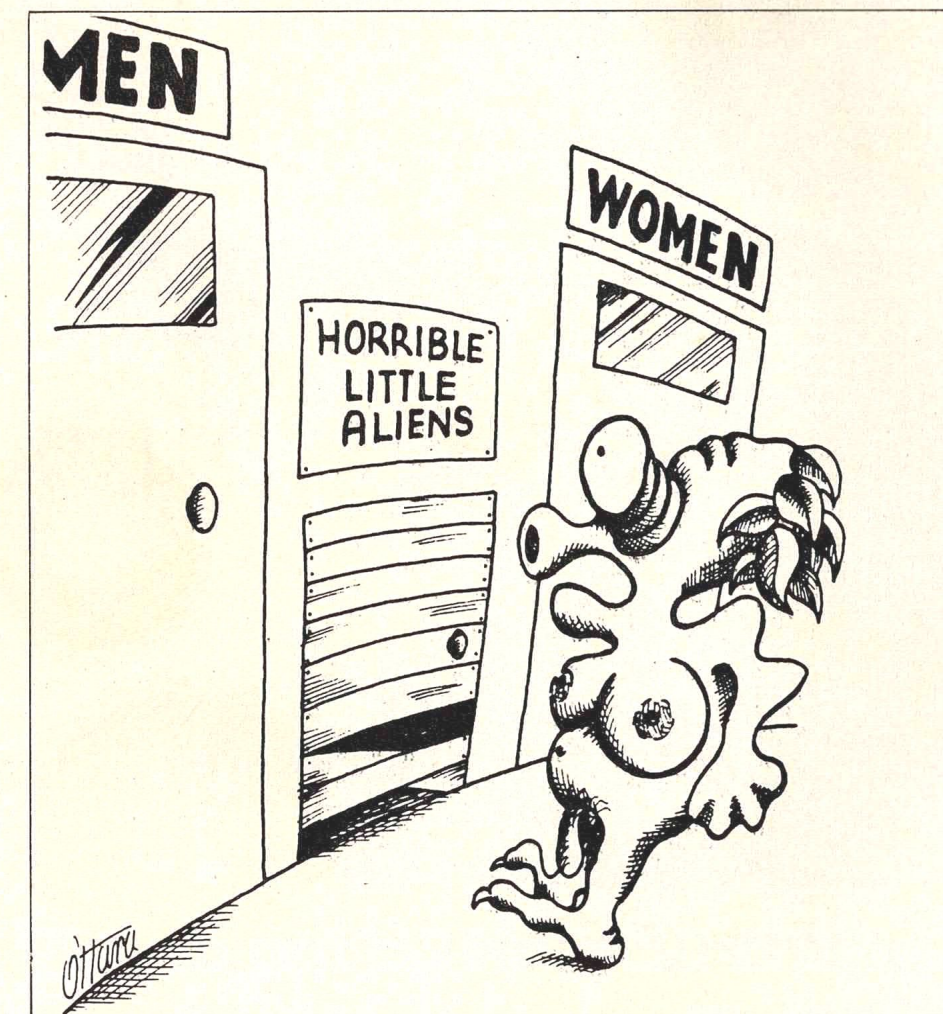
to recognise me, and for a few moments we were able to discourse. Naturally I complimented him on the quality and workmanship of his paintings, and he replied with words I shall treasure for the rest of my life: "Madame, beside yourself, my works of art are but a flame, that flickers and dies." My heart seemed to stop for a moment, and I had to excuse myself, for I felt quite faint. Luckily I had kept on my gloves, for had he kissed my bare fingers with his lips I am sure I would have swooned there and then. Obviously he has a knowledge of etiquette, but is not disturbed by discarding it when he feels it necessary.

February 2

My hand is trembling so much I can hardly write. Next Friday, a lifetime of four days away, the Nancys' ball will be held. It will be the usual lavish affair, I suppose, but at least there will be dancing — and Lord Nancy has graciously invited Monsieur P! I must get Caroline to introduce me formally, and hope for the best. God help me, and let me not faint if he does request to dance. I shall die if he does not.

February 5

What a miserable benighted country this is. It has been raining for two days now with no signs of stopping. Everywhere is overcast and grey, the heavy clouds bringing everlasting sheets of rain which seem to be here for all eternity. No wonder this country is so green — but pleasant . . . If



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the weather is no better by tomorrow evening I will have to ask Caroline to send over a barouche for me, as Charles has ours, and there is only the open carriage otherwise, or one of those ridiculous sulkies. Three days I have been a prisoner in this house, unable to venture out. Every hour seems like a day, tormenting my soul.
February 6

I have decided. I will wear my lilac dress tonight. It displays my fair skin to perfection, far better than the rose or violet, and will match the hue of my diamond necklace exquisitely.
February 7

Could anything have been more perfect? Like a blessing the rain stopped in the afternoon, so I was able to go early, and as the groom brought the carriage around, even the clouds eased, and a pale sun seemed to light the pathway. The four greys had been groomed and polished till they shone like burnished pearls — how they set me off! It took only a little over a quarter of an hour along the tow path, and after the rain everywhere smelled so soft, sweet and fresh. I noticed many of the blue and green Lesser Kingfishers, all clearly still in their own territories, darting about over the water as the evening drew near, probably as glad as I that the rain had stopped. "My" two lovely heron were fishing in

their stately way near a clump of bull-rushes, and so used are they now to the boat and carriage traffic nearby that they took no notice of us, continuing to stalk their supper, placing one long leg carefully after the other as they march slowly along.

We were indeed the first there, and I took care to ask Caroline to introduce me to Monsieur P. immediately. He turned as he heard us coming across the floor, and on recognising me he smiled in such a way as to light up his handsome face, gave a deep bow, and graciously kissed my hand. The feel of his fingers on mine was like a muted flash of lightning, sending delicious quivers along my arm, and causing my heart to jump. I was quite entranced. Such a fine, noble face. I asked him about his homeland, which indeed is an island, apparently a wild and magnificent one (so he says) in the Irish Sea. So he is not an English barbarian — but calls himself a Manxman, whatever that might be. And we danced, not just once, but many times. So many ladies wished to beg his favor that the poor man was quite exhausted. But he dances superbly, unlike that oaf de Ville, who has all the grace of a cart horse, and treads on my toes with such vigor. His compliments too have all the finesse of a bag of oats!

Monsieur P. spoke briefly with me about his art, after I had blushing compared his works with the paintings of great masters, but he quickly admonished me. For an ar-

tiste he is surprisingly frank, modest and so honest with his alleged shortcomings, his lack of wide experience. But!!!! He has invited me to attend with him the Exhibition at the Royal Gallery next week! It had taken me only a few minutes to persuade him to ask me, and I'm sure he did not realise — if he did he was far too much a gentleman to make it evident.

February 18

What an utterly fascinating week. How my life has changed. When I look back over only a few weeks to those tedious years, it is difficult to believe how my vision of life has widened. I spent such an enjoyable afternoon with Monsieur P. at the Gallery, and learnt far more that I could have even guessed at. An artiste is indeed a craftsman, and I can now view the works of many highly esteemed artists in a new light and with a totally new perspective.

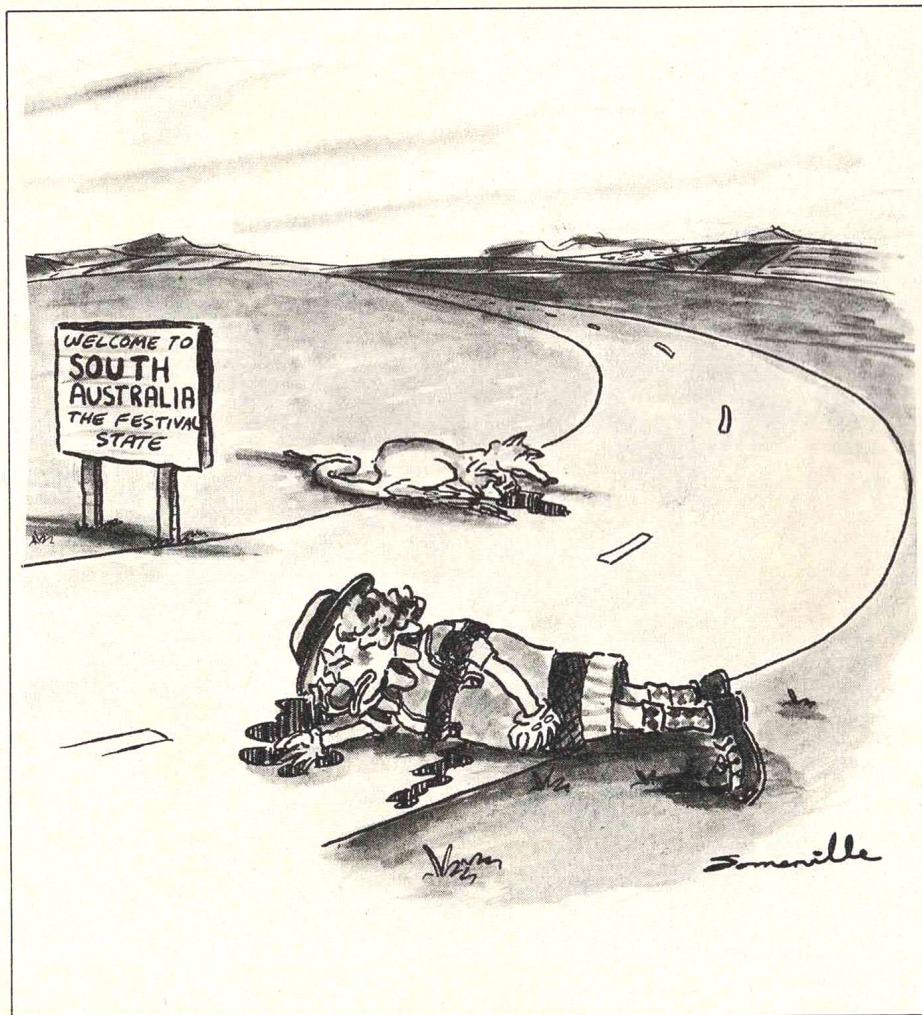
Monsieur P. is shortly intending to take up residence with Major General Brookes, whose wife I know only slightly. According to Monsieur P. they have a quite superb studio which has "magnificent" skylights, with the southern aspect so necessary. He hinted that Marie would make an excellent model — at which she blushed prettily. I retorted that any French lady would make an excellent subject. Monsieur P. gallantly apologised, and agreed with me, but pointed out that in Henley ladies from La Belle France were like leaves on the trees in autumn. Such was his surprise when he learnt of my country of birth! My grasp of the perplexing English language in eight years has evidently been better than I suspected. My plan to ensnare him is slowly working, but how much time is there?

March 21

Twice now we have been to the studio at the Brookes'. It is indeed as Monsieur P. described. The sloping skylights allow the full glory of the afternoon sun to flood the room with a magnificent blaze of light. Marie sat for him both times. From the care with which Monsieur P. placed her, seated daintily on the couch, it is clear that the relationship between the source of light and the sitter is so important.

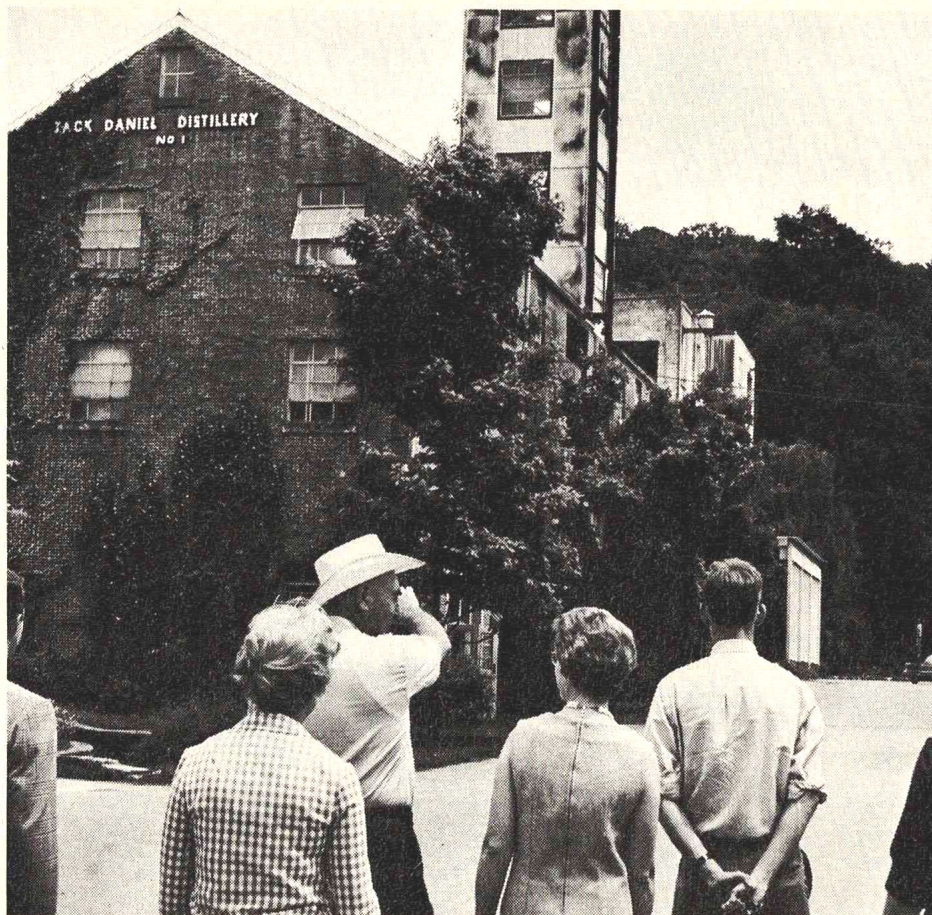
When Monsieur P. had Marie placed to his satisfaction, the sunlight illuminated her face and shoulders to perfection, with such a warm glow. I had not realised before how pretty she is, though the cheek bones are surely too high and prominent for hers to be a classical face. The day of the first visit was a typical spring day — cool, clear and crisp, with but a clouded sun for part of the time.

However, the second visit was one that will live in my memory for many a night. The day was exceedingly hot, and with the sunlight streaming in through the skylights, it was like a hothouse inside the studio. The sight of Monsieur P. took my breath clear away. He was quite naked to the waist, marvellously muscled — and so beautiful! What a wonderful sight a naked



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man makes! He attempted to apologise for his state of undress, and began to put on his waist shirt. Fortunately I was able to dissuade him. And for the whole of that afternoon I was able to feast my eyes on his body. Where dear Charles is running to fat, Monsieur P. is like a Greek athlete — lithe and so full of vigor.

Sadly, Marie fainted after only an hour and a half from the heat and lack of air, and had to lay down later for the rest of the afternoon, in her room. Poor girl, she was quite white and drawn, but an application of cold water soon revived her. I, too, found the heat nigh unbearable, and though I valiantly attempted to converse with Monsieur P., in the end both Marie and I had to leave early.

Monsieur P. and I are developing a rapport, but the ridiculous convention that demands that a gentleman shall make the first approach is impossible to understand — or suffer. How can I encourage Monsieur P. without being considered most improper? Oh, this world is so frustrating!

May 9

The weather this year is so extraordinary. Last year there seemed to be almost no summer at all — for it seemed to rain almost every day(!) — now it is like summer already. Marie asked permission to wear a lighter weight dress, rather than her normal heavy uniform, which of course was gladly given. I would not want her to faint again, causing us to leave prematurely.

I am becoming almost accustomed to the sight of Monsieur P.'s naked body, but can hardly wait each week for Marie and I to visit. I ache just to touch him. Too soon the portrait of her will be complete — and I am at a loss, for he has not yet even hinted he would wish to paint me! I cannot bear to go on living here, and yet not see him!

Last week Monsieur P. asked Marie to lower the dress a little so that he could finish properly the shoulder lines, but as she was not wearing her under-dress, it slipped down off her arms and exposed her bosom. Monsieur P. was enchanting. He had no difficulty at all in overcoming her shyness. I am most jealous. She has large firm bosoms with prominent nipples, and Monsieur P. is most anxious to paint her undressed to the waist.

When I examine my own bosoms they seem so small in comparison. I am positive he would be most unimpressed, had I the courage to expose myself to his gaze. Marie found it difficult to sit still for too long. I fear the strain was perhaps beginning to tell, and in the end Monsieur P. kindly gave her a rest every half hour or so, though clearly he wished desperately to continue painting. Happily though, this gave me natural opportunities to discourse with Monsieur P. — but somehow I cannot find a way to persuade him to ask

me to pose for him. I would not wish to lower myself to the level of that harridan, Lady Robertson.

May 26

Last night at my bath when Marie was attending to my toilet, in a fit of asperity I told her to remove all her clothes. I was most curious to see exactly how she looked completely unclothed. I could readily see why Monsieur P. is so entranced by her. She is shorter than I, but proportioned just so. Her bosoms do not in fact seem too large at all, and her *mond du Venus* is quite splendid, jet black and most bushy. Indeed, I'm sure any artist would be glad to have her sit for him.

When she had dried me after bathing, daringly I removed the towel from my body completely, and asked Marie if she thought Monsieur P. would think me sufficiently handsome to paint. At last I spoke to her of my dreams, and it was with a tremendous feeling of relief that I unburdened my soul to her. It had been so long since I had lain with a real man that my whole body cried out to do so.

"But is Madame aware that ladies can bring pleasure to each other in many ways that men cannot understand?" asked Marie. This was not a subject I felt I ought to follow, but stifling my natural inhibitions, I asked her to explain further.

She simply took me to my bed, and the next two or more hours were such exquisite agony. Marie used her fingers, lips, and even toes and teeth in a way that took my breath clear away. I had not realised before how much like a musical instrument a woman's body can be, to be tuned and played to a truly wonderful pitch. We both slept in my bed that night!

July 1

I am becoming exhausted!

July 11

The painting of Marie is now all but complete, and even to my untutored eye it does have a strong and certain inner light, which to me is very faithful to a *Ruebens*, though doubtless Monsieur P. would disagree. He has, I feel, caught a most fascinating mixture of sensuality and innocence in her face. I can confirm the accuracy of the former. Had I known the pleasures a woman's body can bring, I wonder if I would have been so ready to marry. But to the news!! I am sure that Marie must have whispered in his ear, but Monsieur P. has asked me to sit for him! To his credit he asked so hesitantly, too. I can hardly believe it will be happening so soon. Of course, Marie will have to accompany me as a chaperone, as she has always done, but still, Marie and I know a little now of each other's desires.

July 18

I was almost trembling with excitement. Even the heatwave we still endure worked well for me, as Monsieur P. still finds it expedient to work naked to the waist, and the presence of his bare body next to mine while he placed me was all but over-

powering. I was so close to his bare chest I could even see his heart beating (only half as fast as mine!). How I restrained myself from placing both my hands on his body I shall never know.

Attempting to make the most of my poor bosom I wore an excruciatingly tight corselet to push them up. With my white décolletage Empire dress I thought my appearance quite presentable. But Monsieur P. asked immediately, but most diffidently, if I was wearing such an article of clothing, pointing out that it was most unnatural, and that a true artist must portray people as they are, not always as they would wish to be. He went on to say that in his opinion the absence of such an article of clothing would enhance my "pert" figure, which improved my state of mind.

July 25

Charles has been back now for three weeks or more, making it impossible for Marie and I to enjoy ourselves. Strange, now, how I wish Charles could leave soon, where before I longed for his company, poor though it was. But still, after Marie's delicious raptures, I do find Charles rather gross in his advances, and it is becoming increasingly necessary to find excuses to avoid his amorousness.

He insisted on accompanying us to the studio, so I wore my most chaste dress, and at my unspoken request, Monsieur P. finished the session as early as was practical, and took note of the message I sent

him acquainting him of my husband's intention, so despite the heat he remained fully dressed, though uncomfortable. It was obvious the two men hardly saw eye to eye — Charles' knowledge of the arts and artists is barely existent, which would place him at an intolerable level in Monsieur P.'s estimation.

August 1

How wondrous a conversation between a man and a woman can be — there is a developing bond, a rapport, between myself and Monsieur P., which grows stronger and stronger every time we meet. Marie discreetly retires to a far corner of the studio, while Monsieur P. and myself discuss for a few moments the progress of the work, which at this stage is a number of charcoal sketches, some partly filled in with details. For a few brief but so delicious moments, I am able to stand close to him. Once I compared his wonderful body (in a general way, by referring to that of a superbly-muscled athlete in the Greek manner) to the well rounded, even plump, lines of the body of a woman.

My patience and perseverance were well rewarded. We discoursed on the differences in build and shape between men and women and I, to encourage him, presented my arm and shoulder up against his, to show the disparity. I was then able to admire his quite beautiful flat stomach, even laying my bare hand upon it, to emphasise the point. That was an



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exquisite moment. A thrill shot along my arm, causing me to gasp with sheer delight. Poor Monsieur P. He quite thought I was going to faint, and clasped his strong arms around me!

We then continued with the painting session as normal, but I felt some considerable progress had been achieved.

August 7
Thank God Charles has received urgent notice to return to Spain. Something to do with a crop blight, I fear. That means he will be impossible when he returns, for the grapes are usually ruined.

Happily, though, feeling more secure, I once again wore my fashionable white Empire, making sure my nipples were slightly rouged to enhance their coloring, and just showing (as is the coming trend). Monsieur P., I am most pleased to recount, could hardly take his eyes from my bosom, and complimented me, saying how much more a woman I looked without that "terrible corselet". Artists are very frank in their mode of speech. Feeling as though my heart would burst, I engaged Marie to unhook my dress and stepped out of it, in his full view. I am sure my face was blood red as a rose. This was a plan prepared with her last night — but one which needed all my courage to complete! Then Marie did the same. Utterly

daring. Neither of us wore anything underneath!

He was quite taken aback, the poor man.

While Marie and I were standing side by side I gently enquired of Monsieur P. which of us was the most beautiful. The conundrum caused him only a moment's anxiety. He gallantly put his arms around both our waists, remarking: "When not one, but two exquisite ladies of such perfection confront me, I must pause to draw breath. Come, let us sit down, and reflect on our good fortune." He sat between us on the couch, carefully examining each and all parts of our bodies, finding no fault anywhere.

He lifted my arm, exclaiming over its shapeliness and whiteness, cupped one bosom, finding its shape and texture quite outstanding, at which I very nearly did faint indeed. The feel of his strong but sensitive fingers on my bosom was almost more than I could bear, as a quivering shock running clear down to my loins took my breath right away. With his two hands he spanned my waist, exclaiming he had never seen one so finely delicate, and small.

He found similar words of praise for Marie, but I'm glad to say he could not span her waist with two hands. We then had the opportunity of examining his wonderful body, feeling the lithe, hard muscles.

The painting session was an anti-climax. The first reunion of the bodies of Marie and myself was not!

August 21

Having thus broken the barriers between us, so to speak, I felt able to speak to Monsieur P. more frankly. For example, I innocently enquired of him (I freely admit to having done so in order to find out if he was as knowledgeable in the arts of love as he was of painting) whether a man's nipples can be used to arouse such peaks of excitement as can those of a woman. Probably wondering how he should answer, for I feel sure he guessed at some hidden question, Monsieur P. turned the enquiry aside, admitting he was not aware of the pleasures embodied in the tips of a woman's bosoms. Not expecting that, I was at a loss for words, and we had to continue with the painting for a while longer. Afterwards I invited Marie to sit with us on the couch while we had the customary lemon tea. While there I asked Monsieur P. if he had ever enjoyed the rapturous attention to his upper body that a young lady of some sensibility could bring, and at the same time begged him not to think the question at all indelicate. When he again admitted he had not, Marie was then able to instruct Monsieur P. just as she had so wondrously shown me. I am sure he could not have wished, or begged, for more. While he lay on the couch Marie knelt at the side, teasing and nurturing his chest and nipples with her teeth, until he lay gasping with delight.

When he recovered, we had unfortunately to bid adieu, for the hour was late.

September 9

Why, oh why, do I have to put up with that carthorse of a Charles, loving and kind though he is, simply because convention bids me so? I had thought there could be no greater pleasure than that of Marie and myself — but I must admit that Monsieur P. has some extraordinary dexterity in that direction. I feel I must try to re-capture, with what may well be totally inadequate words, those most wonderful minutes.

After that last momentous sitting three weeks ago, Monsieur P. has indeed turned the tables, and so delightfully too. The next week he asked my permission to have Marie teach him the same technique, so that the lady he may eventually marry might also enjoy the benefits. Being most anxious to relate to his favors myself, I modestly pointed out that it might be more easily accomplished if Marie instructed Monsieur P. on my bosoms, and even managed to blush prettily.

I'm afraid there was little painting achieved in the remainder of that afternoon, nor in the whole of the next two either. Certainly Monsieur P. does not have the delicacy of touch or feel of Marie, but he does bring such a lithe hardness of muscle which I find so exquisite. The roughness of his skin when his body brushes mine rouses me in a way most

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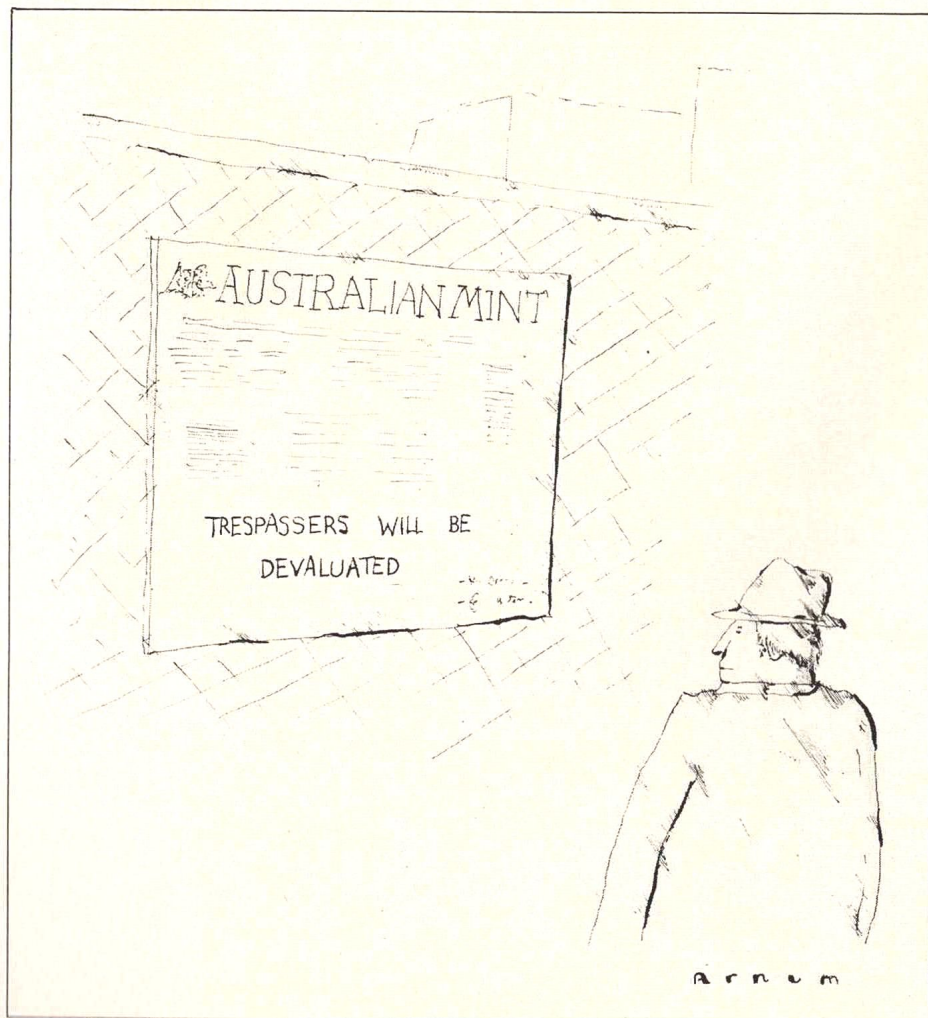
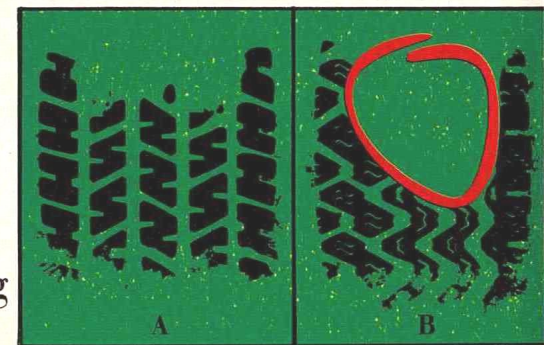
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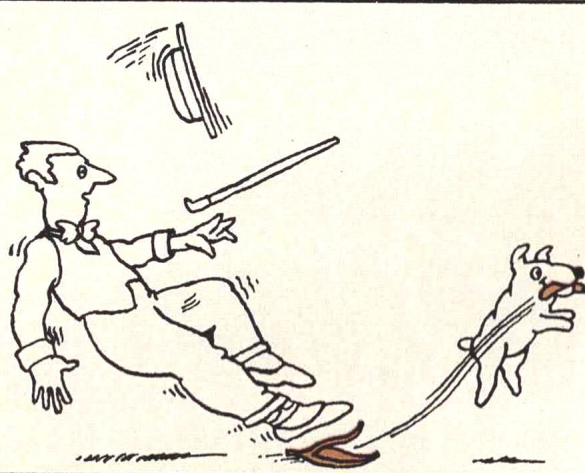
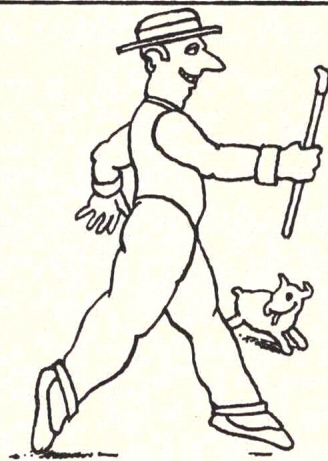
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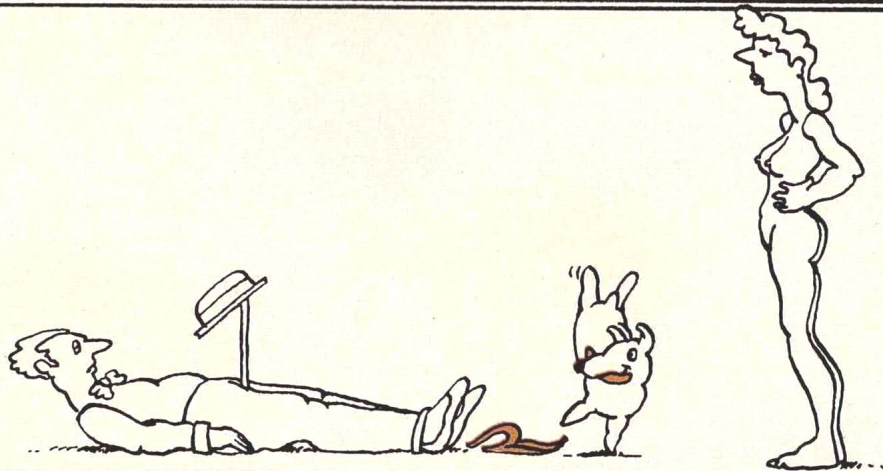
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Matthew Martin.



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astonishing, and in an almost miraculous manner, my nipples blossom at his touch, becoming firm, capable of sending spasms of utter delight tingling through my whole body, leaving me near weak and gasping. For more!

He takes longer to develop those breathtaking feelings in me than does Marie, but is able to sustain them far longer, till I am literally as weak as a leaf in the autumn, unable to stand. On that last sitting, where not one jot of painting was achieved, it was Marie's "turn", and I found I was becoming almost insanely jealous, to an alarming extent, watching Monsieur P. bring Marie to a shuddering joy. She had, like I, removed all her clothing, and was showing Monsieur P. that valiant little knob-like protrusion which seemed to fascinate him. As well it might. I fear he had little or no idea at all of the true construction of a woman's body, despite his training in the arts.

Afterwards he enquired if I wished, in turn, to learn something of advantage, which would enhance my husband's bliss. Wishing to do whatever he pleased, I enquired as to just what Monsieur P. had in mind. He pointed out that while Marie had been of immense benefit in teaching him about the parts of a woman's body, there was much in return to show what delighted a man. He even asked my permission to disrobe! Permission which I gladly gave, of course.

"It nearly took my breath sheer away, for I had never before seen a completely undressed man. He was quickly disrobed, for he was wearing only his under drawers and breeches. It was intriguing to watch. His member was remarkable. Never in all my dreams have I wished for anything so... so robust. He had some difficulty in removing his under drawers, for his member was quite stiff and unyielding, pointing away from his body, and being some eight or even nine inches in length, with a rounded, blood-colored tip.

Sitting by my side, Monsieur P. gently took my hand and placed it around his member, explaining that it was necessary to squeeze slightly — but not too much. Then he slowly moved my hand back and forth along his member — at which it seemed to grow even larger! How he could hope to fit it inside a woman's body I could only guess. The more I continued the more agitated Monsieur P. became, until suddenly his whole body began heaving, and then suddenly a sticky white substance shot out of the end of his member, with some force.

It took many minutes before his breathing was back to near normal, by which time his member had shrunk down to quite a small size and was very limp. "Madame", he said, "that was really most superb — I fear if you can entertain

your husband in a like manner too often, he is likely to have a short, but ecstatic, life indeed!" Marie, who had been watching with an amused look on her face, suddenly spoke. "Monsieur, it seems clear that you have only just begun." "Begun!" he expostulated. "I am finished." "Look, he is quite weak and trembling — what more could he do?" Marie laughed, a dainty sound in the quiet studio. "Sir, if you wish", she said, and curtsied, a remarkable sight seeing she was still quite unclothed.

At her suggestion Monsieur P. lay down on the carpet, and Marie straddled him, rather as one would a horse, only back to front, presenting her mons to his lips, and taking his now very limp member in her lips. It was most remarkable. For after only a few minutes that wonderful staff renewed itself under Marie's ministrations. She then had to instruct Monsieur P. in the way she wished him to place his tongue in her mons, turning around and actually sitting on his chest, while showing him just what she wanted him to do. There must be something wonderfully educational in being brought up as a maid in the country, for she has a wide knowledge of the many things allied to reproductive methods.

But it was altogether far too much for me to sit and watch the pair. Removing my pantaloons and drawers, I knelt down and took that beautiful upright member in my mouth as I had seen Marie do, and found that by gently sucking it was quite possible to once again induce the jerking, squirming movements in Monsieur P. But Marie stopped me, suggesting we change places. Afterwards she explained that gentlemen who are brought to a pitch in this manner, of necessity cannot help themselves, and eject the white substance into the mouth of the lady, which is an acquired taste.

So I knelt over Monsieur P., placing my mons over his lips, into which he delightedly put his tongue, and in only a very few moments my body was shuddering with delight. He was not as experienced as Marie, but his longer, larger tongue had more strength in it. Monsieur P. had his hands on my bosoms, and the breathtaking combined bursts of feelings penetrated to the very extremities of my limbs. Never before have I felt so satiated.

In the meantime Marie was enjoying herself with Monsieur P.'s member, and when the time came, easily guessed at, for him to ejaculate some more of that white substance, she caught it in her hand, smoothing it over his member. Then, kneeling over him, she carefully guided his member inside herself. It was fascinating to see. By raising and lowering herself Marie was able to bring herself to ecstasy, though it was noticeable that Monsieur P. failed to fully respond in the way he had previously. All he could manage to do was groan pleasurably and plead, though with little apparent determination, to be allowed to rest a while.

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But Marie and I knew we had only just begun, and therefore I lay on the couch, being administered by Marie, and naturally returning the compliment afterwards.

So passed one of the most pleasant afternoons in my life. We bid adieu to Monsieur P., stroking his limp member in fond farewell, and to my surprise he lifted my dress and placed a tender kiss right on my mons — which almost made me want to start all over again. We shall have to take care not to arrive too early next week.

September 18

I dare not care to investigate further, but Charles has returned unexpectedly early — surely he cannot have travelled to Spain and back in such a short time?

September 26

There is a definite change in Charles. He is obviously only making an outward attempt to be himself, but he seems disturbed. I wonder if there is some severe drought at the estates, as happened several years ago? Marie, too, is more distant. Where we have often spent hours exchanging trivia and gossip, during the periods when we were completing the notes from our observations of the Lesser and Greater Kingfishers, now she finds it difficult to converse at all. I am quite at a loss to explain it. When I question Charles he merely looks at me in what seems to be an exasperated way, as though his problems are none of my business. Where, too, he would normally come to my bed-chamber at least once a week, he has not been now for several weeks. Only the memory of that wonderful afternoon enables me to live day to day.

October 17

Of course now that Charles is back the delightful indiscretions have had to cease. In fact Charles came with Marie and myself once to the studio, refusing all civilities except that he exchanged the afternoon tea for a brandy, and he sat in the room without speaking.

Monsieur P. worked well, for it was an excellent day, for once without those afternoon thunderstorms that have plagued us recently.

Perhaps even Charles was impressed, for he certainly inspected the near-completed work and made no deprecating comments. But he is most distant. I wish he would take me into his confidence, and

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tell me of his worries.

November 27

A tragedy!! Had it not been for the farewell ball yesterday, held for the sons of several local gentlemen who have been posted to India with their regiment, the Queen's Own Royal Hussars, I'm sure I would have been kept in complete ignorance. I can hardly find the words to write, and my hands tremble so. I shudder to think what the coming days will bring — for on the eve of the ball Charles presented himself at the studio and apparently demanded admission, despite the fact that Lady Cynthia was in the process of having the portrait sketches completed. With an oath he took out a pistol and shot Monsieur P.! Lady Cynthia was far too shocked to attend the ball, but it seemed everyone knew about the business and a few took me into their confidence, speaking to me about it. But there seemed little sympathy for me — in their eyes I am still just a foreigner. The British can be cruel, when they wish.

No-one cared to speculate on the probable fate of Charles. To make things worse he has been out all day and I cannot find out where he has gone, nor what is happening. I have not told Marie of the tragedy, but I fear the poor girl knows something is amiss, for she is quite white,

and almost trembles when I speak to her.
November 29

At last Charles has returned, after an absence of no less than six days — time that seemed an eon. I feared greatly to go out, and no-one called, so I have been completely unaware of what has happened, or what indeed might be happening. Yet he has come back full of false bonhomie and charm, and I simply do not understand it. He has refused point blank to refer in any way to Monsieur P. and for three days now we have had only the most superficial conversations, with Charles drawing attention to trivial shortcomings on the part of the cook's invoices; or remarking on the need to redecorate the drawing room, which indeed could well be done, but hardly needs it; and ordering a quantity of bricks to repair the estate wall, but I do not recall seeing it fallen anywhere.

December 18

On reading my wife's diaries I find her an able and highly competent daily record-keeper. Fortunately. Her vivid descriptions of those blasted Kingfishers and her so-called "evolution theory" put her on a par with those other necromancers and fools who seek to dispute with the Lord. Having long been aware of her habit, I made it a necessary duty to read them, even though "locked" away, but this last one made it imperative that I act. A

gentleman's honor was at stake. Not that I was unaware of my wife's indiscretions, for the maid has been in my employ for some time, and has kept me well informed of events as they happened, though not as fully or in such detail as she might. The time has clearly come to put a stop to all this tomfoolery. A woman's place is in the home — matters of so-called science, art and business are of no concern to them.

It will be my intention to have this diary published as a pamphlet — long after I am passed away, of course — as both a warning and a guide to readers of the dangers of women meddling in matters beyond their understanding.

The bricks I had delivered to repair the "wall" are now entombing her down in the cellar. It will be interesting to see how long she lives — to regret her thoughts and actions. I took much pleasure in building the wall around her while she was pinioned in the recess; her fate soon became obvious to her. Though I had unfortunately to place a gag in her mouth to alleviate the screams and entreaties. Also I have thoughtfully left out two bricks in order that she may enjoy fresh air for as long as she can remain alive. I would not want her to suffocate to death too early. I had some difficulty in pointing out to her the mercy of my actions. The Lord Justices were as one in wishing her both quartered as a heretic and burnt at the stake as a witch, but I successfully pleaded with them to let me arrange her death in a more seemly manner. This desire they were eventually pleased to grant me, after I had privately mentioned to the Lord Chief Justice that it might be embarrassing for him if knowledge became public of his dalliances with Lady Fenwick-Barr, whose husband is a first-class pistol shot. We quickly came to agreement.

I can also report that the scoundrel's scribbles have been removed from the walls of the gallery and burnt.

Further, that whore de Ville has gladly agreed to mention to her husband that I am deserving of a baronetcy, in return for a certain discretion on my part. In every clod of earth there are the worms.

December 21

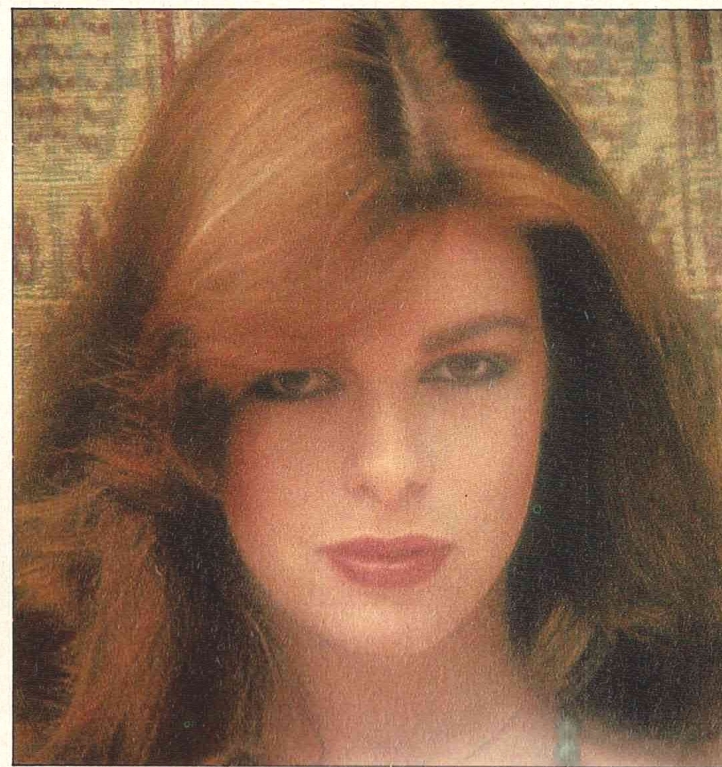
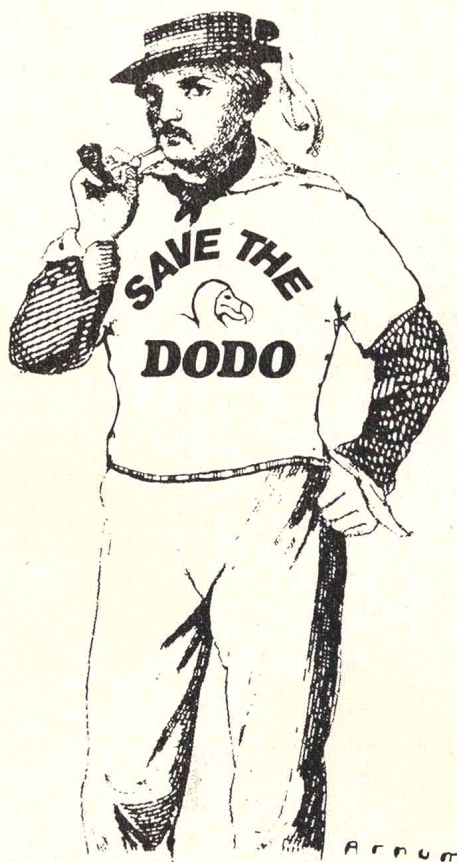
Yesterday I took luncheon down in the cellar as a last gesture, but the sobs and screams were so hideous I had to remove myself to a more quiet room upstairs, and leave her to her fate, unseen, unblessed. So far she has lasted four days, but I fear I will be placing the two final bricks very soon, for she weakens.

December 26

Having finally rid myself of that witch, whose bones will forever remain unblessed, and so cursed, I thought to celebrate the Holy Night in a joyous way, as our Lord would have wished. I can report the maid is indeed most dextrous and satisfying, as my late wife did indicate.

December 28

I shall be keeping the maid. ☞



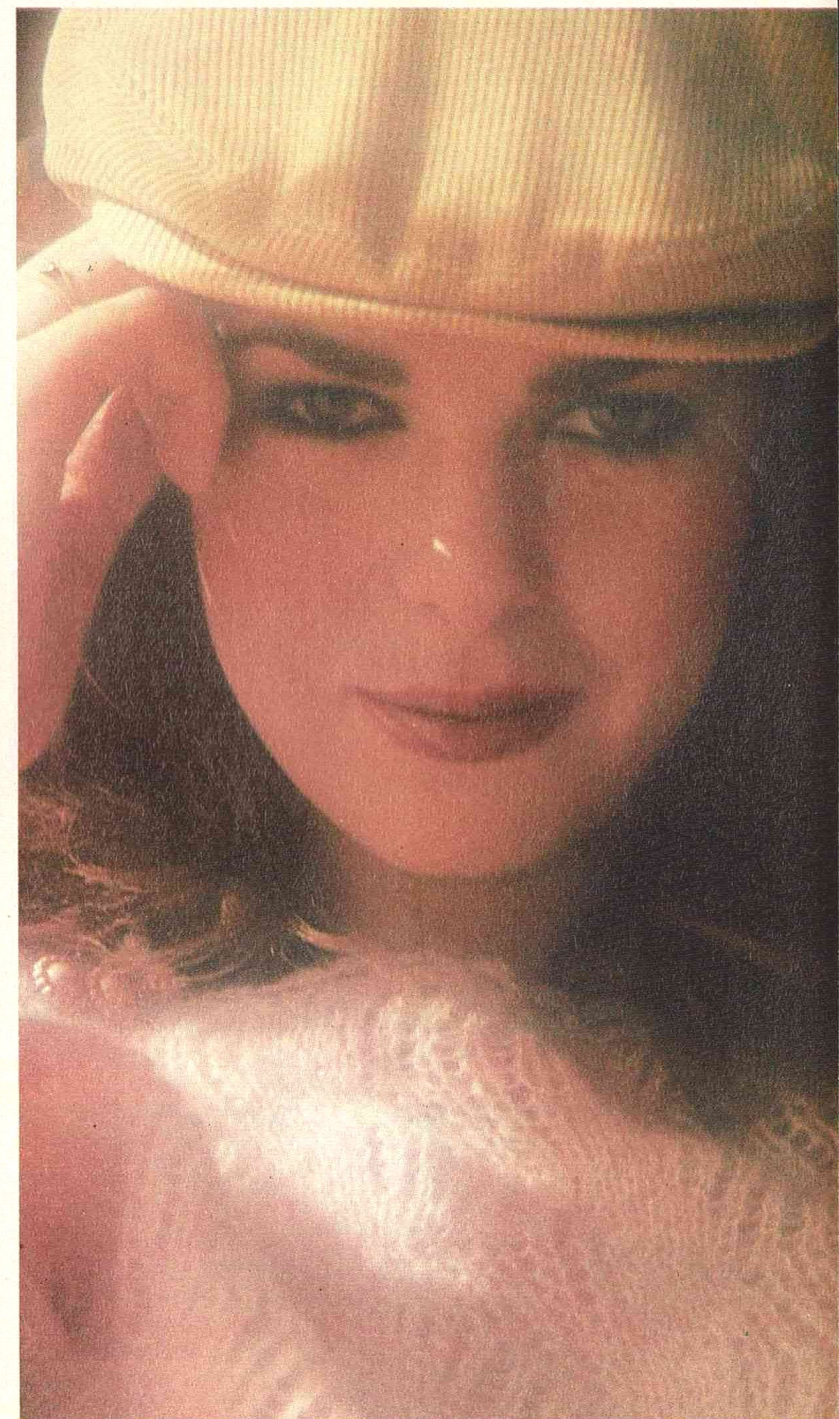
LEE ANN

• My prudish neighbors
back home see sex
as unwholesome; I
see it as good
clean fun •

SPOILING A GOOD THING

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

"Lee Ann Lee — sounds like a pair of Chinese comedians, right?" Our auburn-haired livewire admits to being a little tired of cracks about her name. "But just you wait and see, one day that name will be up in bright lights." Lee Ann has big eyes (that's showbiz talk for hot ambitions), great legs (i.e. heaps of staying power) and in our humble opinion this would-be starlet makes boffo box-office. But breaking into acting hasn't been without its problems for sweet Lee Ann. For a start she's had to make the big break from her small town origins . . .





"To me, for instance, being photographed by Bob Guccione and appearing in *Penthouse* is the ultimate honor. But my neighbors back home may be shocked. They see sex as unwholesome; I see it as good clean fun." So far Lee Ann's lovemaking has been intense but never seriously romantic.

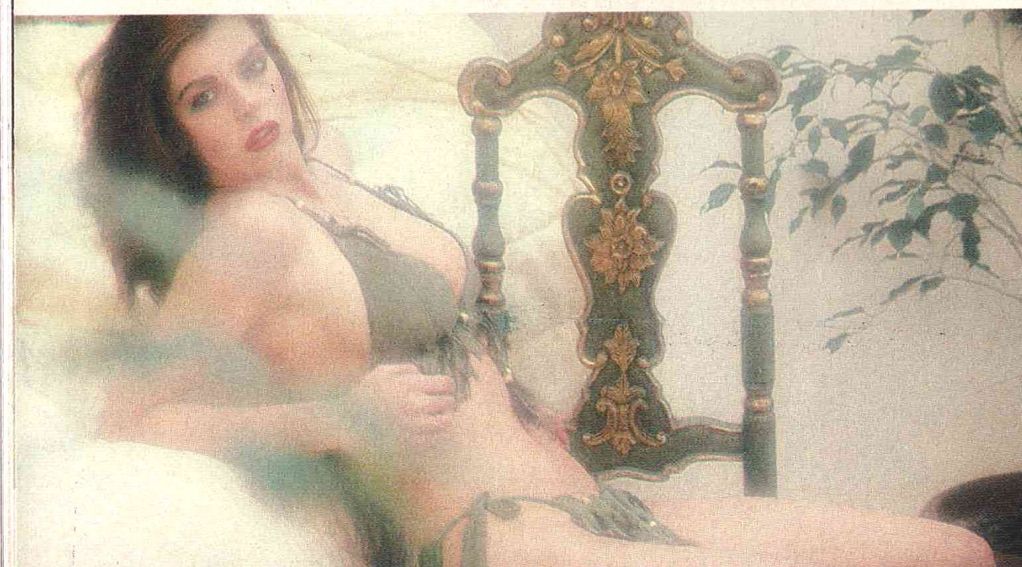
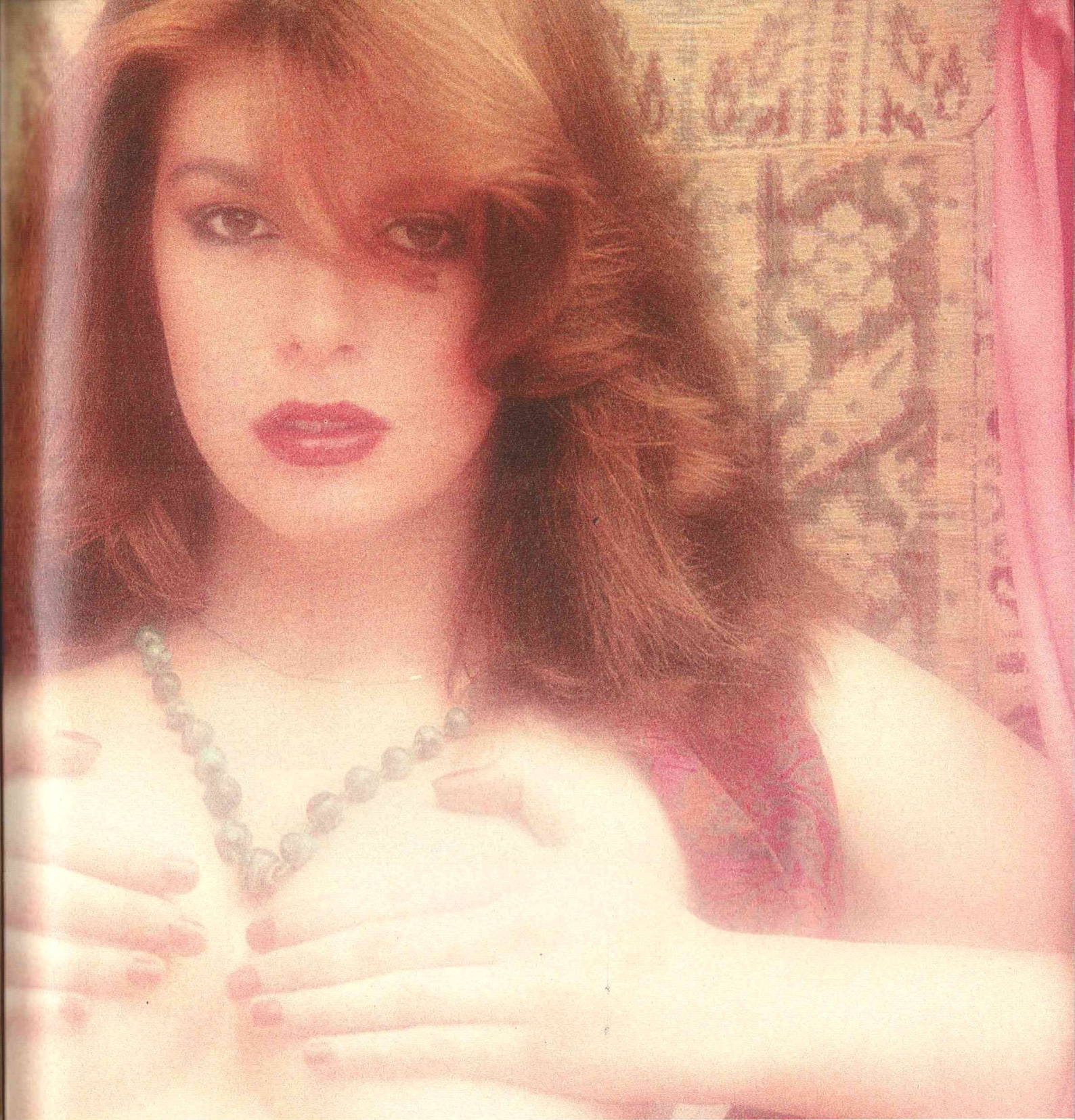






Just as well, she muses.
Being obsessed with a man would be too
distracting at the moment. She'd rather
concentrate on herself and on her poetry,
modelling, dancing and acting.





"I'd love to land a part in a TV soap opera, preferably playing one of those sexy, evil bitches. It would actually be in character," she smiles, "since I'm really kind of a brat by nature . . ." A brat we'd dearly love to spoil.





THE PENTHOUSE HISTORY OF CRIME IN AUSTRALIA — PART VII

CHASING THE YANKEE DOLLAR

BY DENIS WHITBURN

The big social "do" for the winter of 1942 started with a telephone call to the Secretary of the Maccabean Hall, Darlinghurst, booking it for a charity benefit in aid of some people who had met with an accident. The truth of the matter surfaced the night of the ball when 350 guests — among them the cream of Sydney's underworld society — turned out at the behest of the organisers, James Devine and his wife, Tilly (see Crime in Australia Part VI). The purpose of the event was to raise money to aid one of their fellow alumni facing a murder charge. "The cream" — Donald (The Duck) Day, Cliffie Thomas, "Skinny" Kenny, "Bandages" Cosgrove, "Perlie" Jackson and Ike Bone — mingled with the Darlinghurst luminaries following Tilly's opening rejoinder: "Now, I don't want this to be a rort. If anybody puts on a blue I'll hoist 'em

out. Now we're all here for a good cause, so let there be no panic."

While James Devine stood duty on the door to exclude any "undesirable elements", the guests, including 15 police assigned to the job (among them leading detectives from the Darlinghurst division), put on a binge the like of which Sydney had not seen before. Entertainment was provided by men impersonating movie flames of the day, Bette Davis and Delores del Rio.

"Bandages" Cosgrove kept to the outside of the hall, telling the cops when asked why he was not inside with the rest of his mates, "You don't catch me in there with that mob. I know what you want to do. You want to charge me with consorting!" History doesn't record whether "Bandages" had his tongue in his cheek at the time of the utterance . . .

YANKEE DOLLAR

By night's end, Tilly's concern that the occasion might degenerate into a riot had materialised when an Irishman, well under the weather, gate-crashed the party and Clifflie Thomas king hit him as a penalty for the intrusion. Another two scufflers were rendered almost unconscious in separate spates and a third was hospitalised for stitches.

The welfare of their comrade in the docks aside, Tilly and the boys (including those in blue) had plenty to celebrate. The war economy had filtered through all strata of society with particular accent on the underworld. Black-marketeering in scarce commodities and forging of ration books joined the backbone of crime — prostitution, sly grog activities and SP bookmaking — to give the engineers of illegal enterprise years of plenty during the "Yank invasion" in the wake of Macarthur's retreat from the Philippines. Not that the underworld could ever live and share the prosperity in complete harmony.

The head of the Maccabean Hall "do", Mrs Guido Calleti (the former Nellie Cameron), had lost her gangster spouse on the eve of World War II when Calleti fell in a blaze of gunfire from the weapons of a rival gang when trespassing on the turf of the Brougham Street Mob. True to the underworld code, he refused with his dying breath to divulge to police the names of

his killers. The 5000 people who turned out for his funeral attested to Calleti's influence in the community.

Before the war's end, some of those gathered at the Maccabean Hall "do" and others who made up the pecking order of Thirties mobster rule would be flushed out of the system during this watershed in Australian crime. New faces would take their place on police criminal records, a few given the distinction of having tome-like dossiers built around their activities out of the war and post-war periods. They would carve out the new platform for a rough-hewn organisational structure to handle the second half of the 20th Century, with political and police collusion reaching to the top echelon of rule and command.

The underworld and American servicemen came together like a hand in glove. As John Hammond Moore observed in his book, *Over-Sexed, Over-Paid And Over Here*, virtually all criticism levelled at the Americans by the Australians during World War II can be summed up in two words: sex and violence. "The United States of America, in a sense, had been exporting these highly volatile commodities for years. Hollywood productions created an image that gave the American an aura of mystery, romance, slick charm, and sinister but fascinating gangsterism long before he set foot in Australia." From this image, local gangsters could convince themselves they were dealing with a breed of their own, men who were adept at

bending any rule or law to enjoy the pleasures and commodities outlawed by society.

What neither the underworld or the Australian Government had counted on were the violent lengths the American servicemen were prepared to go to in satisfying their pleasure demands.

While General Macarthur plotted to make good his promise upon his Philippines retreat — "I will return" — the east coast of Australia took on the dual role of Allied base and recreation area. By September 1942, there were almost 250,000 servicemen spread around Brisbane alone. Chief among the demands of the boys in uniform were women and booze, with gambling facilities a close runner-up. To accommodate them every pimp, spiv, hustler, sly grog merchant and stand-over man came to the fore, not without, in some circumstances, government prompting.

One witness to this government-underworld alliance, when the lack of women in Brisbane threatened to turn that city into a powder keg, relates an incident in John Hammond Moore's book. "The whores up there were so damn busy that the situation was, metaphorically speaking, red hot! Something had to be done immediately." Prime Minister Curtin, through one of his aides, enlisted the help of the Sydney underworld. "They contacted Thommo's two-up school, a veteran gambling establishment in Surry Hills, and asked if anyone could provide whores for Brisbane." They were very explicit in their request: "Could anyone fill a train with warm, active females eager to assist the national war effort by relieving the pressures building up in Brisbane? In short order, Sydney, never a metropolis to shirk any call to duty, filled the train, Curtin gave it high priority clearance, and those happy girls moved north." The operation was carried out "very quietly and in the most efficient manner". For their efforts, the whores were paid low weekly wages and their fare to Brisbane, with any additional income to be made "from frequency of entry. . ."

"From the outset of the war," Alfred McCoy relates in *Drug Traffic*, "the military was presented with considerable problems in protecting the troops from thugs, thieves and pickpockets who followed in the prostitutes' wake." Standover men such as Frank Green, described in the late Thirties as Sydney's number one gunman, also looked to the two-up schools which sprung up around army bases for revenue, taking their weekly slice for protection.

Kate Leigh, Tilly Devine's competitor for the Thirties Queen of the Underworld crown, followed her old foe back into the new affluence, running brothels and sly grog shops — the latter, along with a number of prominent clubs, making up a large percentage of the underworld intake. With six o'clock closing still en-

forced, the demand for grog — with the huge influx of population — was insatiable. Beer was a ration item, with breweries reducing local distribution in preference to Armed Forces supply. Scotch became a premium item, with imports slashed to less than half pre-war figures. Black-marketing of booze raged.

Yet another figure who had survived the gang wars of the Thirties, Phil Jeffs, also came in for his share of the wartime boom through his 400 Club, Darlinghurst (until it was shut down permanently by military police in October, 1942). Working on the old belief that competition is good for business, Jeffs and Leigh watched as other establishments rose around the city, Ziegfeld's Club and the Kings Cross Roosevelt Club, which was run by Abraham Saffron and Hilton Kincaid and was dubbed by Mr Justice Maxwell during the Royal Commission into NSW Liquor Laws in 1951 as "the most notorious and disreputable nightclub in the city". Cause for official criticism, and outrage from the press of the time, came not only from the complete snub of the liquor laws by the entrepreneurs, but as much from the extra services supplied at the various establishments which dotted the city. Club hostesses and escorts, and the women not afraid to call themselves prostitutes, could be found in abundance wherever the liquor flowed and the American servicemen showed a willingness to part with their big salaries.

The rewards were enough to entice the opportunists who until then had lived on the respectable side of the law. Numbered among the legitimate dabbling in the numerous schemes was scientist Bruce Miller, of Sydney's medical row, Macquarie Street, who was at the centre of a "dope ring" specialising in doping conscripts to enable them to evade "the urgent call of their country." Miller was not alone in the medical fraternity in venturing outside the Hippocratic Oath, the strangest incidence of which came to light during the trial of "Scotty" McDonald and "Cliffie" Thomas, among four people charged with wounding with intent to murder Dr Reginald Jones, a Macquarie Street surgeon.

McDonald and Thomas picked up Dr Jones outside his home in Bellevue Hill

and drove him to Marine Parade, Maroubra where the shooting occurred just after midnight of November 1, 1945. During the trial, as witnesses including his wife revealed his association with men numbered among the underworld's leading names, the darker aspect of the doctor's life was pieced together. When Mrs Jones revealed her husband was in partnership in a sly grog venture with Donald (The Duck) Day, Dr Jones denied the association, insisting he had no idea of Day's reputation as a gangster until he read it in the paper. He denied also any dealings in sly grog or dope peddling and when cross-examined on ownership of the yacht *Sirocco*, a vessel to be used as a floating speakeasy for servicemen, Dr Jones pointed to his chauffeur, Emerson, as the architect of the scheme.

It was a hard story to swallow, Emerson being on \$10 a week plus his keep. Jones told the court that Emerson "planned to make money from the vessel by taking parties of Americans on the harbor," but it was suggested to the jury that Emerson did not "own a stitch of sail." Dr Jones' protestations were not helped by Day's wife swearing the doctor was a frequent visitor to their home and had business dealings with Day related to liquor; or witnesses alleging his association with other criminals. The nine limousines police said belonged to prominent Sydney gunmen parked outside the court during the trial tended to take some of the substance out of the doctor's insistence of innocence.

The Crown prosecutor declared in summing up the case that underworld quarrels had to cease — they could not be allowed to continue in the community. There was only one law, and it was impossible to take the attitude: "We'll allow the underworld to shoot themselves out, and good riddance to them." McDonald and Thomas were both sentenced to death by hanging. Dr Jones, his dirty linen now publicly exposed, sought to re-establish himself as a respectable member of Sydney society — his "yachting" days over now that the wind had been taken out of his sails.

One identity named as an associate of Dr Jones, Richard G. Reilly, figured in the other force within the booming underworld war economy — black-marketeer-

ing. "Later renowned in the 1960s," according to Alfred McCoy, "as the 'king of baccarat' and the Sydney criminal with the closest ties to the NSW police and Labor Party," specialising in forged ration documents, Reilly operated a distribution network through retailers at a time when the consumer was severely limited in the purchase of most stock items. That a woman's favors could be bartered for a pair of silk stockings and a packet of cigarettes says much for the "riches" that could be had by those able to tap an endless supply of these commodities.

Of deep concern to the authorities was one item in particular that had become popular on the underworld's shopping list — guns. "Australia stands today on the threshold of a gigantic crime wave," the newspaper *Truth* declared towards the end of the war, "brought on by the stress of wartime conditions." An upsurge in the black-marketeering of services' weaponry to the underworld had motivated the editorial blast. The traffic in guns was no haphazard affair — it was obvious business transactions depended on contacts within the military camps for supply. "It is not an exaggeration to state that Sydney today bristles with guns possessed by hoodlums and murderers who scoff at ruled behavior," the report went on.

The hold-up of the Cockatoo Dock payroll of \$24,000 demonstrated on the precision with which the underworld now took to their task. Using a high-powered limousine stolen earlier in the year from the eastern suburbs, the hold-up men took less than a minute to carry out the robbery with the persuasiveness of a black-market tommy gun. It was an example of the "squalid underworld" building huge arsenals to employ in their "dog-eat-dog" fight for the pickings depleted since most of the American forces had left town.

The demand for blackmarket items — with the accent on liquor — was to continue on into the post-war years, serving to stabilise the business bases of those entrepreneurs expanding their interests into the empires of the Fifties. As memories of VP Day celebrations faded, the careers of many criminal figureheads receded with them: Donald "The Duck" Day from gunshots, Phil "The Jew" Jeffs of wounds from the trays of the Thirties (see Crime in

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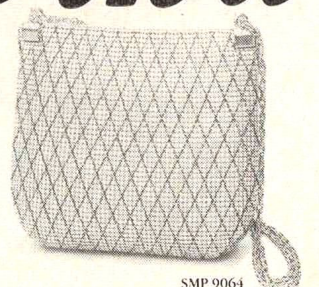
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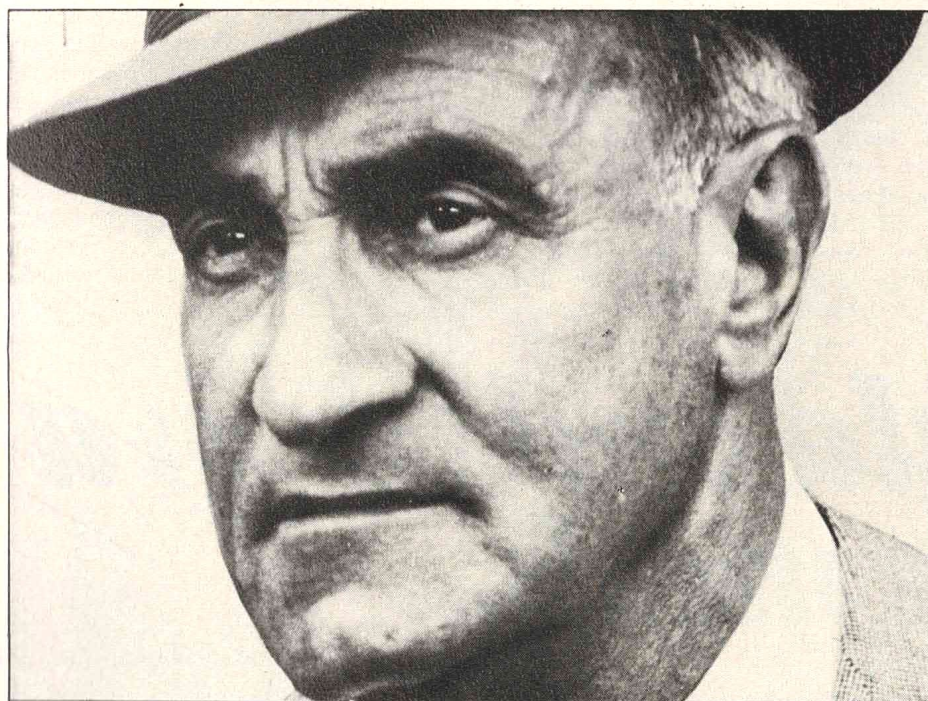
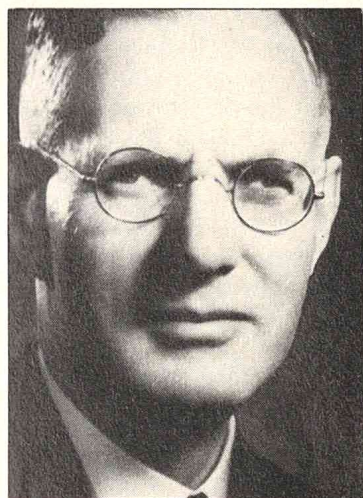
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Some faces of the wartime years. Top to bottom, left to right: Tilly Devine; Prime Minister Curtin; General Douglas MacArthur; Perc Galea.

YANKEE DOLLAR

Australia Part VI), Henry Stokes (the Melbourne-based gambler and two-up school promoter who had gone up-market establishing baccarat schools), and Kate Leigh and Tilly Devine, who were showing the ravages of time, although still turning over a steady dollar doing what they knew best, running brothels and selling sly grog.

Taking his cue from Stokes' initiative, Sidney Kelly, a veteran of the Thirties razor gang wars, opened a Sydney baccarat game in 1944 giving him time enough to ride on the crest of the "servicemen's economy" and establish his connections with the Darlinghurst police station. Phil Jeffs was recruited by Kelly in his enterprise, one the NSW Police Commissioner assured the public "would not gain a grip in this State." Considering Kelly's connections with the force, it could have been a case of the left hand not knowing what the right hand was doing.

When his baccarat game was raided in early 1947, Kelly brazenly fronted the police telling them they had made fools of themselves. "We're only playing rummy — I had a ring from Darlinghurst about 11.30pm to say you were out." A year later, Kelly was dead, but the game he had introduced into Sydney's flourishing illegal gambling fraternity continued. Prompted by the post-war rise in SP activities — helped by the lifting of wartime broadcasting restrictions — the NSW Labor government again raised the possibility of legalising SP bookmaking shops under license, a move finally rejected when the police and the Australian Jockey Club presented stiff opposition. Through official intervention the SP bookie was again allowed open slather on the punters' money through pubs and offices, utilising the services of the Postmaster General (see Crime in Australia Part VI). Alfred McCoy proposes that the "NSW SP phone networks emerged from World War II stronger than ever before", surviving into the Seventies "as one of the largest and most constant sources of income for organised crime."

In the short term, although gambling flourished through the SP network, two-up and baccarat schools, the sly-grog merchants came in for the closest investigation, which led to the Royal Commission on Liquor Laws in NSW in 1951. The Commissioner, the Honorable Mr Justice Maxwell, was "concerned with... persons who indulge in the most nefarious form of sly-grog trading." Because of the State's erratic, outmoded liquor laws — if the public demand for sly-grog and after hours drinking could be used as a measure — an industry that opened for business each night at six o'clock and continued on into the small hours of the next day had mobilised out of the war years.

The sly grog industry was split into two

factions: the sleazy dives and the expensive nightclubs — "clip joints" as they were described at the time by *Smith's Weekly*. The latter were viewed by Meg Stewart of *The National Times* as a kaleidoscope of Australia after the war: "of nightclubs and pubs, baccarat schools and two-up games, of clip joints, dives, dumps and sly-grog shops, of bawdy houses and underworld haunts, of SP pitches and the racecourse... of amazing winning doubles shared by police and publicans... (where) socialites, divorcees, playboys, good-time girls, suckers and sugar daddies, criminals and cops all mixed together." The favorite haunts — the Colony Club, Roosevelt, Caronia, Sammy Lee's, the upmarket Romanos and Princes — were their common meeting ground.

As colorful as the period seems in retrospect, alliances were forged between personalities from the underworld, the law and politics, the spirit of which would interfere with the public concept of an untainted law system.

Baccarat schools, part of the prologue to the illegal casino farce that was to become an on-going entertainment through the Sixties and Seventies, were run as an addendum to many of the clubs, in separate premises. Reg Boom, of the Coronias, had his own school in Double Bay; a director of Sammy Lee's club, Perc Galea, had been involved in running a school but denied any involvement in gambling to the Royal Commission. He was to become a leading figure in illegal casino operations at a later date with his Double Bay Bridge Club "front" and the Forbes Club, Kings Cross. Galea would enjoy entree to privileged circles, rubbing shoulders with political leaders who gambled in his clubs.

The man on whom the public spotlight fell during the height of the Royal Commission was Abraham Saffron of the Roosevelt club. He denied any association with baccarat when the suggestion was raised during the hearing that he had financed himself into the hotel trade through money made on baccarat. Following two years of Commission appearances, Saffron was alleged to have — as the Commissioner stated in the final report — "knowingly given false testimony." Saffron's defence was able to have the charge acquitted, leaving him cleared by the law but drawn in the public eye as "a man unfit for supervision of a public hotel." His club, the Roosevelt, had been declared a disorderly house in January, 1951 through a court petition from the NSW Police Commissioner, a declaration turned around by a later court decision, although a change in occupancy had to be brought to the attention of the Vice Squad.

Commenting on the laxity of the police in enforcing the law on the clubs, including the Roosevelt, Mr Justice Maxwell observed: "With a full appreciation of the

difficulties associated with the work of detection, I have reached the conclusion that some of those responsible for this work have fallen short of the duty imposed upon them." It was a safe two-way bet considering the chummy atmosphere that existed between the proprietors of the clubs and members of the Vice Squad. David Bos, of the Black Tulip Club, related one incident when a police sergeant made the suggestion of a \$100 or \$200 payment to Sgt Harold Corrigan of the Vice Squad, to relieve the pressure of fines that came with continual raids.

Questioned before the Commission, Metropolitan Superintendent of Police Thompson was asked whether he had raised the matter of receiving money to neglect duty with any officer under his control.

"No," Thompson answered.

"Why not?"

"Because I have had nothing to prompt me to ask such a question." He went on to add that anything he may have heard "would be insufficient for me to ask men and insult them by asking them were they getting money from somebody."

"You do not insult somebody when you ask a question if you tell him why you ask. As a police officer you regard that as an insult?"

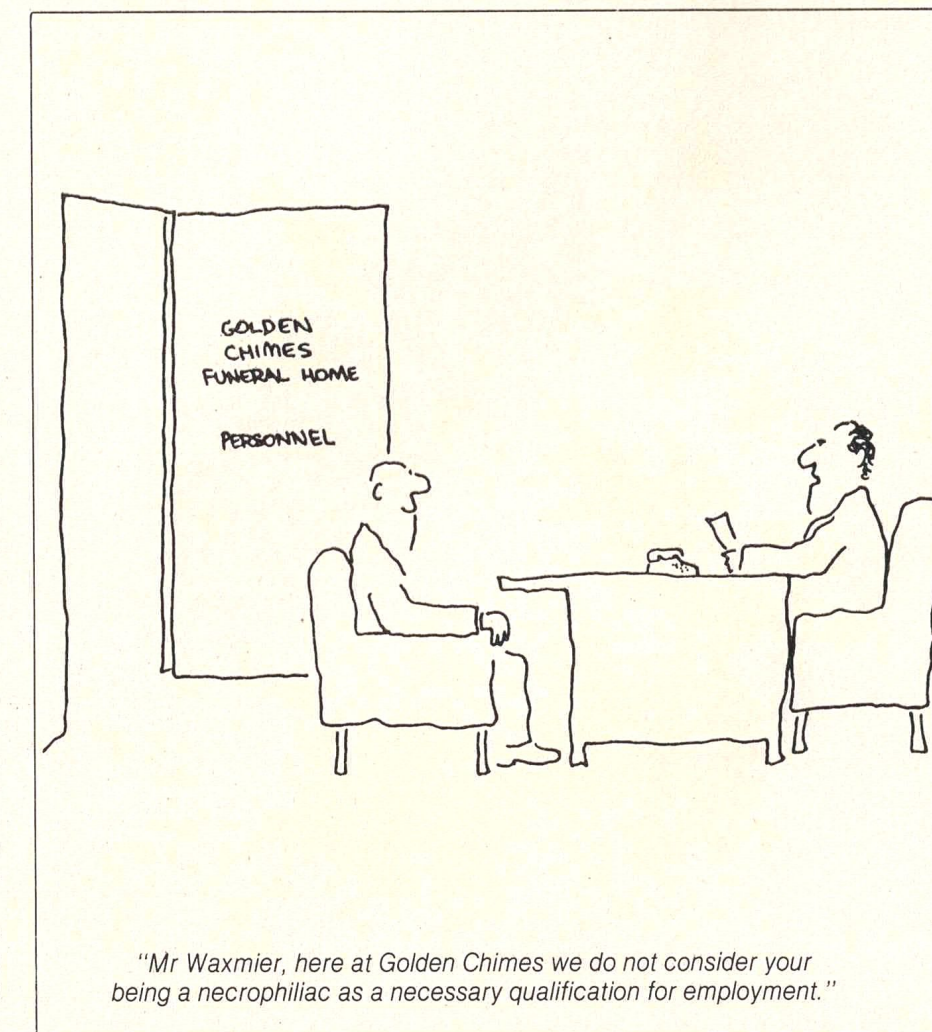
"I would not like to ask men I trust," the superintendent replied. To which it was proposed, and the superintendent had

earlier agreed, that any man put in a position where suspicion might attach to him would be only too glad to have the opportunity of removing it.

Reluctant to give a police officer the chance of explaining himself — because it would lead to a legal appeal before a judge at which time the suspicion would have to be substantiated — the superintendent's procedure was to revert him to uniform duty as punishment. This would not necessarily be regarded by his fellow officers as punishment considering he would stay on the same remuneration. To the superintendent's way of thinking, the "suspect" was effectively removed from access to the source of a bribe.

Justice Maxwell's reserved opinion of police conduct — or lack of it — was a hiccup in a system that had survived numerous official investigations and public exposure of fault through other commissions. Each in some way brought about tinkering and readjustment but overall, the machine continued to operate not only as protector of society, but efficient protector of itself. 

PART EIGHT: *World War II is over and the criminal climate and community it fostered continues to flourish. Negotiations and deals are made at pistol-point as the Australian underworld takes to guns as never before when new powers move in to bring crime into line with big business operations.*





Photograph by John Wady

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

T. J. SMITH

Years ago trainers had to
bet to make a living. You couldn't
survive if you weren't a good judge.
I've always been a very good judge

He has been called the Napoleon of the racetrack, the Henry Ford of horseracing, the king of the course. Disgruntled punters have thought of other titles for T.J. Smith MBE, but no-one can deny that he is the most successful racehorse trainer the world has known. Smith is a winner, as are the many staunch Smith followers who have invested hundreds of millions on horses from his Tulloch Lodge stable. He has taken out the last 30 Australian metropolitan trainers' premierships, trained 30 Derby winners throughout the country and 4000 city winners, and accumulated \$25 million in prizemoney. These are all world records. It is no longer meaningful, then, to compare Tommy Smith with other horse trainers. He is a cut above.

The media effort to comprehend Smith's incredible success has focused on his uncanny instinct in the matter of horseflesh. Often he has correctly predicted, on first seeing a yearling frolicking in a paddock, that he would turn the horse into a champion thoroughbred.

And no better example exists of his ability as a trainer than Kingston Town, the first horse ever to pass the million dollar mark in prizemoney. The King was so plain-looking that he was passed in after failing to meet his reserve price as a yearling.

Born at Jembaicumbene, near Braidwood in NSW, Smith was earning a man's wage at the age of 10 during the height of the Depression. He'd do anything to make a quid — trapping rabbits, driving bullock teams, carting water and running bets for the local SP bookie. All of which supplemented the family income but didn't allow much time for the performance of scholarly duties. Tommy would help his father to cart flour every morning and then ride the 16kms to school, by which time he was always buggered. More often than not he fell asleep in class and was caned for it.

At age 11, when the teacher roused him from a deep sleep to receive his usual punishment, Tommy decided he'd had enough. He jumped out the window and on to his horse, and never rode back that way again. Now he goes to work in a Rolls Royce.

In 1937 Smith became apprenticed to a trainer, Mack Sawyer. He'd always wanted to be a jockey, but couldn't ride for peanuts — although today he instructs the best jockeys in the land on how to ride his horses. He lasted two years as an apprentice before breaking his leg in a heavy fall which forced him to retire from riding. Forty-three years later he carries the mark of that crash, walking with a pronounced limp. Tommy continued to work for Sawyer as a strapper at Randwick, then went to Cootamundra to help his boss's father look after a small team of horses. There he met up with an unfashionable rogue of a horse named Bragger. None of the horsebreakers would go anywhere near Bragger, who was allowed to run wild in the hills. The challenge became too great for Tommy. He eventually ran the horse into a stockyard, lassoed him, choked him down and bolted him into a stable. The horse had ability and Smith knew it. He paid 100 pounds for Bragger and 12 months later had him ready to race. Tommy backed his pride and joy for a substantial sum and watched him run 200 metres last. But Bragger went on to win 13 races and usher in the arrival of T.J. Smith, the trainer.

Today, anything Tommy Smith does is surrounded by publicity. If he buys a new car or moves house it makes headlines, and even the purchase of a new hat will result in a picture of Smith in the sports pages. Of course many of his actions are genuine news, as when he became the first man in Australia to pay half a million dollars for a horse, and the first to win \$1 million prizemoney in a season. When *Penthouse* sent Grant Vandenberg to Tommy's Point Piper home for this interview, the trainer was in hot pursuit of his third Melbourne Cup.

Penthouse: By the time this interview is printed the Melbourne Cup will be over, and it will be interesting to see how accurate your predictions are. Do you see yourself bringing the Melbourne Cup back to Sydney this year?

Smith: I have a great chance again this year with my team racing the way it is at the moment. Kingston Town is going great guns, but naturally the Melbourne Cup is run in Melbourne and he much prefers the Sydney way of

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racing. But he's had a long rest, has matured a lot, and could be even more suited down there.

Penthouse: You won your first Melbourne Cup in 1955 with Toporoa. Surprisingly, it took you 26 years to win your second, last year with Just A Dash. Was it frustrating to wait so long to win another Melbourne Cup?

Smith: It's a race I've never really concentrated on. I don't just train a horse for one race; I train horses as the races come along. Last year was the only time I've really set a horse to win the Cup, and that was Just A Dash.

Penthouse: How long before the race did you set him to win it?

Smith: About seven months beforehand he won the Adelaide Cup and I told his owners then that I thought he was an ideal Cup horse who could run the 3200 metres, and I set him for the race. He bolted in — by Jove, it was a smart win. He came back from a spell and I sent him to Melbourne quite early, because horses who race in Sydney take a while to handle the different way of going in Melbourne. Sometimes the tracks are wet and they have to adapt to every possible element.

Penthouse: Although until last year you'd never set a horse for the Cup,

you've had a stack of runners in the race. Were you unlucky not to have won one in 26 years?

Smith: I think I should have won about five. Tulloch should have won two, Redcraze was a certainty beaten twice, and then there was Gunsynd. He raced off the track all the way and just got beaten.

Penthouse: The 1957 Melbourne Cup has always been a sore point with racegoers. Tulloch was the greatest horse of the decade, but he did not start. Why?

Smith: His owner, Mr Haley, was an old man and I guess he was influenced by the press. At that time Tulloch was a public idol, a three-year-old, and the handicapper gave him a huge weight. But also, the paper tycoons Frank Packer and Ezra Norton were big punters who played the Caulfield-Melbourne Cup doubles, and they didn't have Tulloch in the second leg. It kept on coming out in the papers that three-year-olds shouldn't run. He was unbeaten as a three-year-old, he'd won the AJC and VRC Derbies, the AJC and VRC St Legers, the Rosehill Guineas and the Caulfield Cup in an Australian record time which still stands today. But I was forced to scratch him.

Penthouse: He'd have won?

Smith: He was a certainty.

Penthouse: Since Kingston Town has

been under your training he's done everything asked of him. He has won \$1,250,000 in prizemoney, yet at his first start at Rosehill he finished a very long last. What happened after that?

Smith: He wouldn't train as a stallion. I couldn't get him to gallop, he used to play up, he'd run off the track, he wanted to do everything wrong. But as soon as we gelded him he turned into a different horse.

Penthouse: Presuming you didn't geld him and he still became the champion he is, what would he be worth at stud today?

Smith: That's a very hard one. The prices they are getting overseas are astronomical. I'd say he'd be worth \$30 million in America, but on an Australian market he'd bring at least \$5 million.

Penthouse: When did you know he was going to be a good horse?

Smith: The first day I started to gallop him after he'd been spelled and came back as a gelding.

Penthouse: You started training in Sydney in 1942. At that time you were a permit trainer but it only took you 18 months to become a number one trainer, and that was the first of hundreds of records you've set.

Smith: Yes, that's never happened in the history of training in Australia, and I can't see it ever happening again.

Penthouse: Is there one training record that you are particularly proud of?

Smith: I've won the last 30 Metropolitan training premierships — not only in Sydney but all over Australia — and that has given me tremendous satisfaction.

Penthouse: Ten years after you started training in Sydney you won your first premiership, and you've never looked like losing it since. How long can you retain your position as Australia's number one trainer?

Smith: I'll be cutting down a bit in future. I won't be having as many horses in my stable because I won't be buying as many yearlings, but I hope to be lucky enough in the future to get the calibre of horse that I've had over the past 30 years.

Penthouse: Is racing going through a recession at the moment?

Smith: I haven't felt it. No, I'd say not. Things are a little bit tight, but the crowds are still going, there's still plenty of owners around and prize-money is very good.

Penthouse: Tom, you're approaching 65...

Smith: I'm not 65.

Penthouse: But that has been printed in the papers.

Smith: Oh, bull! I was born in 1920.

Penthouse: Put it this way: you're not getting any younger, you're up at 4.00am every morning and straight into your office mapping out morning track-

work, then off to the track to put your team through its paces. Is it getting harder?

Smith: Not at all. I thrive on it. It's a pleasure to be able to get up and walk around Randwick every morning. You're not getting run over by cars or pushed around by people. If I wasn't training racehorses, I'd be getting up and going for a walk somewhere.

Penthouse: So it's as much enjoyment as it is a business?

Smith: Well, I wouldn't know what to do if I wasn't training. I don't like golf or bowls and besides, training racehorses gives me all the exercise I want.

Penthouse: What sort of people buy racehorses?

Smith: The most surprising people buy horses. You've got to be very careful around the sale ring. It's hard to pick a buyer — like when I went in to buy my Rolls Royce. I got my secretary, Pauline, to drive me into town and I walked into the showroom in my track clobber. The salesman didn't even want to show me the car. I said, "I'll take that one there," pointing to a maroon Roller. I said, "I'll write you a cheque here and now, and I want you to deliver it to my Point Piper house." He nearly fell over.

Penthouse: Ten years ago you said it would cost an average \$15,000 to buy a yearling and \$4000 a year to train the horse. How do those figures compare with today's?

Smith: You'd want at least \$30,000 and probably about nine grand a year for training fees. Times aren't standing still.

Penthouse: Do owners ever try to tell you how a horse should be ridden, or what jockey they want?

Smith: No, I won't tolerate it. I think in any business the man in charge should be left alone, otherwise it won't work.

Penthouse: Over the years you've been offered lucrative contracts to train in England, the Continent and the States, yet you've always turned them down...

Smith: Yes, that's right. The first offer was from Aly Khan — it was a long, long time ago — to train exclusively for him in France. Then William Hill, who owns all the betting shops in England, made me a fantastic offer to go there and train for him. But the best was from Bull Hancock, the big bluegrass owner from Kentucky. He made two trips out here and on the second asked me to go back with him to look over his famous Claiborne Farm. He told me he was going to make an offer I couldn't refuse. He wanted me to be based in New York and to operate a team throughout America. He said he was going to give me everything I wanted: cars for myself and my wife, a residence, a private plane for me to go anywhere I desired, plus 10 per cent of all winnings — and the stakes were high, even then over there — plus

a set wage and a contract for five years.

Penthouse: Was that hard to turn down?

Smith: Well, I went over there and after a week I turned to Hancock and said I was going back to Australia. He said I couldn't do it, but I've always had plenty of money and I told him what a wonderful country Australia is.

Penthouse: You've seen racing throughout the world, even in places like Japan and Russia. How does the set-up in Australia compare?

Smith: It's better here — much more colorful. Not many other countries have bookmakers. The racing public in Australia are much better informed through the press and the average Australian punter seems to enjoy his racing more.

Penthouse: Have you ever given any thought to what you would have done if you weren't a racehorse trainer?

Smith: I was born into a very poor home.

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That has given
me tremendous
satisfaction

I always wanted money and I've been lucky enough to have always made money. Even as a country boy of 14, I was making a good quid doing any job I could.

Penthouse: Did you want to be a horse trainer as a youngster?

Smith: Not at all. I always wanted to be a jockey.

Penthouse: You didn't have much luck at that?

Smith: No, I couldn't ride. I failed as a jockey. I tried to ride over the hurdles and finished up breaking my leg.

Penthouse: What happened then?

Smith: I bought a horse and my aim was to make a quid with him, sell him, then buy a business or two.

Penthouse: What went wrong?

Smith: He was a horse called Bragger and after he won a couple of races I thought I'd stick to the training caper, especially after some more quick successes came my way.

Penthouse: Was your father much of an influence on you when it came to training horses?

Smith: No, he wasn't at all. He died

when I was in my early teens.

Penthouse: Was he associated at all with horses?

Smith: Yes. We had draught horse teams around the country. We used to cart wool and timber, and there were plenty of horses to educate.

Penthouse: When did you realise you were a good trainer?

Smith: I've always been a great studier, and I went around the country as a youngster working and observing the guys I thought were the best. One was a freak trainer named Dan Lewis. I used to go to the track and watch him, then I decided I'd watch a chap called Fred Cush. He was a champion mentor of speed horses. In the meantime I won a bit of money and went to Melbourne, where I learned from old-time trainers like Jack Holt. He was near the end of his career, but a super trainer in his time. I took a job with a bloke called Steve Murphy. It lasted three weeks and I packed up and finished up at Mordialloc in Victoria with old man Lou Robertson, another genius of that era. But I studied people before I had a go at it. I was only about 17 at the time.

Penthouse: Do you think that's been one of the T.J. Smith secrets: you have an eye for things?

Smith: Yes, but I was very keen as well. Even when I married my wife Valerie, I said I wanted our honeymoon to coincide with going around looking at these chaps training. She told me we didn't have the money, and we didn't, but in the first 15 years we went away every year through money I'd won on the punt.

Penthouse: You've always been a hard worker. Is it harder to train a horse now than when you started?

Smith: I don't think so. I've always been able to handle staff. I'm always very strict, but people seem to like working for me.

Penthouse: How many horses a year go through the T.J. Smith factory?

Smith: In the last four years we've sold just on 100 horses per year.

Penthouse: How long do you persevere with a horse who doesn't comply with your standards?

Smith: I'll sell a two-year-old racehorse if it doesn't measure up, and I don't know any other trainer who would do that. I can always tell after a short time whether they are going to be any good or not.

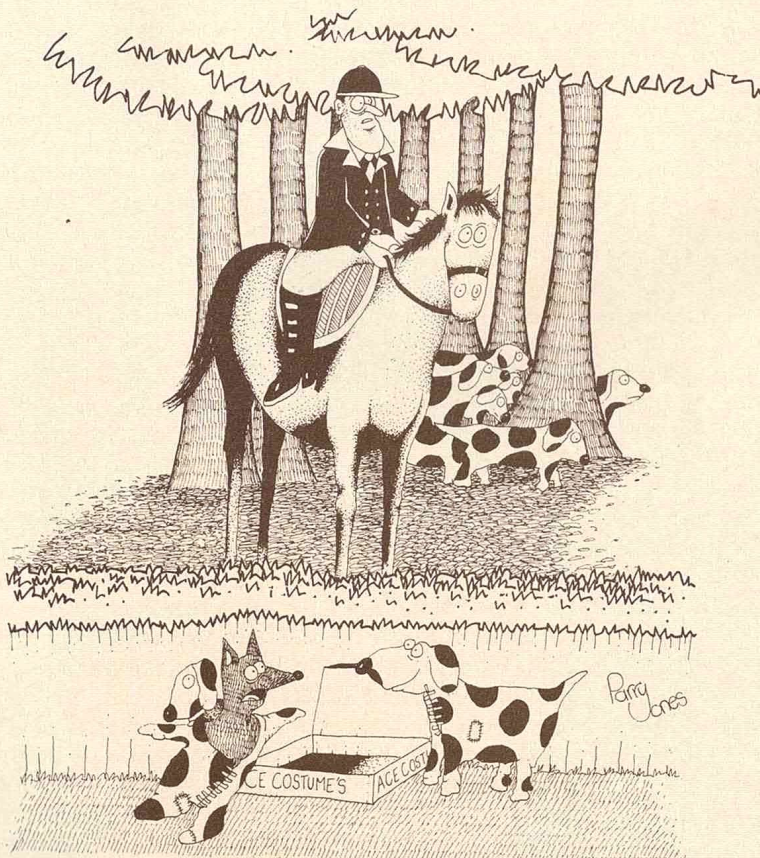
Penthouse: Has a horse ever slipped through your fingers that you wish you'd kept?

Smith: No.

Penthouse: How many horses do you own?

Smith: I don't know. I've got an interest in a lot of horses.

Penthouse: Has breeding been an important source of income?



"Of course it's cunning you idiot, we're foxes."

INTERVIEW

Smith: It's been a hobby with me. I'm a dealer, I buy them and sell them. I've never taken breeding really seriously and put my time into it, because it would interfere with training. It's a big job to mix the two.

Penthouse: But you have bred some good horses, haven't you?

Smith: My word, I've bred some very good horses. I've bred Derby winners, Oaks winners, Classic two-year-old winners.

Penthouse: Which would be the best horse you've bred?

Smith: Both Denise's Joy and Imagele were champions. They gave me a lot of pleasure every time they won, particularly Denise's Joy. I've bred a lot of damn good horses who have won big races.

Penthouse: Do you ever bet?

Smith: I used to bet quite heavily, but I don't indulge now.

Penthouse: What's the biggest bet you've laid?

Smith: I did have 15,000 pounds on a horse one day.

Penthouse: Did it win?

Smith: Yes.

Penthouse: What was its name?

Smith: It was Love To All, and that was when pounds were pounds. But I often used to have four or five thousand quid on a horse.

Penthouse: How did you meet your wife Valerie?

Smith: When Bragger won the Wagga Gold Cup.

Penthouse: She was a country girl?

Smith: No. She didn't even like horses, but her mum did and Valerie drove her to the meeting. I certainly backed a winner that day.

Penthouse: Your daughter Gai, now married to bookmaker Robbie Waterhouse, has apparently been a great help. Would she have made a capable trainer?

Smith: She's good at anything, especially when it comes to horses. She's got a good eye for a horse and she's a real horse lover, and has everything it takes to make a trainer.

Penthouse: What's your opinion on lady jockeys?

Smith: They're not strong enough; they can't compete with the men.

Penthouse: Do you think people can make a living out of betting?

Smith: Some people can. You see, years ago trainers had to bet to make a living. You couldn't survive if you weren't a good judge. I've always been a very good judge and I've survived. You see, when I first took on training a lot of people couldn't pay me and when they did they were months behind. It was all right if you were in the top bracket, but

if you were a battler like myself you had to gamble to live.

Penthouse: Is it easy to set a horse for a plunge?

Smith: I don't know. You've got to be a good judge to set a horse for a plunge. A lot of trainers just don't see the real fitness in them.

Penthouse: Is there any crooked element in racing today?

Smith: No. To my knowledge, racing is run 100 percent honestly. In all the years I've been in racing I've never been asked to hold a horse or give it a run. You'd have thought that some of the big punters would have approached me, especially when there was a lot of money to be made out of doubles. But I've never been approached.

Penthouse: That's surprising, isn't it?

Smith: I suppose it is.

Penthouse: What would be your reaction if someone asked you not to try

You have
to be a leader
to have good staff,
and I've always
been a
leader

with a runner?

Smith: I'd report him to the authorities straight away. Racing is far too good a game to be interfered with.

Penthouse: Has luck been on the side of T.J. Smith?

Smith: Well, what do you call luck? I don't know what you call it. If there's a place for sale, you might buy and it turns out a goldmine or you might not buy it. I think you make your own luck.

Penthouse: You were born under a Leo-Mercury sign. The astrologers say that's very lucky.

Smith: Was I? I don't worry about those things.

Penthouse: Are you superstitious?

Smith: No, I don't believe in omens and I'm not jealous.

Penthouse: Are there any rules in racing you'd change, given the opportunity?

Smith: Only one. I think the bleeding rule is very unfair. If a horse bleeds twice in his racing career, he's barred in NSW and Victoria. Yet they can race in America. The rule was instigated by a couple of gentlemen who at the time didn't know much about racing, and

they'd been influenced by the likes of the champion jockey George Moore, who was against bleeders. There are certain types of horses who, like some humans, have a nose bleed, but it doesn't affect them at all. I feel the Australian Jockey Club should do something about it.

Penthouse: Is there a chance of anything being done?

Smith: I don't know. I'm a racehorse trainer.

Penthouse: Tell us about your first horse, Bragger.

Smith: He was a gelding by a stallion called Windbag, a real rogue, and nobody could do anything with him.

Penthouse: How did you acquire him?

Smith: At the time I was riding trackwork and helping an old fellow, Mr Sawyer, to train his team near Cootamundra. He was very sick at the time and he asked me take over his horses and to ride them for him. I was only a teenager at the time and I would do anything just to be able to ride in a race. I became the leading trainer in the Riverina with only six horses. There weren't a lot of meetings and often you'd win two races in the one day with the same horse. From there I brought Bragger to Sydney.

Penthouse: Were you confident about breaking into the big time?

Smith: Always, but it took a little while. Late in 1941 I barrier-trialled Bragger at Victoria Park racecourse, which is not there anymore. He bolted, threw his jockey and couldn't be found anywhere. After a couple of hours of desperate searching he turned up at La Perouse with a farmer out there. He'd made an eight-kilometre dash through the traffic and finished up in a pond playing with the ducks and geese. Thankfully he was unhurt. At his third start he took out the first race at Rosehill.

Penthouse: Did you back him?

Smith: Yeah, but I was pretty broke at the time. I think I only had about four quid on him, but it was a start.

Penthouse: You raced him until he was 10 years old, which is unusual for any trainer and especially for T.J. Smith.

Smith: Well, he didn't start racing until he was five. He was a buck-jumper, an outlaw, and that's why I got him. But I've got an eye for horses and I knew he was going to be good.

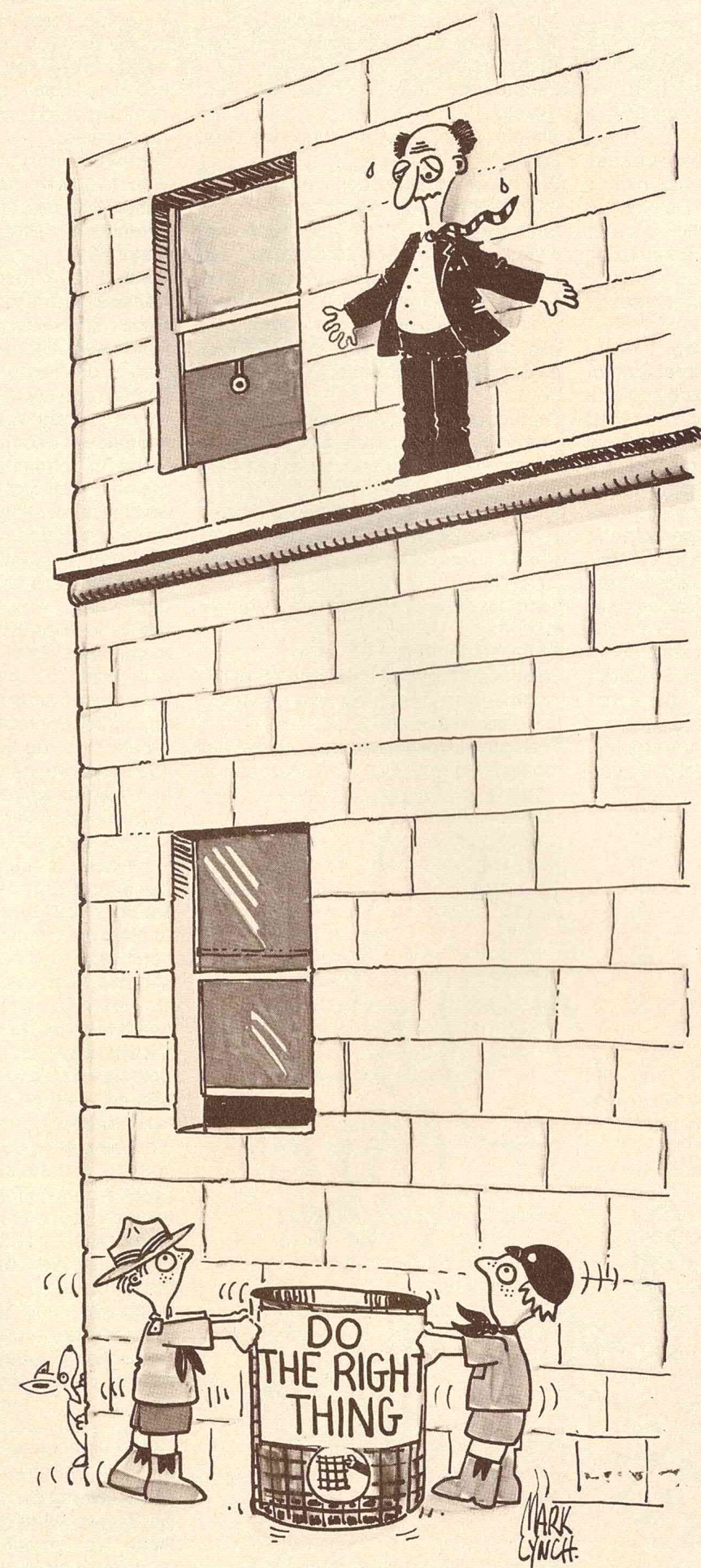
Penthouse: What happened to Bragger?

Smith: He was tragically burned to death in a float accident while returning to my stables after a spell.

Penthouse: Were you well on the way to success at that time?

Smith: Oh yeah, I was well on the way. I was like a bushfire; I had everyone talking about me.

Penthouse: Do you attribute much of



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your success to your staff?

Smith: Staff are only as good as you make them. You have to be a leader to have good staff, and I've always been a leader.

Penthouse: The world-renowned veterinary surgeon Perc Sykes has been a good friend and advisor. Do you attribute much of your success to him?

Smith: Ah yes, we've been an amazing combination.

Penthouse: When did you first meet Dr Sykes?

Smith: It was a funny thing. I heard people talking about this horse doctor who'd come out from England and was pretty smart with horses. One day I had a horse who'd broken its sesamoid bone. In those days, the early Fifties, a horse would be destroyed with an injury like that. I had an outstanding filly at the time who broke her sesamoid and my vet told me she'd have to be shot dead. I told him she'd won three straight races before the accident, but he still wanted to destroy her. I was driving home and I noticed this chap going down High Street, Randwick in a little old car and someone said, "That's that fella Sykes." I turned around, tracked him down, took him back to the stables. He said he could fix her and did. Do you

know that in three months' time she was back racing, and won another three straight? Her name was Devil Dancer. They don't destroy them now with fractured sesamoids.

Penthouse: Another first for Perc Sykes?

Smith: Yeah, that's when we first started.

Penthouse: Has he been a help in training your horses?

Smith: My word. I'm a horse trainer, not a vet, and I've never wanted to be a vet. In those days trainers thought they knew everything about horses. Now I didn't want to be a tooth doctor or a blacksmith, as people did in those days. I employed the best to work on my horses.

Penthouse: Does it surprise you to hear that you've won nearly \$25 million in prizemoney and trained more than 4000 metropolitan winners?

Smith: Have I really? That will take some beating, won't it? Especially when you consider we used to race for 200 quid.

Penthouse: What's your share of that 25 million?

Smith: 10 percent.

Penthouse: Not bad career earnings?

Smith: It would keep you in a nightclub for a few weeks.

Penthouse: Does sentiment come into racing? Do you ever get sentimental

and become attached to your horses?

Smith: No I don't, but I do like this horse Kingston Town. He's fascinating, you know. But you can't get attached to horses when you train them, because otherwise you'll get too kind and you can't be kind when you're training racehorses.

Penthouse: If you weren't a trainer, would you own racehorses?

Smith: Yes, most definitely.

Penthouse: Who would train your horses?

Smith: I think there are two very great trainers at present: Theo Green and Bobby Thomsen.

Penthouse: Thomsen used to be your stable foreman.

Smith: Yeah, he's got an eye for a horse which you've got to have.

Penthouse: Your stable jockey is Malcolm Johnston. Do you think he's the best rider in Australia?

Smith: I think he will be. At the moment he's inconsistent. When Johnston's on fire he's riding brilliantly, but he's got to get that knack of holding his form. I don't know why, but when he rides badly, he rides very badly.

Penthouse: How would he compare with some of the great jockeys you have seen over the years?

Smith: George Moore stood by himself. I think he's the best jockey the world has seen; we were a terrific combination. He was a freak who had the knack of making horses do things that other jockeys couldn't make them do.

Penthouse: Is there anybody else who has impressed you?

Smith: Darby Munro was also in a class of his own. He had real style. I believe he used to ride really short, like Johnston does, because Munro was a big man for a jockey. A point to remember is that a big jockey will always beat a small jockey. Scobie Breasley was a lovely rider, Billy Cook was an all-time great, and of those riding today, Ronny Quinton, Roy Higgins, who has been a champion but is coming to the end of his career, Peter Cook, who won the Melbourne Cup for me last year, and Brent Thomson in Melbourne are all top-liners.

Penthouse: What has been the highlight of your career?

Smith: Winning 30 straight training premierships and winning my first Derby with Playboy.

Penthouse: Will you go on to 50 premierships?

Smith: I really wouldn't like to say. It'd certainly be an achievement. But I set myself to win 30 and I've done it. I'll take all the overs I can get.

Penthouse: What about the low times?

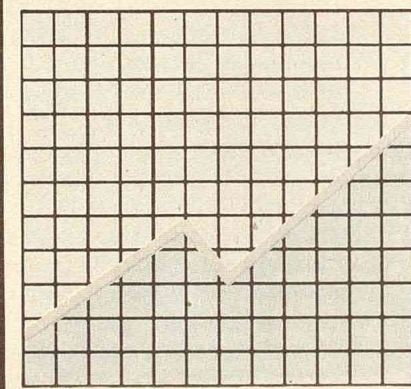
Smith: No, I'm not really a person who gets down. If ever it happens it only lasts an hour and I'm back. There are too many good things around. ○+E



"So what do you think of reincarnation now, Joyce?"

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

ARE YOU A SURVIVOR?



Life, say the philosophers, is a journey ... and it's damned easy to lose your way.

Almost everyone's life is full of surprises, many of them unpleasant. It's a rare man who reaches old age without having encountered his share of unexpected twists, turns, detours, and road-blocks. Some of us negotiate these obstacles successfully and emerge in our later years feeling satisfied, confident, and alive. Others crack as each progressive phase of life drops new burdens on them. They find themselves increasingly unable to surmount new problems coming down the pike. These are the men who (if they don't die of heart attacks before they're fifty-five) reach old age feeling bitter, lonely, confused, and defeated.

This psychograph aims to give you an idea of which type you may be: a survivor or a casualty.

Psychologists have not had an easy time pinning down characteristics of those who are most successful at navigating the dangerous waters that lie between youth and old age. Research on this subject is complex and, by its very nature, must be extremely long-term. After all, when a guy's 20 years old, the only way to find out what he'll be like when he's 70 is to keep track of him for 50 years.

It's not possible to predict absolutely who will successfully traverse the rough highway of life and who will end up in a psychological ditch by the side of the road. At any given time the survivor, as well as the potential casualty, is likely to feel done over by life. But the research of all those mentioned above suggests that men with the best long-range prospects for happiness tend to share certain characteristics and attitudes. It's on this data that we've based this psychograph. Answer the questions honestly (even if it hurts).

1. Do you have at least one friend with whom you've been close for half your life or longer?
 - (a) yes
 - (b) no
2. With which of the following statements would you be most likely to agree?
 - (a) The fewer interests a husband and wife have in common, the better. Togetherness in rela-

tionships is highly overrated

- (b) A husband and wife should share several interests, but it's also important that they each cultivate strong interests of their own that don't involve their partner
 - (c) The more things a husband and wife do together, the better. Separate interests are likely to drive a wedge into the relationship and gradually the couple will drift apart
3. Pick the statement that comes closest to reflecting your experience:
 - (a) I've had few failures. I've usually achieved what I set out to do
 - (b) I've had my share of failures, but I've also had my successes. Most important, I've gone on to other things after both my failures and successes
 - (c) I've had many failures
 - (d) I don't set goals and objectives for myself, so I don't have any failures. I believe in being spontaneous and living life for the moment.
 4. Has your love life consisted primarily of:
 - (a) one or two (or possibly three)

long-lasting relationships, each with deep emotional attachment

- (b) several short, sporadic relationships that involved little emotional commitment
- (c) hardly any relationships of any kind

5. How do you feel about this statement? "Most people don't appreciate the things I do for them, nor do they appreciate my talents."

- (a) agree strongly
- (b) disagree strongly
- (c) agree somewhat and disagree somewhat — some people understand me, others don't

6. Would you characterise your sex life as:

- (a) very good
- (b) satisfying enough, but it could be better
- (c) lousy

7. Complete this statement: "When there have been crises in my life, I've ..."

- (a) usually chosen the right solution
- (b) sometimes chosen the right solution
- (c) rarely chosen the right solution

8. True or false: "My life has been relatively uneventful; there have been few great changes in it"

- (a) true
- (b) false

9. Would you say you're an introspective person? Do you spend a lot of time thinking about your life?

- (a) Yes, I spend a great amount of time thinking about my life
- (b) I spend quite a bit of time thinking about my life
- (c) I spend some time thinking about my life, but not much
- (d) I am almost never introspective. That only makes me depressed

10. How do you feel about this statement? "My career is the most important thing to me. If I had to sacrifice my personal life to get ahead, I'd do it."

20 questions to find if
you'll live happily ever after

- (a) Agree. I'd gladly do whatever is necessary to move up in my field
(b) Agree, but I might not be very happy about the sacrifices I'd have to make
(c) Disagree
11. With which statement are you more likely to agree?
(a) A life that's predictable is most likely to make you happy. I'd be willing to give up some pleasant surprises if it meant avoiding the unpleasant ones
(b) A predictable life is not worth living. Change is what keeps you from stagnating
12. Are you frequently bored?
(a) yes
(b) no
13. Are you frequently depressed?
(a) yes
(b) no
14. How do you usually react to criticism?
(a) I fall apart when other people criticise me
(b) It hurts to be criticised, but I survive it
(c) When people criticise me, it's usually unjustified. People who criticise me are usually doing it because they're spiteful or envious
15. How was your adolescence?
(a) It was tough. I experienced a lot of problems and unhappiness
(b) I had my share of strains and problems, but I don't think my adolescence was any worse than most people's
(c) I had quite a calm adolescence with few (or none) of the problems with parents, friends, drugs, alcohol, etc, that some people experience
16. How do you feel about this statement? "Happiness is something you have very little control over. Fate and/or the actions of other people are the things that really and truly determine whether you'll be happy or not."
- (a) agree strongly
(b) agree somewhat
(c) disagree somewhat
(d) disagree strongly
17. Which of the following statements most closely reflects your true feelings?
(a) It's important to please others (bosses, parents, lovers, etc), because eventually your loyalty will be recognised and you'll be rewarded
(b) It's important to please others simply because that's a humane way to act. You shouldn't become a slave to pleasing other people, but if you don't do it at all, you end up locked inside yourself
(c) When you come right down to it other people aren't important. You have to live with yourself, so your needs must always be number one
18. True or false: "I often feel as if I'm slipping backward instead of making progress."
(a) true
(b) false
19. With which of the following statements are you more likely to agree?
(a) I work for one thing: money. People who ask for more than that from a job are looking for trouble
(b) Obviously money is important, but I must also get a sense of satisfaction from my job
(c) Money and satisfaction are important, but I can't really be happy in a job unless I also feel it's making some impact — no matter how small — on the world at large
20. How's your health?
(a) very good
(b) average
(c) okay, I guess, but I have a lot of minor ailments (colds, trouble sleeping, etc)
(d) terrible

SCORING

All possible answers have been assigned point values, which are listed

below. To find your score, add the point values of the answers you chose.

- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| 1. a-5, b-1 | 11. a-1, b-5 |
| 2. a-2, b-5, c-1 | 12. a-1, b-5 |
| 3. a-3, b-5, c-2, d-1 | 13. a-1, b-5 |
| 4. a-5, b-1, c-1 | 14. a-2, b-5, c-1 |
| 5. a-1, b-5, c-3 | 15. a-5, b-4, c-1 |
| 6. a-5, b-3, c-1 | 16. a-1, b-2, c-2, d-5 |
| 7. a-5, b-3, c-1 | |
| 8. a-1, b-5 | 17. a-1, b-5, c-3 |
| 9. a-1, b-2, c-5, d-1 | 18. a-1, b-5 |
| 10. a-1, b-2, c-5 | 19. a-1, b-3, c-5 |
| | 20. a-5, b-3, c-2, d-1 |

The highest possible score is 100; the lowest, 20. If you scored:

76-100 points:

You are a prime candidate for living a long, happy life. With each stage of life, you grow to be a person more at ease with both yourself and others. You have come to terms with the world without compromising your individuality; yet neither are you a flaming nonconformist. You sense when it's best to push hard toward an objective, but you are also quick to sniff out dead ends and put your energy to more constructive uses. You are a person who is easy to be around.

41-75 points:

You're likely to be one of the great majority of people who sometimes have their lives under control, but who also suffer their share of accidents. As you move from one stage of life to another, you learn some lessons but overlook others. You may set goals that are too easy or too hard. Like most people, you sometimes find life confusing and can't figure out why. And also like most people, you tend to be erratic. You cope well with some crises and fail dismally in others.

20-40 points:

If life were really a test, you'd flunk. You're often blind to opportunities for personal growth. In some instances this may be because you're too self-involved; in others, because you slavishly conform to the wishes of people who shouldn't really matter. We can't give you a magic road map to well-being, but if you look at the answers on this psychograph that carry the highest point values, you'll get an idea of what makes for happiness over the long haul. ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

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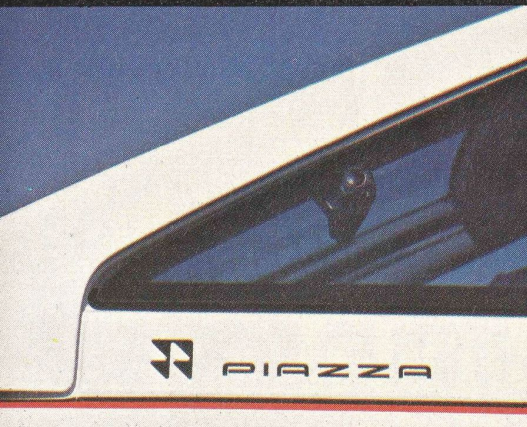


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PIAZZA SUPREME

An Italian recipe with Japanese ingredients and
an Australian flavor . . .

BY PETER MCKAY

It's called Isuzu Piazza, and it's a preposterous name unless you're the type who likes to eat ravioli with chopsticks. But behind that dippy Italo-Nipponese nameplate is an exquisite piece of automotive sculpture that comes to the world from Tokyo, via Turin.

A creation of Italy's kaleidoscopic styling guru Giugiaro,



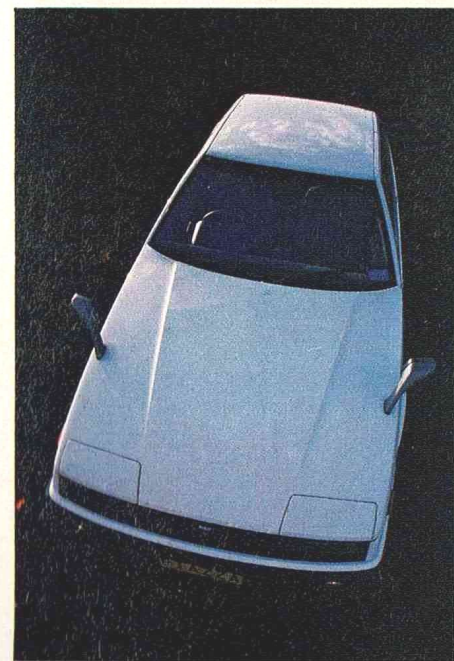
under commission from the Isuzu company, the car we now recognise as the Piazza began life as a design exercise for the 1979 Geneva Motor Show. At the time it was known as the "Ace of Clubs", and it took Isuzu no time at all to realise that the showstopper coupe was a potential marketplace trump card. Acting with terrifying Japanese efficiency and haste, the Isuzu beavers smartly put the splendidly practical yet beautiful four-seater into production.

The car was an instant hit everywhere but in Japan, where sales have failed to meet projections. Why? In a market dominated by crass, exaggerated styling horrors, the Piazza is, to put it mildly, ahead of its time.

The car's smooth, rounded, wedge-shaped lines are too soft, too understated to rate with the Tokyo traffic terrorists who haunt the Ginza driving racetrack clones with the word *Turbo* reversed out in reflective paint down the flanks.

Three years ago at the Geneva expo, the Ace of Clubs sent rival designers scudding back to their drawing boards. Giugiaro blazed a styling trail with his use of glass to create flush surfaces where windows meet body metal. Doors, rear hatch and bonnet are clam-shelled so that they overlap the bodywork to form their own gutters. This eliminates the usual drip rail, reducing associated wind noise at speed. The gently curved nose contains headlights partly shrouded for the best possible compromise between aerodynamic efficiency and function . . . the pop-way "eyelids" still allow the safety-related use of headlight flashers.

Opening the driver's door is an entree to the shuttle age; the feel of the future. There's an all-singing-and-dancing version of the Citroen CX switch gear in two banks, on either side of the wheel, and within (adjustable) reach of the fingertips. They house — count 'em — no less than 22 controls ranging from air conditioning



Style is what the Isuzu Piazza is all about: even ordinary items like tail lights and mirrors reflect Italian design flair at its best. The clean lines of the car are aided by the flush-fitting glass, a design innovation which is causing a big flurry among car makers striving for better aerodynamics. The side-effect of aerodynamic efficiency is a smooth, svelte overall shape, while the Piazza's interior oozes luxury and Star Wars electronics. The twin-cam fuel-injected engine delivers the goods, but is hampered by the excessive weight of the car.

through to a speed alarm setting switch which allows the driver to dial-in a pre-determined maximum speed. Exceed it and a flickering light ticks you off.

The dash is located a long way forward, just under the window glass, to provide the driver and front passenger with as much space to almost swing a cat.

The instrument panel becomes a regular explosion of color and flashing lights when the ignition key is turned. The operation of light-emitting diodes in the battery of meters and indicators goes on automatic when the starter is turned. The monitor advises if there has been a breakdown anywhere or if any of the gauges are not reading right; and confirms the oil, coolant, fuel and washer fluid lights are okay and all bulbs are working.

The instrumentation has nothing so antiquated nor undignified as an indicator needle. No, this babe is all silicon chip stuff . . . non-stop extravaganzas of digital readouts, moving bar graphs and auto data beaming forth from behind the (adjustable, with memory, thank you) steering wheel. The digital speedometer dominates the display area with its large LED figures, giving velocity at a glance. At 100 km/h a red overspeed warning light underlines the speed readout. The tachometer is unusual too; it's a vertical bar-type LED system with yellow and red color zones to indicate critical engine speeds.

There's a lot more, including subtleties like an interior light which remains on for a few seconds after the door is closed to enable the occupants to find and secure seatbelts, rather than scratch about in the dark.

External dimensions of the Piazza are not far removed from Giugiaro's beautiful 1970s masterpiece, the Alfa Romeo GTV, except that the Isuzu has a higher roofline to allow its driver to sit taller in the saddle.

Like the GTV, the Piazza boasts four-wheel disc braking and precise rack and pinion steering, with speed-sensitive power assistance.

The Japanese auto buff has the choice between two engines in his Piazza. Both are 2.0 litres in capacity, one being a single overhead cam design that's both harsh and not inclined to work hard. The alternative is better news . . . regulated by micro-computer which controls fuel injection, ignition, timing and idling rpm, it's a double overhead cam howler churning out a more respectable 102 kiloWatts of power.

The Piazza's road performance is knobbed by its weight. At almost 1200 kilograms, it's about 150 kilograms heavier than the Camira, which is longer, wider and taller with a greater wheelbase. This extra mass comes from its extensive array of equipment . . . trip computer, AM/FM radio with cassette, electric windows, electrically adjustable wing mirrors and enough gadgetry and electronics to dazzle the denizens of Pine Gap.

On paper the Piazza's suspension sounds fine . . . double wishbone independent with coils and stabiliser up front, with a three-link coil spring-torque tube and stabiliser at the rear. In reality, the handling doesn't measure up. It lacks the firmness of damping and inherits the Japanese understeer which plagues every other car to come out of the Land of the Rising Sun.

Such deficiencies don't much matter in a country where just clearing a traffic jam is joy, and a steady 80-90 km/h drive in the country is bliss. But Australians have higher expectations of a sporty car selling — as the Piazza would — for something like \$17,000.

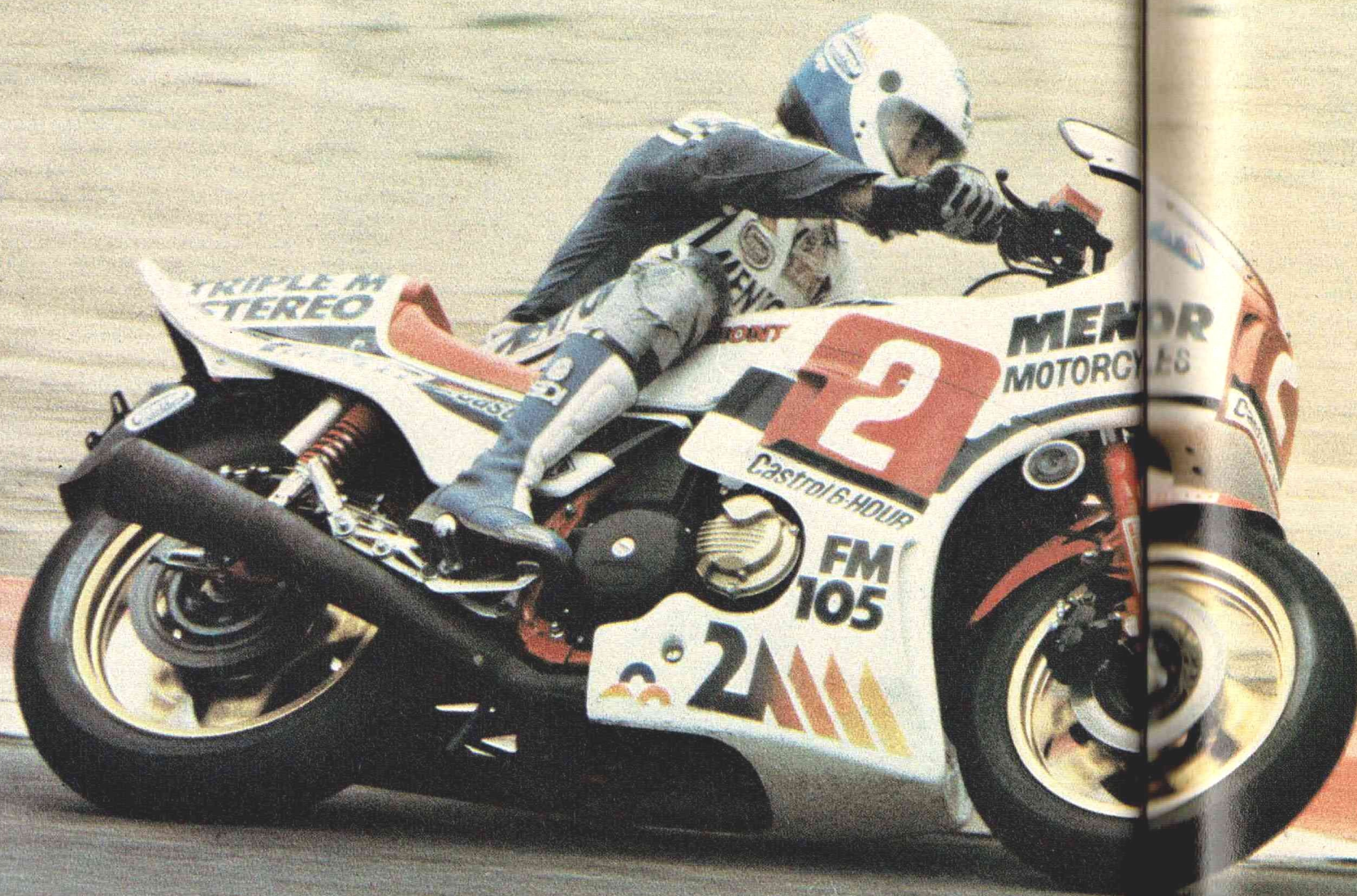
So why won't we see the Piazza on general sale in Australia for two more years, if at all? Certainly the Holden-Isuzu connection is a strong one. General Motors has a 34 percent shareholding in the Japanese company and, as we've already seen with the Gemini, isn't ashamed to take up the option on Isuzu products for Australia.

There is another problem . . .

The cute Federal Government motor car quota laws — which Holden has enthusiastically supported — specifically restrict the General from selling anything other than the home brew. This situation was acceptable when GM-H had no desire to sell any imported cars locally. Anyway, the status quo will alter from 1985 onwards, when the Oz car market will be progressively freed up as protection of the locally-made vehicles is lifted.

An open Australian car market will see

Continued on page 160



For the big superbikes the 1982 Castrol Six Hour Race was . . .

THE LAST BLAST

Bikes having been banished eternally from the Garden of Eden, the two decadents had one last disgustingly obscene fling . . . something we'll be able to remember them by. It was a six-hour orgy of gasoline and rubber, brake pad and throttle excesses at Amaroo Park last October — a farewell salute to the two greatest superbikes in the world.

There could be no more fitting departure from racing than the Castrol Six Hour — the first and only true production motorcycle race classic — for the bikes which have brought a new standard of sophistication, performance and beauty into the world.

Time does not run out officially for the CB 1100RC Honda and the Suzuki Katana GSX 1100S until the last minute of the year, but the fun was well and truly over two months before then.

The Federation Internationale Motocycliste, which controls world motorcycle sport, has banned bikes above 1000cc from international competition next year.

This curious decision was made at a conference of delegates from many nations with the idea of imposing limits on the Japanese, who until now have indicated with the motorcycle, as with the micro chip, that they know no limits.

Australia, which only a few years ago gained national motorcycle independence from Great Britain, is keen on its unblemished reputation and accordingly follows the world edict.

The fact that we pioneered stock standard production races in this country 21 years ago, and are the world leaders in quality of riders and promotion of events, failed to save the necks of the Katana and CB 1100RC as far as racing is concerned.

Not that there was any great lobby from Australia to gain a reprieve — why create policy when it's just as easy to abide by what the Russians, South Americans or whoever decide is best for us?

Still, the world trend is to develop smaller motorcycles — around 550cc to 750cc — to a parity with what we know of

BY NOEL CHRISTENSEN

Photographs by Graham Monro



Previous page: Wayne Clarke on the Mentor Motorcycles Honda he co-rode with Australian international star Wayne Gardner. Inset: Clarke (left) and Gardner were given the trophy but protests haven't been resolved. Clockwise from top left: Queenslander Geoff French co-rode with Alan Blanco on the Match Racing Honda for third place. Refuelling stop for fifth placed Rod Grey, with co-rider Neville Hiscock giving advice. Second-placed John Pace hard at it on the Maxim Motorcycles Honda.

the litre-plus bikes of today. It must happen within a decade, especially if research and development brains are thinking of the smaller capacity machines. So there is no stay of execution, no time off for good behavior, no hint of amnesty for the two bikes which dominated this year's Castrol Six Hour in both numbers and pre-race form.

On October 17, 41 bikes were angle-parked on the grid waiting for the 10am starting signal that sends riders sprinting to the machines for the first of 367 laps of the 1.94km circuit, which has an evil reputation as a life-taker and maimer among the two-wheeler brigade.

A forest of ABC television cameras took the race live to the same stations that screen *Countdown* — for a few hours of that one day of the year the bike and the bike racer became household property, even in Thursday Island and Carnarvon. So complete is the coverage by the ABC that people in Sydney are not inclined to leave their homes for the opportunity to get rid of \$10 at the gate and another \$10 on food, drink and a souvenir program, cap, badge or whoopee cushion. Norm will tell ya that including petrol money for a



lot of you don't know how to ride at that speed, we will make it 80 km/h . . . is that clear?"

A couple of competitors spat out the grass they'd been munching on and a couple more examined the gallery for amazed looks. There was no angry mood; everyone was resigned to the fact that in a few more minutes the flag would wave and away they'd go.

Three smoke-trailing skydivers descended 700 metres onto plastic markers on the infield and at the same time the pit crews moved bikes into line, ready for a parade lap.

Riders clambered aboard and, minus helmets but in shiny-coloured leather suits, lapped the circuit once, waving to the crowd.

the bookie had written the last of his bets (which just happened to be \$18,000 to \$100 about a team which contained the only female in the race winning the smaller of the two classes, for bikes up to 750cc engine capacity).

Blaring air horns signalled that the start was imminent. Then there was silence, except for the flutter of the starter's flag and the patter of 41 pairs of boots heading off to work.

The super-heavyweight bike title was on the line, with the winner taking to perpetuity the decision of the final encounter. Honda had won five of the six major endurance races of the year and was way ahead of Suzuki on points. Suzuki had made a promising start by nailing the first race of the season in Adelaide, but it had been all one-way traffic since. A Six Hour win would mean more than all the others rolled into one, anyway.

The start is always exciting because of the degree of danger inherent in the transition of stationary bikes and riders to fast-moving objects working at critical tolerances.

Traffic is at its worst as fast riders who got off to a poor start let consciences gain the upper hand, and push too hard to regain time. Tyres, too, don't give their best adhesion until the friction of rubbing on the track creates heat to raise their temperatures to operating levels.

And with 24 litres of petrol in the tanks the race bikes in those early stages are potentially lethal weapons ready to be set off by one trigger-happy hothead.

Suzuki went to the front and the field spread out snake-like behind the red Katana of Tasmanian Mal Campbell, one of three riders to share fastest qualifying lap.

The Suzukis had to run their race from in front, if they could. They would need four, possibly five stops during the race for fuel, tyres and rider change, while Honda could do their race with one less stop and therefore could afford to sit behind and cruise past while the Suzukis stopped for gas.

Another factor dictated that the Suzukis

must run in front of the field if they were to keep their chances alive. Because of a narrower rear wheel rim, the Suzukis ran tyres which gave them less ground clearance than the Hondas and a greater wear rate through cornering.

With the alternator mounted on the left side of the crank shaft, Suzuki riders also had to be careful to prevent contact with the road on the two corners of the circuit which are not to the right.

After two laps of the race Campbell was passed by an edgy Wayne Clarke, who put the Mentor Motorcycles Honda into the lead, but only briefly. In his haste, and with 120 hp at his disposal, Clarke all but melted the rear Pirelli tyre and it became glazed. He then dropped back, allowing Campbell to regain the lead.

Clarke was the first to pit for fuel and a rider change after only 64 minutes racing, which was not according to schedule.

Instead of changing the rear wheel on that stop, co-rider Wayne Gardner was instructed to be heavy with the throttle to try and burn off the glazed exterior of the tyre. In doing so he rapidly moved the bike past the opposition until he'd regained a lot of ground and was within sight of the front-running bunch of Hondas and Suzukis.

The pace was so fast that Len Willing, who was the pole sitter, was regularly under the lap record, as were many of the leading 10 bikes. Sacked by Yamaha on the eve of the race, Willing had joined the powerful Match Racing two-bike team and was their fastest jockey.

A quarter of the way through the race he held the lead and handed the Honda over to team-mate Vince Sharpe, who then faced the first of two significant falls of rain.

The quickly dampening track first claimed Sharpe, then Roger Heyes, who partnered early leader Campbell on the Gus Liu Motorcycles Katana. So out went the two leaders in quick succession and places in the field changed rapidly as some riders got going in the rain while others walked.

Gardner, who won the rain-sodden event in 1980 and has been at the forefront of British racing in the two years since, now started to shine.

The treacherous conditions and far from healthy state of the rear tyre could not stifle a talent which, enormous as it was when it left these shores at the beginning of the year, was now clearly greater. Incredibly, after co-rider Clarke had been lapped twice in the first hour, the race score board had Gardner back in the lead by the two and a half hour mark, a position which made other teams and commentators sceptical.

The seemingly casual approach of Gardner disarmed the opposition, who thought he may stick to his announced race plan and "circulate".

His arrival from London was delayed two days after he missed his scheduled

flight. While on his way to Heathrow he found the British services parading in salute to the Falklands victory.

Rivals were not expecting, nor was it easily absorbed that they were witnessing, one of the greatest of all Six Hour individual performances. After Clarke completed his second stint of more than an hour, Gardner was left alone to bring home the bike in first place.

Matich Racing's Alan Blanco and Maxim Motorcycles' John Pace were his main threats and they had to be disposed of quickly, otherwise a terminal dog fight could develop.

Peace passed Blanco and then Gardner also pounced from third place to further relegate Blanco, who was riding on a four and a half hour-old tyre, and was desperately short of petrol and riding to compensate.

Then Gardner came up to Pace and they disputed three corners together in one memorable half lap, which was to decide the outcome. "I didn't have the concentration necessary to go with him," Pace said after the race.

For the last half dozen laps before the checkered flag dropped at 4.01 pm Gardner pranced round the track picking off lapped riders at times with a nonchalant left hand on hip.

At the presentation and mandatory champagne bath, he acted as though nothing had happened, yet all around him

people were breathless. He had beaten Pace and Blanco by less than a lap, and those three had done seven more circuits of the track than the previous record of 360 laps.

The first eight finishers — six Hondas and two Suzukis — all broke the previous record.

New Zealanders, Bob Toomey and Rob Holden, took their Action Motorcycles 750 Katana to within a lap of that distance in winning their class. With the aid of advances in tyre technology and machine performances, they clearly proved that 750cc machines of today are faster than the 1000cc bikes of three years ago.

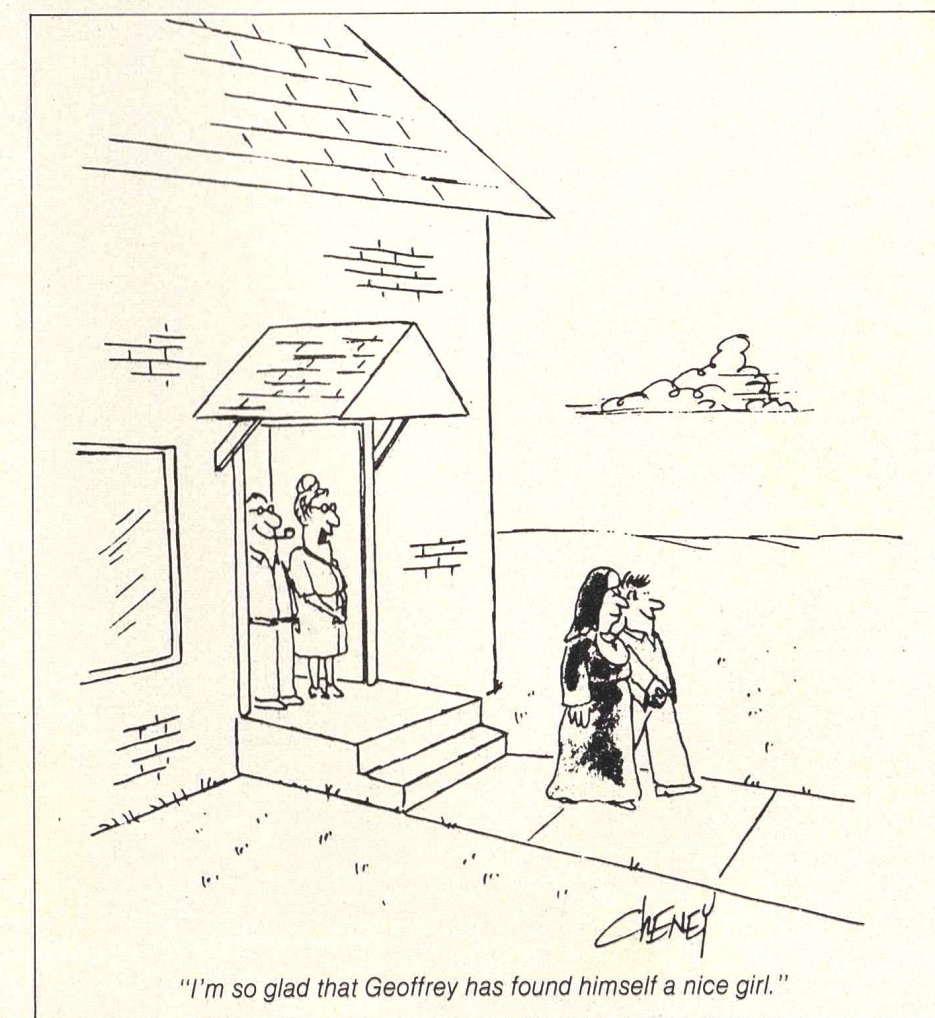
When the last drops of champagne were drunk, officials carried off the lap scoring sheets and two three-hour security video tapes of bikes passing at the slowest part of the circuit.

After satisfying themselves as to the accuracy of their figures they handed the results over to the Auto Cycle Union for ratification.

Some teams were not happy with the finishing order. Gardner's position was too difficult to accept. It did not compute . . . it seemed unbelievable that he could go so well.

He left for Japan and more racing two days later, with the results still provisional.

By then most people had seen a replay of the ABC telecast. It tells the Gardner saga like it is.

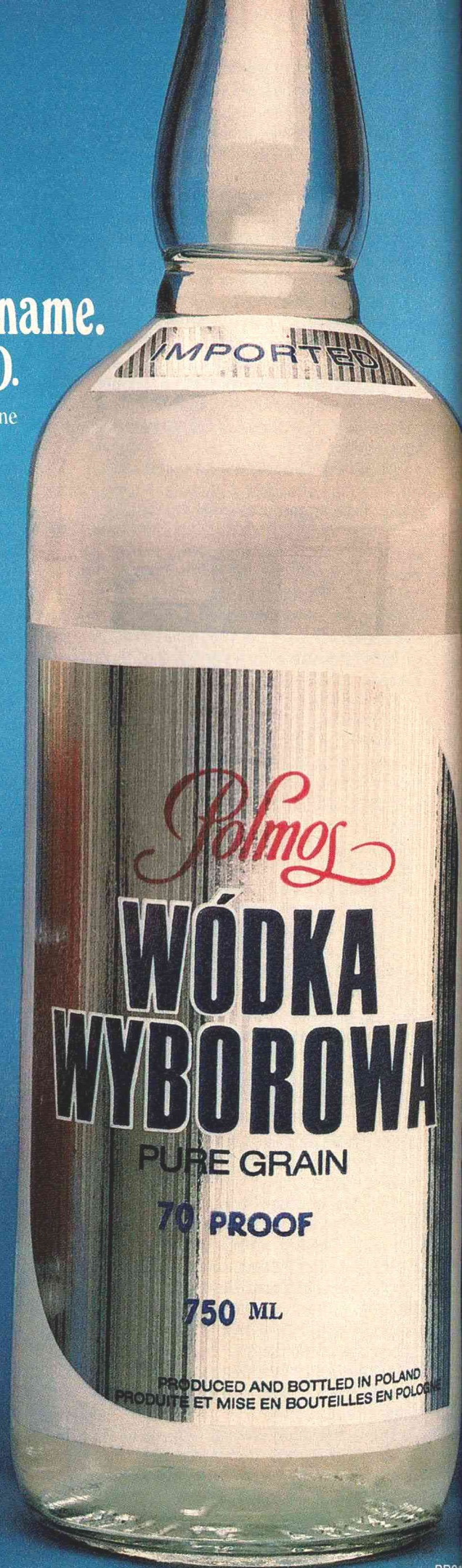


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...and now you know the name.
Wyborowa (pronounced vee-bor-ova).

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Some Vodkas (like most Vodka drinkers) do have taste. Wyborowa is proof of that.



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POLISH VODKA A RICH TRADITION

The superb Polish vodka we know today has a long and fascinating history, evolving from primitive methods of obtaining alcohol from wine as early as the 8th century.

Today's renowned quality is the result of the passing of increasingly sophisticated methods from generation to generation.

In ancient times distilling wine was the domain of a very restricted group of people, and the production of alcohol a closely guarded secret.

Between the 11th and 14th centuries the art of distilling alcohol from wine progressed slowly. The final product — spirit with a low alcohol content — was used as an expensive and infallible medicine for all types of ailments, and by the 15th century was being more widely used simply as a beverage.

It was at this time that the purely Polish word "vodka", diminutive of water (woda) originates.

The beverage grew in popularity more rapidly after the 16th century, when a method was devised to derive it from grain, chiefly rye. Rye vodka, the most widely produced brand in those times, was known as "okowita" (aqua vitae).

In 1546, under a statute decreed by King Jan Olbracht, every inhabitant of Poland was free to produce and sell liquors. Then, under a law enacted in 1572 the Polish gentry secured the so-called "propinatory privilege" implying three exclusive rights: to produce liquors, to sell them, and to force the peasantry to drink in the squire's inn. The trade in vodka then became one of the major sources of revenue for the squirearchy and the Crown.

In addition to tariffs, there was a special "tap tax", passed by the Parliament in the 17th century as a 10% tax on production and sale of vodka, beer and mead.

Rapid growth of an industry

How widespread the distilling of vodka became is indicated by notes in contemporary diaries. In 1595, the Reverend Hieronim Prowodowski wrote severely, "Breweries and distilleries have sprung everywhere, and have decocted not only grain but also whole villages and towns."

Because primitive apparatus made derivation of neat spirit impossible, the vodka very strongly smacked of the raw material from which it was obtained. Hence, to improve its taste, and suppress the unpleasant taste of crude alcohol, distillers added aromatic oils, spices and herbs, and honey as a sweetener.

And because the distilling of vodka was very remunerative, the distilleries expanded despite wars and destruction of the period.

Liquors produced in Poland were frequently the subject of comment by visitors to the country. In 1568, Fulvius Rugieri, described in letters to Rome the details of production of excellent vodka.

Galeario Marescotti, describing the life and manners of the Polish Royal Court in the late 17th century, noted "they drink a great deal of beer, mead and vodka".

Obviously Polish vodka made an impression on international tourists and diplomats. Part of the reason may be ascribed to proverbial Polish hospitality, which made it a point of honour for a host to entertain his guests with as much cordial welcome, food and drink as possible. Home-made vodka would undoubtedly have occupied a place of honour on the table.

Such traditional hospitality contributed to competition among distillers, and resulted in a great diversification of vodka brands. All of them were — and indeed, are — famous for their fine quality, and are praised by gourmets throughout the world.

The industry expanded most quickly in the 19th century, when more vodka and liqueur companies were founded. Technical improvements followed, with improved apparatus, the application of steam in the rectification processes, and steam engines in the distilleries. New raw materials were also used, including potatoes and beet treacle. This in turn brought new and more efficient technological processes.

The present-day spirits industry has thus been built on age-old traditions and experiences. The supreme quality of Polish vodka is thus based on continuing experiment and knowledge.

Following the first World War, the State Spirits Monopoly was established, supervising production based on perfecting those traditional technological methods in production of spirits and vodka.

After the conclusion of World War II, the State Spirits Monopoly was re-established and the industry reconstructed after the damages of war. Production was modernised and concentrated, yielding highest quality products.

The quality is recognised not only by the numerous medals won in international exhibitions, but also by the much-quoted saying of Pablo Picasso: "the three most astonishing things in the past half-century were the blues, cubism and Polish vodka".

Today's Polish vodka, spirits and liqueurs are exported under the trademark Polmos, which guarantees the standard of excellence of the beverages.

**WÓDKA
WYBOROWA**
distributed by **Burns
Philp**

POLISH CLOVER

Ingredients
45ml Wyborowa
Vodka
30ml Baileys Irish
Cream
Dash of Creme De
Menthe
Method

1. Shake over ice and strain.



YELLOW ROCK ROAD

Ingredients
30ml Wyborowa
Vodka
20ml Creme De
Cacao (White)
15ml Roncoco
60ml Pineapple Juice
Method

1. Pour all ingredients over ice.
2. Top with pineapple juice.



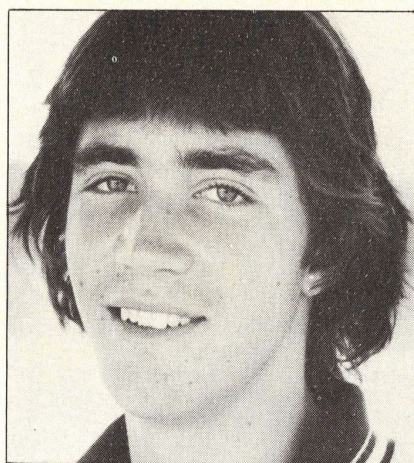
PARISIANNE SCREWDRIVER

Ingredients
30ml Wyborowa
Vodka
30ml Cointreau
15ml Lime Juice
Top with Orange Juice
Method

1. Shake with ice.
2. Strain in glass and top with orange juice.
3. Garnish small lime wedge and orange spiral and lime spiral.

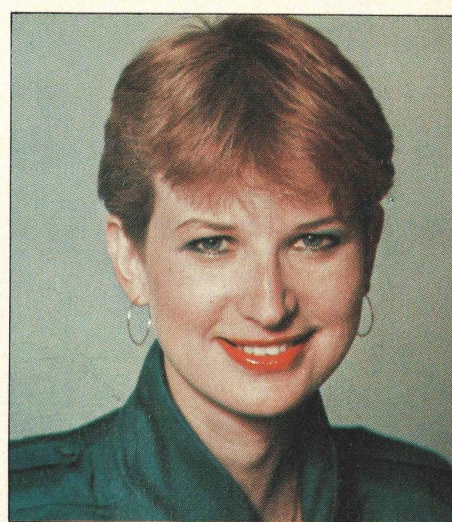


Cocktails created by Cocktail Bar Tenders Hilton International, Sydney Airport, Ancilife N.S.W.



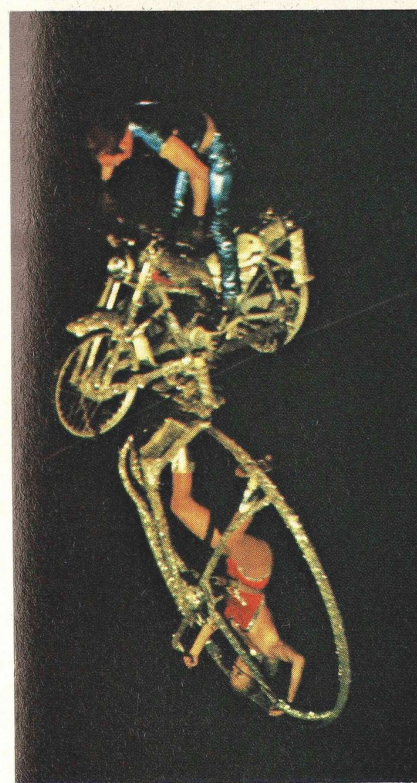
PAT CASH

Patrick Cash is the Great White Hope of Australian tennis. Not since a 17-year-old John Alexander reached the junior Wimbledon final in 1969 has there been an Aussie tennis sensation with the potential to emulate the feats of Rosewall, Newcombe and Laver. As the holder of the Wimbledon and US Open junior titles, 17-year-old Cash is the number one teenager in the world. And that means big pressure. Is this the lad we've been waiting for, the one who will lead us back to those halcyon days when "Australian" and "champion" were synonymous on the tennis courts of the world? By 1986 we'll know the answer, because if everything goes according to schedule that's the year in which Pat Cash will win the Wimbledon final. "I should be playing as well as I can by then. I'll be 21 and at my physical peak," he says. There's no reason to suppose that these ambitions are idle fantasy. When Cash whipped Mark Edmondson — at the age of 16 — in the South Australian Open early this year, it was obvious that an extraordinary talent had arrived on the scene. The son of a noted Melbourne attorney, Pat quit school in Year 10 to concentrate full-time on tennis. That was after he'd made the decision to give up playing VFL football, a sport at which he could have excelled with his large, muscular frame. Fortunately, power doesn't go astray in the game of tennis, either. Cash can already match it with the big guns on that score. The Australian Open this summer will be a good yardstick for measuring the youngster's progress: "If I can win a few rounds in that tournament it will really set me off. When you're not winning matches or qualifying events, you wonder if you're ever going to make it." Barring mishap — his dad's always telling him to be very careful, but Pat's not the type to wrap himself in cotton wool — we could soon see the emergence of a new focal point of excitement for an Australian tennis public long starved of the chance to hail a true champion.



BASIA KONKOWSKI

To a growing television audience in Sydney and Melbourne, Basia Konkowski provides the first and last word on what's happening in the music biz worldwide. For more than a year 28-year-old Basia has fronted Channel O's *Rock Around The World*, a diverse program which airs clips of overseas acts and grasps musical trends not usually snatched up by other rock shows till they start busting charts or marketing T-shirts and dinky make-up kits. South Australian-born Basia has a rich background in the theatre, having worked at various times over the last decade with the Pram Factory, the Sydney Theatre Company, the Nimrod and others, with a few celluloid forays in the films *Letters From Poland*, *Temperament Unsuitd* and *Monkey Grip*. She has written a play, *Furious Lovers*, which was performed at the National Playwrights' Conference in Canberra, 1980. In September 1980, Basia found herself between acting jobs and used her language skills to score a job doing subtitles at Channel O. It didn't take long in the close-knit setup at the infant station for her varied talents to surface, and she soon began writing presenters' scripts. Then her head full of ideas and her vibrant personality put her in front of the cameras in *Rock Around The World*, a program concept she helped formulate. Her next step is away from *RATW* to a 13-week series of hour-long rock programs profiling music personalities around the world and tying in the significance of art and general cultural trends in music styles. Basia admits it was a big decision to leave *RATW* when its popularity was burgeoning, but the hard work she's pouring into her new project doesn't allow her much time to dwell on the past. And what's on the horizon after this mammoth project? "I should be a free woman in about February," says Basia. "And by then, the way it's going, something will have turned up."



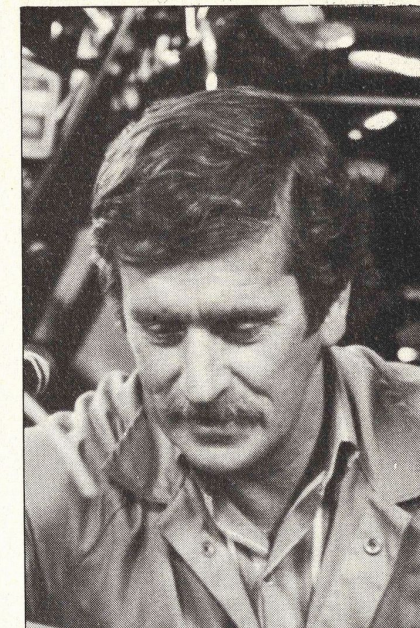
ELLIE-JAYNE WILSON

As Ellen Wilson we saw her regularly in *The Restless Years* and later in *Winter Of Our Dreams* and *Puberty Blues*; she also cropped up in the pages of fashion magazines and sometimes performed a song-and-dance routine out in clubland. But now the petite blonde 22-year-old fireball has bounced back as Ellie-Jayne Wilson, death-defying assistant to Johnny Fogwell — the man who has incorporated the late Dale Buggins' equipment into his stunt show. Ellie-Jayne and Johnny spend their working hours 30 metres above ground, Johnny riding his bike along a 2.5-metre steel cable underneath which is a wheel attached to the bike. Inside that wheel Ellie-Jayne has to perform headstands and spins. During the half-hour performance the bike and wheel also spin laterally on the cable, reversing positions so that the bike is upside down. Without any previous experience in stunt work, the intrepid young actress hesitated only momentarily before agreeing to take on the job, and now she thoroughly enjoys it. "It's exciting, even though I know it's dangerous and maybe not everyone's idea of a job, but I'm working with one of the best and I feel safe." Physical strength is imperative in this type of routine, and Ellie-Jayne reckons her dancing background has stood her in good stead. The bigger the audience, the more she likes it: "Everyone thinks I'm mad, but I just love being up there." Her long-held ambition, of course, is to become a fulltime actress, but for the moment she's happy enough just hanging around.



PENNY LINDEN

Penny Linden, 27, wanted to be a comic even when she left school at 17 and shifted from her native Wollongong to spend two years working as an actress in Sydney, where she did a worthwhile stint on stage with The Bus Company. Penny then went to London to further her career and for six years studied at the Drama Studio. Like many other actresses, she worked as a waitress between acting jobs. Her stage work was still mainly in character roles, but her long-term aim of becoming a comic took its first step when she did a two-minute spot at The Comic Strip, the top London stand-up comedy club. She says she was terrified: "It was terrible — I wanted to run away." But the audience felt more kindly about her than she did, and fortunately they showed it. Eighteen months ago Penny returned to Sydney, with its glut of actresses her age, so her commitment to comedy was made. Penny's material has evolved from vague theatrical comedy to a stand-up style which she feels is a much purer form of entertainment, as exemplified by her favorite comics, Charlie Chaplin, Madeleine Kahn, Phyllis Diller, Carol Burnett and the cast of the old *Mavis Bramston Show*. Penny uses most of her own material and is expanding her main character, Tammy, with "the monthly ordeal of being a woman" as the basis for her act. She uses this as a theme because it bugs her that society still treats menstruation as a taboo. Penny has seen people walk out disgusted with her act, but most audiences are appreciative. "Comedy is hard, but when you do it well there's nothing quite like it," she says. "You know when you have an audience and you know when you don't, but there's nothing you can do but keep going and hope." Penny no longer panics when the audience isn't with her; she strides on through topics like penis envy and contraception, and like the trouper she has become, keeps the show rolling right along.



PETER MOLLOY

Peter Molloy could be correctly described as a mechanic, but that's really selling him short. Having spent the last 25 years building cars and motorcycles for almost every top racer in Australia, and for many visiting internationals, Molloy is a by-word in motor sport. His first involvement with racing was with a car that has passed into Australian racing lore: Les Durham's Terraplane Special. Since then, Molloy has always been the man behind the winner. In the heyday of the Mini-Coopers, he built cars for Brian Foley, Laurie Stewart and John Harvey, and for international rally stars Tinno Mackinnen and Paddy Hopkirk. Then came Formula Two machines for John Harvey and Neil Allen's and Fred Gibson's stable of race cars. John Surtees and Mike Hailwood used Molloy engines when they raced in Australia; David Hobbs, Kevin Bartlett, Warwick Brown, Max Stewart and Bob Muir used Molloy engines; and Molloy built the Ford Falcons which took Allan Moffat to consecutive Australian Touring Car Championships. At the same time, his engines were setting fastest times at race tracks in the USA, winning powerboat races and winning Australia's biggest motorcycle races. That's why insiders in the car and bike racing fraternities don't call his engines "Molloy Suzukis" or "Molloy Chevs"; they are simply Molloy engines, and whatever the manufacturer, Molloy's engine will have more power than anyone else's — and it will be reliable. Today the master mechanic refuses to get involved in car racing, much preferring motorcycles. "Rules and regulations have strangled car racing in Australia, by limiting technical development to the point where Fred Bloggs down the road could bolt an engine together," he says.

JOHN VAIN HAS MALICIOUSLY REVEALED THE SECRET OF HER ORIGIN TO OUR HEROINE. THE SHOCK HAS BEEN TOO MUCH FOR VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN'S ONLY NATURAL ASSET AND SHE HAS RUSHED BLINDLY FROM THE CASTLE INTO THE SURROUNDING DISMAL BOGLAND. SEARCH PARTIES ARE OUT.....

CHASTITY!

CHASTITY!
WHERE ARE
YOU?

EXCUSE ME-HAVE
YOU BY ANY CHANCE
SEEN A NAKED
YOUNG LADY WITH
PINK HAIR?

WHAT
UP?

**SWEET
CHASTITY
HAS
DISAPPEARED**

NO
KIDDING!

MAYBE SHE
MET A REAL
MAN AND
DECIDED TO
SPLIT THIS
GOD FORSAKEN
PLACE...

WHO SAYS
"REAL MEN"
ACT ANY
DIFFERENTLY

**SOMETHING
HAPPEN TO
CHASTITY 2**

by **RON
EMBLETON
and BOB
GUCCIONE**

WELL-DONE
YOU FIND
HER?

**NO-WE
DIDN'T!**

AND IF YOU HADN'T
SHOT YOUR GAPING
MOUTH OFF NONE
OF THIS WOULD'VE
HAPPENED!

BARON?

**BARON! IT
WAS ALL A
TERRIBLE
MISTAKE.**

BARON!

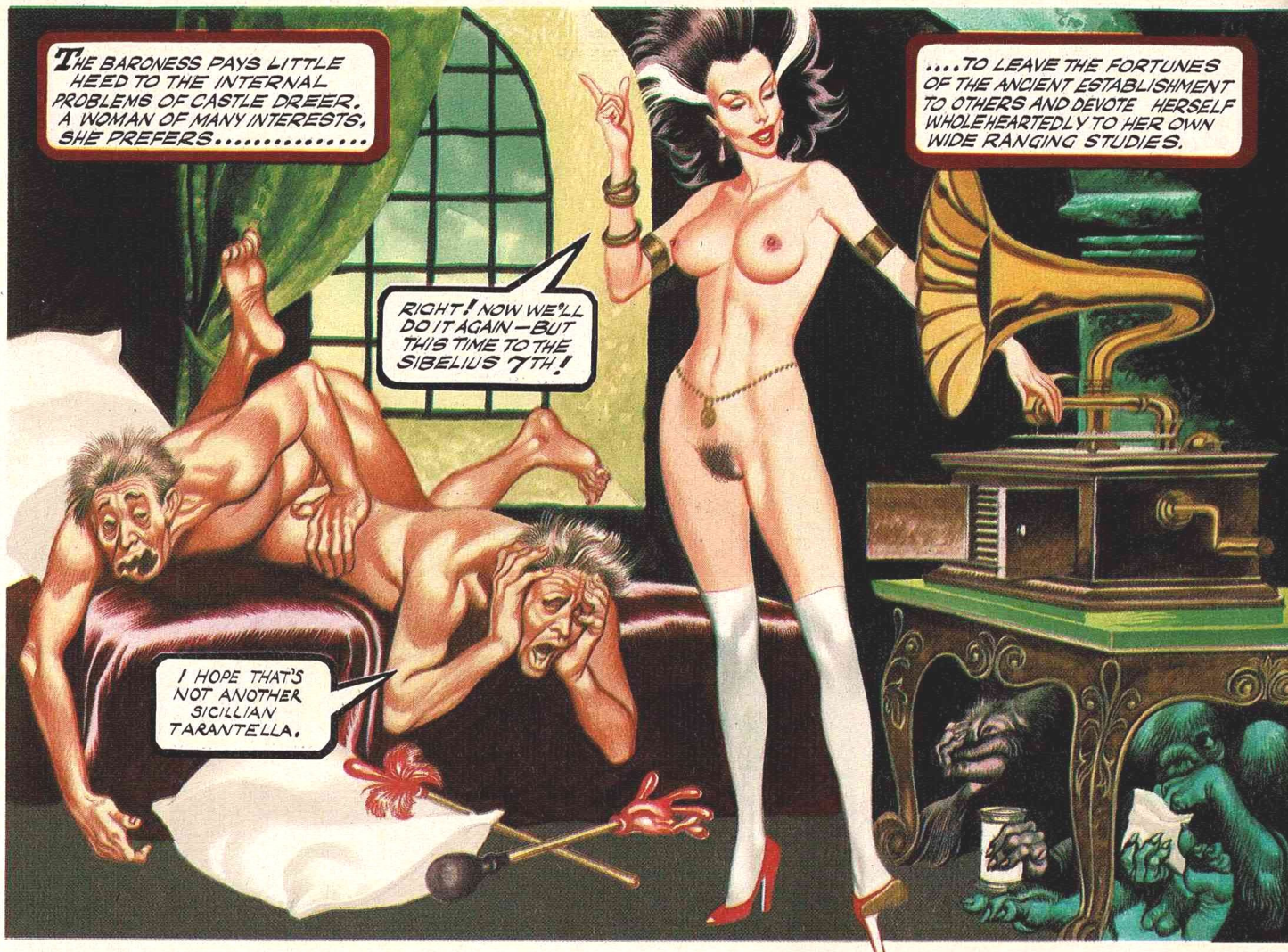
NOT THE HAIR
BARON...FOR
GOD'S SAKE
DON'T TOUCH
THE HAIR!!!

EEAAGH!

**DON'T LOOK!
THIS IS GOING
TO BE VERY
MESSY!**

**YOU ARE AN IDIOT, MR
JOHN-YOU BRING THESE
MISFORTUNES
UPON YOURSELF!**

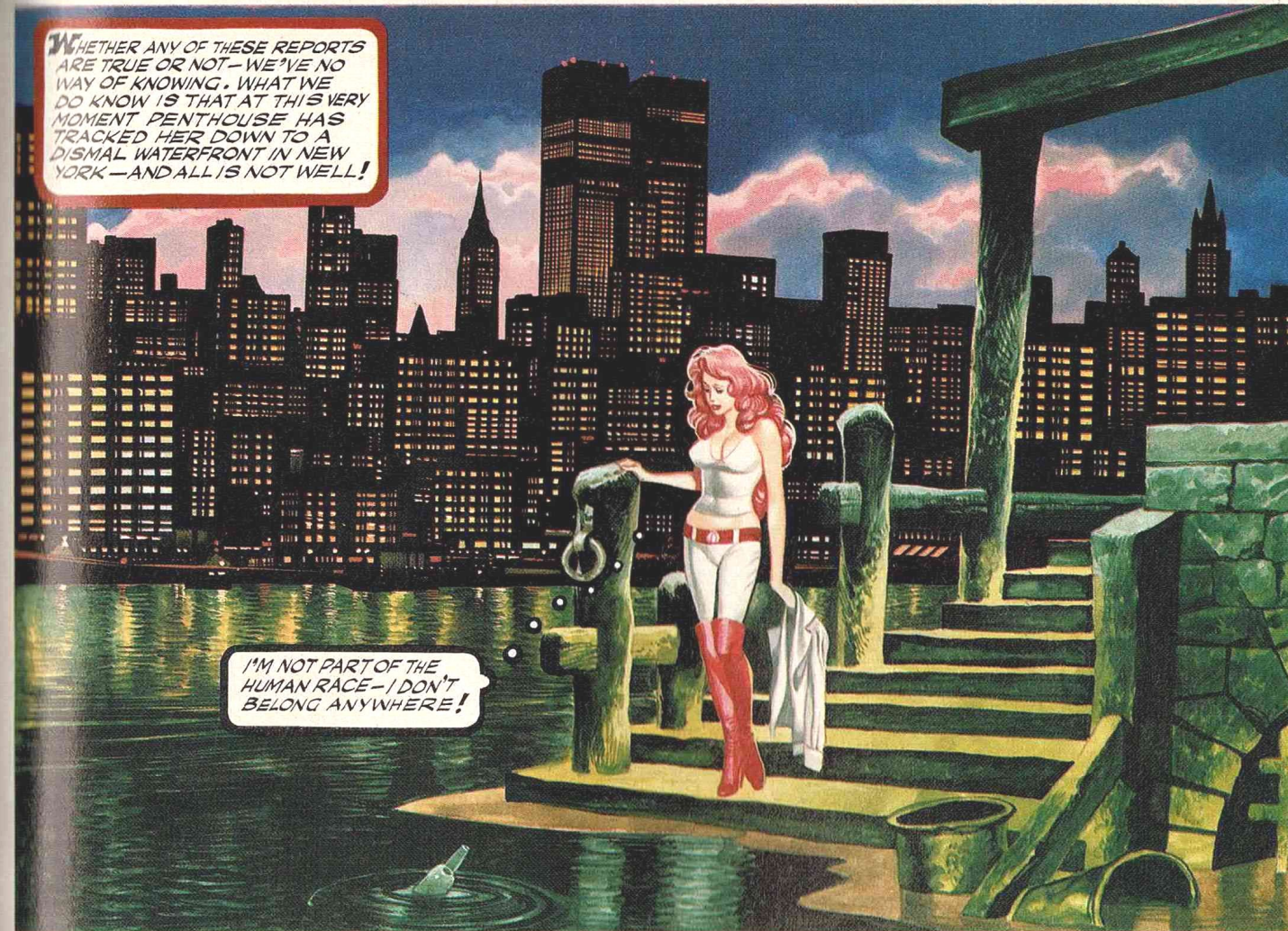
**BUT DON'T FRET,
NO ONE HAS EVER
STAYED DOWN
HERE FOR MORE
THAN 15 YEARS.**





SHE IS SERVING AS A TANK COMMANDER WITH THE ISRAELI ARMY.....

WHERE THE HELL ARE WE GONNA PUT 'EM ALL?



WHETHER ANY OF THESE REPORTS ARE TRUE OR NOT - WE'VE NO WAY OF KNOWING. WHAT WE DO KNOW IS THAT AT THIS VERY MOMENT PENTHOUSE HAS TRACKED HER DOWN TO A DISMAL WATERFRONT IN NEW YORK - AND ALL IS NOT WELL!

I'M NOT PART OF THE HUMAN RACE - I DON'T BELONG ANYWHERE!



SHE IS WORKING THE PUBS IN THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK.....

WILL SOMEBODY SHUT THAT SHEILA UP! WE'RE TRYIN' TO GET THE CRICKET SCORES!

YA CAN'T HEAR YASELF DRINK!

AM I DREAMIN' CHARLIE? TELL ME I'M DREAMIN'!

OF COURSE YOU'RE DREAMIN'! YA DON'T REALLY THINK YOU'D SEE A CLASSY SHEILA LIKE THAT IN A DUMPLIKE THIS?

YOU AN' ME ARE MATES, MATE!

THEY'RE SPOILIN' EVERYTHING! DRINKIN' 'LIBEDTA BE A SERIOUS BUSINESS!



I WOULDN'T DO THAT, LITTLE SISTER!

Y...YOU CALLED ME SISTER?

OF COURSE! WE ARE ALL BROTHERS AND SISTERS IN THE EYES OF THE LORD - EVERY ONE - IF THEY SEEK REDEMPTION AND FOLLOW THE RIGHT ROAD!



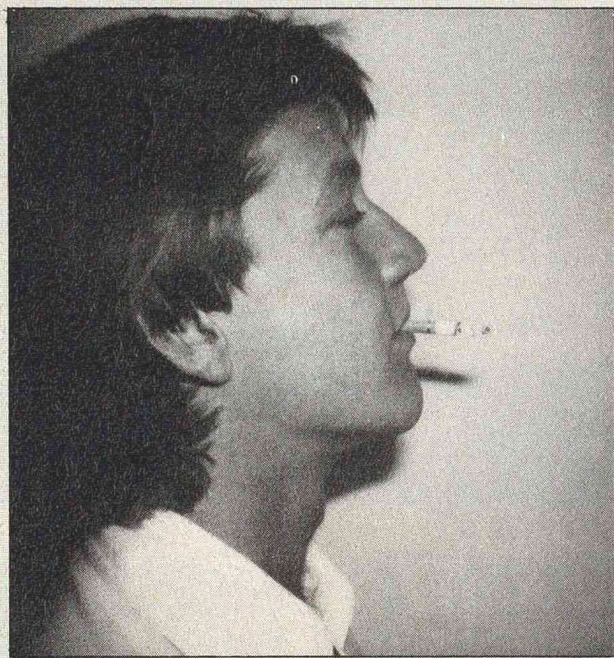
REDEMPTION? EVERYONE - BROTHERS AND SISTERS?

SURE! IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR THE PATH TO RIGHTEOUSNESS - I'LL LIGHT YOUR LAMP!

WHO THE HELL IS THIS GUY? AND WHAT'S HE SELLING? ALL - AND MORE, WILL BE REVEALED NEXT MONTH!

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY GREG HUNTER

The author is a Bitter and Twisted Penthouse staff writer who believed that ownership of a red sports car would open up the social and sexual vistas so long closed to him. He was wrong.

SQUEEZED DRY BY A LEMON

The most dramatic way to illustrate the inevitable failure of recent consumer protection legislation is to look at a case history involving one consumer — myself — and a little red sports car. From this sad tale it will emerge that there are two incontrovertible principles operating in the area of consumer protection: firstly, the capitalists who are being harassed by this legislation will always have total knowledge of every detail relating to their operation, while as an outsider there will always be some vital fact or procedure of which the consumer is unaware; secondly, whatever money the consumer has managed to hang on to will in any case be confiscated in a welter of stamp duties, fees, fines and God-knows-what imposed by the government.

Now a lot of young men, particularly those who read *Penthouse*, harbor a secret desire to own a sports car. If you are among this large group of mental defectives who, like myself, have allowed themselves to be seduced by those pop-up headlights — symbolic of the genuine article — then please take this advice: forget it. Otherwise you will surely learn, as I did, how it is possible to blow nine and a half grand in the space of four months in return for the privilege of getting to know several local cab drivers because you don't have a car to drive.

Exactly how can this appalling state of affairs come about? I had in my kitty the sum of \$3000 when the fever took possession of my body. I rang a finance company and was told they were prepared to come up with 75 percent of the cost. I wanted \$7500 towards a car costing \$10,000 while secretly planning to spend only \$9000, which would leave me \$1500 over for expenses. A neat move on paper, but one which would, in the tragic denouement of the pathetic drama about to unfold, contribute heavily to my undoing.

Then I selected the monster. It was a Triumph TR7 — a car which, I subsequently learned, is regarded as an automotive joke so hilarious that even Leyland executives faced with imminent bankruptcy can't help pissing in their pants at mention of its name. I paid \$40 for an NRMA inspection and another \$25 for a counter-inspection after the dealer had fixed the "essential repairs" and completely disregarded (as he is entitled to do) the "optional repairs". Since the distinction between these two categories was apparently quite arbitrary, I paid \$400 to get the optionals fixed so as to avoid shelling out more heavily later on. Meanwhile, I arranged my loan, on which I paid a stamp duty of \$112.50. Being a sports car, the machine was in a very high "points" category, which meant I parted with close to \$1000 to insure it for one year.

Now the mechanical history of the shithheap I bought is not particularly relevant except that it is, I am assured, typical of all used sports cars. After three days the gearbox ceased to function. I paid \$50 to have it towed back to the dealer for repairs, which are covered in NSW by a three-month warranty on all used cars. (The details of the warranty system vary from State to State.) However, the system has ruined many car dealers since it was introduced eight years ago; these men will fight tooth and nail to get around it. Because it was a sports car the dealer claimed I had been abusing it, and eventually concluded that I'd been off-road rallying it because there were flecks of mud on the panels. Now because the warranty states that the dealer is not required to fix the car if

there is evidence of abuse, I was in for my first serious confrontation. After the man relented under a torrent of pitiful whingeing from myself, I had to wait six weeks to get the car back. Using the fact that parts for imported sports cars are notoriously difficult to get, the dealer purposely dragged out the affair so as to chew into the warranty period. (Actually, repair time has to be added on to the warranty period, but the dealer knows that very few people know this. I certainly didn't, and he wasn't going to tell me.) Further delays were caused by the fact that the spare parts industry is peculiarly attractive to cretins who always have to send the wrong parts at least once. I paid \$10 a day in taxi fares to and from work; total cost \$300.

Had I not bought a TR7 I could have assumed nothing else would go wrong within the warranty period. However, it soon became clear that I couldn't drive around the block without some catastrophe, and I would not have been surprised if the car spontaneously disintegrated before my eyes. When my period of grace had just run out, the action started to hot up. When the car began to spurt oil onto the windscreen during a long trip, I pulled over to find the engine had seized. I paid \$25 to get towed to the nearest town, but the local mechanics all looked at the machine as if it had just landed from outer space. I could either pay \$300 to get it towed to the specialist in Sydney or trust the only local who claimed to know what the car was about (in which case I would have to send off to Sydney for a workshop manual worth \$50 and have the mechanic wait one week for it to arrive). I took the second option. Meanwhile I rang the dealer and explained that I wanted him to contribute to the repair costs because, after all, the car was just out of warranty and work done previously by his mechanics had been found to be shonky. (In the case of an exotic sports car the boys may even screw up completely and put things in the wrong places, thus causing the problem.) The dealer told me to piss off. I paid a local lawyer a \$50 consultation fee to find out the correct procedure for pursuing my complaint, and he said simply: "Take it to Consumer Affairs. They can order the dealer to reimburse your costs." Meanwhile the mechanic had to send to Sydney for parts, which were already incredibly expensive without the added freight costs. The final bill came to \$2168.

Having long since run out of bucks, I scraped up the money by imposing on relatives. When I arrived at the Consumer Affairs office with my fully-documented case, including the mechanic's report on the prior condition of the car, a secretary informed me that I would be unable to make any claim on the dealer because I had failed to ring Consumer Affairs before authorising repairs. I should have arranged for a Motor Vehicle Inspection Officer to assess liability as soon as the dealer refused to comply with my request. How the fuck was I supposed to know?

There was no statement to this effect on any of the documents in my possession. The lawyer I consulted didn't know; neither did the mechanic, nor any of the 20 people I'd discussed the situation with. But this woman assured me that "everybody" knows. Did she know before she started working at Consumer Affairs? No, she admitted. Later I discovered that it is possible to arrange for a showdown with the dealer, to be refereed by a Consumer Affairs Representative, but then I would have to establish beyond

There will always be some vital fact or procedure of which the consumer is unaware

doubt a direct cause-and-effect relationship between the final catastrophe and work done or neglected by the dealer. But I only had a report written by a non-specialist country mechanic who, although he tried very hard, was not a literary giant. My task would be impossible. I'd blown it.

While waiting in Sydney for the mechanic to finish, I invested another \$300 in cab fares. Registration fell due. I paid \$220 plus \$180 stamp duty on the change of ownership. Then I paid \$70 to fly down and collect the machine. There I learned that since most of the engine was new I'd need to pay \$100 for a "first service" as soon as I got home. I won't complicate things here by explaining what else can go wrong with a TR7 on a 600-kilometre journey to Sydney. Suffice it to say that my first service cost \$500 instead.

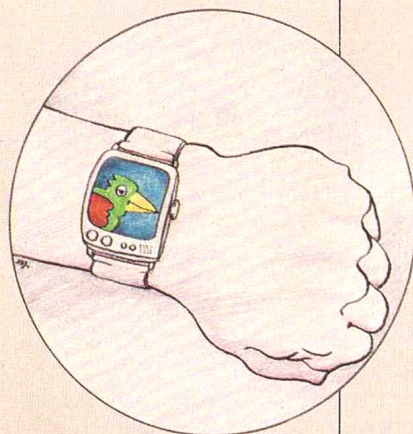
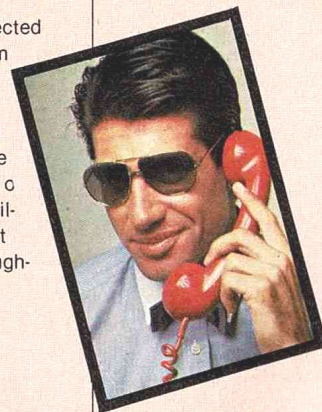
I had now owned my sports car for four months. It had actually been on the road for only four weeks. I had invested a total of \$14,990. This figure does not include allowance for interest on the loan, or damage caused by vandals ripping through my vinyl sunroof and tearing out my cassette or mangling my power-assisted aerial (which didn't happen, but by all accounts it should have). Nor does it include payment of the government's tax on speeding.

By this time I had begun to lose control of my bodily functions. Since I was at the time not actually a mentally sick individual, I started looking for a way out. I took the machine into a car yard which specialised in the most boring, most economical, most inexpensive new car on the market: the Toyota Corolla. But I couldn't swap my sports car for a Corolla because the dealer would only give me \$5500 for my trade-in, and Corollas cost more than that. My trade-in price was so low because no dealer would have anything to do with a sports car, least of all a TR7, because of the warranty system. The car "owed" me \$14,990; thus if I had accepted the offer I'd have blown exactly \$9,490 for the privilege of meeting my local cab drivers.

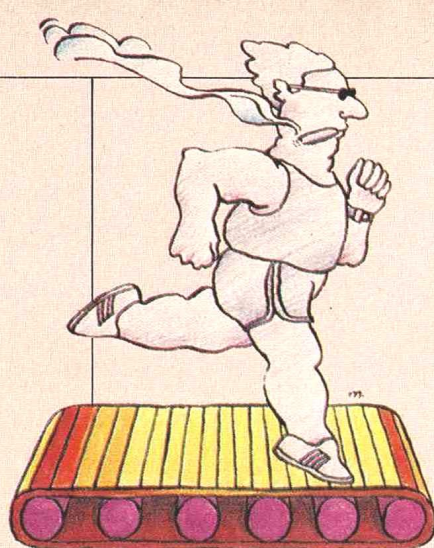
And now, everyone is coming out of the woodwork to tell me they know of someone who will dispose of the vehicle so that I can collect on the insurance. Why not? Desperation has long since taken over. It's a tried and tested scam — an old favorite. I've insured the car for ten grand — a thousand bucks more than I paid for it. I'm beginning to see a light at the end of the tunnel. But wait a minute. I had to insure for an "agreed value" of \$10,000 because that's what I had to claim the car was worth in order to borrow \$7,500, since I didn't have the foresight to use a different company. As soon as I put in my claim the insurance investigators will check on that price. When they find out I was bullshitting, they'll be after my balls. When they then discover that I've been making complaints, they'll trace me to Consumer Affairs, and then they will not stop until they've nailed me for fraud. I'd have as much chance of pulling off the scam as my auntie has of being humped by Robert Redford.

So there it is. I've witnessed the wholesale destruction of my financial life in just four months. Unless, of course, I can come up with someone as simple-minded as myself to take the car off my hands. That's it . . . an ad in the paper! Now, how much will it cost to place a 20-word ad in the *Herald* every Wednesday and Saturday until my man comes along . . . ☹

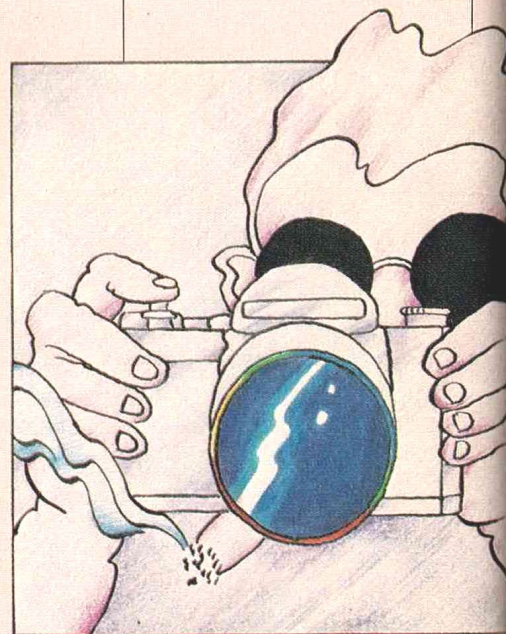
Polaroid has long meant fashion flair and value, as well as those famous Polaroid lenses that will protect your eyes from 96 percent of reflected glare. These glasses are from their 82/83 summer range, featuring the newest metal frames, with an optional curl temple — great for the active sportsman as they won't fall off. Priced at \$19.95 they are available from OPSM, department stores and pharmacies throughout Australia.



Shades of Dick Tracy! It's the TV wrist watch, hot off the Seiko production line and set for world-wide marketing next year. The expected price of \$400 will buy you a wrist watch unit, headphones and VHF/UHF receiver unit and FM radio. It operates on two alkaline batteries and weighs a tiny 50 grams. Oh joy, no-one need ever miss out on Days Of Our Lives again.



Weight and how to lose it is a problem besetting a wide proportion of the community. Help is at hand at Clinical Weight Reduction Centres in NSW. Using a medically supervised program which can be modified to suit most lifestyles, the centres are chalking up a remarkable success rate. Centres in Chatswood, Parramatta and the MLC Centre, Sydney and plans are underway to open centres in other States. Worth looking into if you want to be looked at.

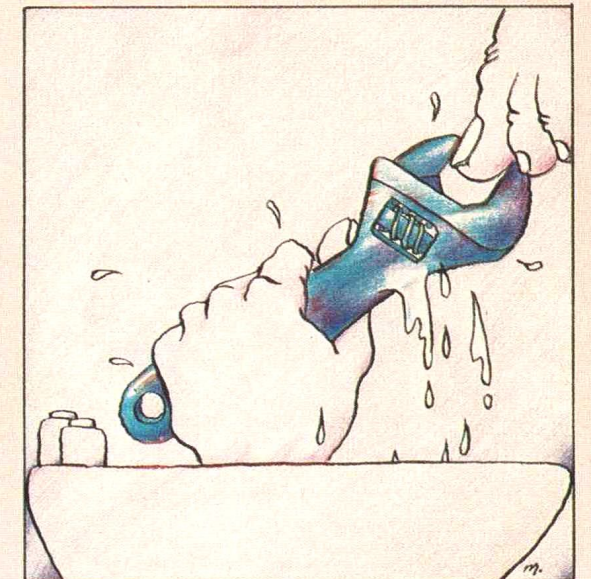
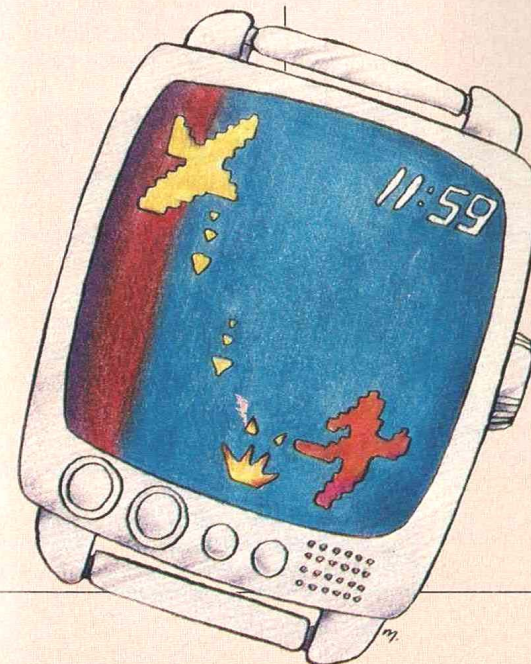


You can't see round corners but now you can see in the dark with the Litton SLR Camera Relay Lens. Using the lens photographers may snap night time pictures without artificial illumination, thus not disturbing their subjects. Great for nocturnal bird watching or whatever takes your fancy. Not actually given away at \$4500. Available through Litton Precision Products, Surry Hills, Sydney.

Thrills, spills and squirts on the bathroom scene as the fastidious are equipping their throne rooms with Bidi. Using the bidet concept, enjoyed in Europe for 200 years, this portable hygienic bath is made from a strong lightweight plastic. To use simply raise your toilet seat, then place the Bidi on the bowl and fill it with warm water. You then sit on the gadget, facing the in-built soap holder and Bob's your uncle. Hours of fun and enjoyment — it can even be used as a foot bath. Cheap thrills at \$24.95 from Rona Manufacturing, PO Box 158, Campbelltown South Australia 5074.



Television games sets, the pinball machines of the Eighties, are finding their insidious way into homes across this fair land. A newie from Hanimex allows the four-eyed fiend to zap, pow and kaplonk his way through 200 games. The \$200 machine plugs directly into your TV set and \$35 games cassettes including Space Wars, Blackjack, Super Knock-out and Computer Challenge free the user from many hours of tedious reading and old-fashioned conversation.



If you've ever felt that you haven't got the right size tool for that particular situation, then you obviously need a larger range of tools. The new Test-Rite Tool Kit is the answer to a young man's prayers. This compact kit contains a set of high grade chrome alloy all-precision tools, including a wrench and screwdriver set and for those difficult-to-get-at jobs, a variety of extension bars and they come in their own handy carry case. Available at most hardware stores.



Pierre Cardin has put his name on yet another range — this time it's a range of writing instruments. Appropriately named Les Stylos, the pencils, ball points and fountain pens are precision instruments of unique design. Every pen is fully guaranteed against any production defect. Prices range from \$9 to \$85.



COMING IN FEBRUARY PENTHOUSE

The Red Landlord — The worse drought in decades is turning rural properties in every state into desert, destroying the livelihood of hundreds of farmers and graziers. City-dwelling Australians will be next to feel the pinch, when their supermarket shelves begin to look as barren as some cockies' pastures. February *Penthouse* surveys the extent of the damage and considers some of the Federal Government's options for drought relief.

In It For The Money — How does an educated, idealistic young Australian end up screwing his girlfriend half a dozen times a day in front of 300 Japanese men? It's another chapter in the story of Australia's unemployed youth. Some of the young victims of this country's unemployment epidemic will do anything for money, but joining the Japanese live sex circuit must be one of the most desperate ways to make a buck.

John Belushi's Last Five Days — Officially, the cause of celebrated American comedian John Belushi's death was "acute heroin and cocaine intoxication". But a six-month investigation by *Penthouse* writers reveals there was much more to the story than that. Their research reveals a cover-up involving some famous Hollywood names. This is the most definitive account of Belushi's tragic demise to make it into print.

Carlotta Interview — Boys will be girls at Les Girls, Australia's world renowned drag show. Next month, Les Girls queen bee Carlotta lets it all hang out in a frank conversation about the lure of fame and the contortions involved in the old cut and tuck.

Pet Of The Month — *Penthouse* presents Miss Mandy Miller in a sizzling summer spread shot by fashion photographer Chris Dixon, while another delightful duo of the very best feminine forms completes a top line-up.

PIAZZA

Continued from page 141

Holden going for an import or three to widen its range. The Piazza is likely to be a prime target as Holden's marketing raiders sniff the globe for suitable products to sell alongside the mass-produced bread and butter lines.

Alternatives facing Holden with the Piazza include revamping its suspect suspension to turn it into a real sporty car. The General has its reputation to keep intact for, certainly its current range of locally-produced cars — Gemini, Camira, Commodore and Statesman Caprice — all benefit from Radial Tuned Suspension. It isn't merely a marketing ploy; RTS works. And because the geometry of the Piazza is basically the same as the Gemini, it is reasonable to assume that giving the coupe the RTS treatment wouldn't be that difficult.

The guys in the Ride and Handling Department at Holden's Fisherman's Bend headquarters have already checked out the Piazza; they have played with an evaluation model at the Lang Lang proving ground.

Shock absorbers, they say, would definitely be upgraded for Australian conditions, and probably some complementary adjustment to spring rates would also be required. The team would also look closely at the existing rubber bushes and stabiliser bars. That's harder than it sounds and would add several hundred dollars to the price-tag of the Oz Piazza.

As a pricey upmarket titbit, the Piazza might sell at the tardy rate of 1000 units annually, but that won't worry the General, for it offers something the Camira and Commodore can't supply. It's an image-maker — a magnet for the weekend tyre-kickers to dribble over.

Which is why Australia's largest Holden dealer, Suttons Motors, went to the trouble of shipping in three Piazzas — a red one, a silver one and a white one. They've already done duty at the Sydney Motor Show, appeared in the occasional concours d'elegance, and silently served on Sutton's showroom floor.

There's one other Piazza in Australia that we haven't mentioned. It's the property of the Ford Motor Company and it was imported for Ford to use in styling surveys, for the new Mazda 626/Ford.

The Piazza is not completely without blemish, to be sure, but it is yet another illustration of Giugiaro's pioneering design spirit. And the Piazza — a Holden by another name — could be an even greater car when and if it comes onto the Australian market. ☐

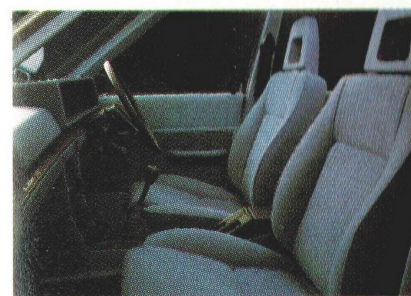
STOCKISTS

Cover and centrespread: Suzanne Masters photographed by Bob Watson; Make-up by Cathy Periera; Bed linen supplied by Powder Blue, Double Bay, NSW.

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